

8165

THE
WORKS
OF
BEN. JONSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING

The TALE OF A TUB.	MORTIMER'S FALL.
The SAD SHEPHERD,	ENTERTAINMENTS.
OF A TALE OF	SPEECHES.
ROBIN HOOD.	MASQUES AT COURT.

L O N D O N :

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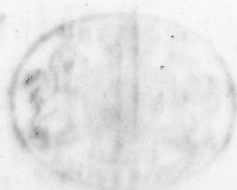
MDCCLVI.

THE
W O R K S

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS HE LEFT THEM



A
T A L E
OF A
T U B.
A
C O M E D Y.

— *Inficito est inficetior rure.*

CATULL,

T. A. L. E.

FOR A

T. U. B.

O. M. K. D. Y.

PROLOGUE.

NO state-affairs, nor any politick club,
Pretend we in our Tale, here, of a Tub:
But acts of clowns and constables to-day
Stuff out the scenes of our ridiculous play.
A cooper's wit, or some such busie spark,
Illumining the high constable, and his clerk,
And all the neighbourhood, from old records,
Of antique proverbs, drawn from Whitson-lords.
And their authorities, at wakes and ales,
With country precedents, and old wives tales,
We bring you now, to shew what different things
The cotes of clowns are from the courts of kings.

The PERSONS that Act.

CHAN. HUGH, Vicar of Pancras, and Captain THUMS.

'SQUIRE TUB, of Totten-Court, or 'SQUIRE TRIPOLY. BASKET-HILTS, his Man and Governour.

JUST. PREAMBLE, of Maribone, alias BRAMBLE.

MILES METAPHOR, his Clerk.

LADY TUB, of Totten, the SQUIRE's Mother.

POL-MARTEN, her Huisher.

DIDO WISP, her Woman.

TOBIE TURFE, High Constable of Kentish-town.

DA. SIBIL TURFE, his Wife.

Mrs. AWDREY TURFE, their Daughter, the Bride.

JOHN CLAY, of Kilborn, Tilemaker, the appointed Bridegroom.

IN-AND-IN MEDLAY, of Islington, Cooper and Headborough.

RASI' CLENCH of Hamstead, Farrier and petty Constable.

TO-PAN, Tinker, or Metal-man of Belfise, Thirdborough.

D'OG. SCRIBEN, of Chalcot, the great Writer.

BALL PUPPY, the High Constable's Man.

FATHER ROBIN, the Minstrel, and his two Boys.

JONE, JOYCE, MADGE, PARNEL, GRISEL, KATE, Maids of the Bridal.

BLACK JACK, the LADY TUB's Butler.

Two Grooms.

The SCENE, FINSBURY-HUNDRED.

A Tale

A Tale of a Tub.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir Hugb, Tub, Hilts.

Hugb.

NOW o' my faith, old bishop Valentine,
You ha' brought us nipping weather : Februere
Doth cut and shear ; your day, and diocese
Are very cold. All your parishoners,
As well your laicks, as your quiristers,
Had need to keep to their warm feather beds,
If they be sped of loves : this is no season,
To seek new makes in ; though sir Hugh of Pancras
Be hither come to Totten, on intelligence,
To the young lord o' the manor, 'squire Tripoly,
On such an errand as a mistress is.
What, 'squire ! I say ? Tub I should call him too :
Sir Peter Tub was his father, a salt-petre-man ;
Who left his mother, lady Tub of Totten-
Court, here, to revel, and keep open house in ;
With the young 'squire her son, and's governor Basket-
Hilts, both by sword and dagger : Domine,
Armiger Tub, 'squire Tripoly, Expergiscere.

I dare not call aloud, lest she should hear me;
 And think I conjur'd up the spirit, her son,
 In priests lack-Latin: O she is jealous
 Of all mankind for him.

Tub. Chanon, is't you? [At the window.]

Hugh. The vicar of Pancras, 'squire Tub! wa' hoh!

Tub. I come, I stoop unto the call; sir Hugh!

[He comes down in his night-gown:]

Hugh. He knows my lure is from his love: fair

[Awdrey,

Th'high constable's daughter of Kentish-town, here, mr.
 Tobias Turse.

Tub. What news of him?

Hugh. He has wak'd me

An hour before I would, sir: and my duty

To the young worship of Totten-Court, 'squire

[Tripoly;

Who hath my heart, as I have his: your mistress

Is to be made away from you this morning,

St. Valentine's day: there are a knot of clowns,

The council of Finsbury, so they are ystyl'd,

Met at her father's; all the wise o' th' hundred;

Old Rasi' Clench of Hamstead, petty constable;

In-and-In Medlay, cooper of Islington,

And headborough; with loud To-Pan the tinker,

Or metal-man of Belfise, the thirdborough:

And D'ogenes Scriben, the great writer of Chalcot.

Tub. And why all these?

Hugh. Sir, to conclude in council,

A husband, or a make for mrs. Awdrey;

Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd down, Clay of

[Kilborn,

A tough young fellow, and a tilemaker.

Tub. And what must he do?

Hugh. Cover her, they say;

And keep her warm, sir: mrs. Awdrey Turse,

Last

Last night did draw him for her Valentine ;
Which chance, it hath so taken her father and mother,
(Because themselves drew so on Valentine's eve
Was thirty year) as they will have her married
To-day by any means ; they have sent a messenger
To Kilborn, post, for Clay ; which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipful Tripoly,
The 'squire of Totten : and my advice to cross it.

Tub. What is't, sir Hugh ?

Hugh. Where is your governor Hilts ?

Basket must do it.

Tub. Basket shall be call'd :
Hilts, can you see to rise ?

Hil. Cham not blind, sir,
With too much light.

Tub. Open your t'other eye,
And view if it be day.

Hil. Che can spy that
At's little a hole as another, through a millstone.

Tub. He will ha' the last word, though he talk
[bilke for't.

Hugh. Bilke, what's that ?

Tub. Why, nothing, a word signifying
Nothing ; and borrowed here to express nothing.

Hugh. A fine device !

Tub. Yes, till we hear a finer.
What's your device now, chanon Hugh ?

Hugh. In private,
Lend it your ear ; I will not trust the air with it ;
Or scarce my shirt ; my cassock sha' not know it ;
If I thought it did, I'd burn it.

Tub. That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, Hugh : is't worth it ?
Ler's hear it first.

Hugh. Then hearken, and receive it. [*They whisper.*
This 'tis, sir, do you relish it ?

Tub. If Hilts

Be close enough to carry it; there's all.
[Hilts enters, and walks by, making himself ready.]

Hilts. It i' no sand? nor butter-milk? if't be,
 Ich'am no zive, or watring-pot, to draw
 Knots i' your 'casions. If you trust me, zo:
 If not, praform it your zelves. Cham no man's wife,
 But resolute Hilts: you'll vind me i' the buttry.

Tub. A testy clown: but a tender clown, as wool:
 And melting as the weather in a thaw:
 He'll weep you, like all April: but he'll roar you,
 Like middle March afore: he will be as mellow,
 And tipsie too, as October: and as grave
 And bound up like a frost (with the new year)
 In January; as rigid as he is rustick.

Hugh. You know his nature, and describe it well;
 I'll leave him to your fashioning.

Tub. Stay, sir Hugh;
 Take a good angel with you, for your guide:
 And let this guard you homeward, as the blessing
 To our device.

Hugh. I thank you, 'squire's worship,
 Most humbly for the next (for this I am sure of.)

[The 'squire goes off.]

O for a quire of these voices, now,
 To chime in a man's pocket, and cry chink!
 One doth not chirp: it makes no harmony.
 Grave justice Bramble next must contribute;
 His charity must offer at this wedding:
 I'll bid more to the bason, and the bride-ale;
 Although but one can bear away the bride.
 I smile to think how like a lottery
 These weddings are. Clay hath her in possession;
 The 'squire he hopes to circumvent the Tile-kill:
 And now if justice Bramble do come off,
 'Tis two to one but Tub may lose his bottom.

A Tale of a Tab.



SCENE II.

Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Pan, Puppy.

Cle. Why, 'tis thirty year, e'en as this day now,
Zin Valentine's day, of all days kurfen'd¹, look you;
And the zame day o' the month, as this zin Valentine,
Or I am vowly deceiv'd.

Med. That our high constable,
Mr. Tobias Turfe, and his dame were married.
I think you are right. But what was that zin Valentine?
Did you ever know 'um, goodman Clench?

Cle. Zin Valentine,
He was a deadly zin, and dwelt at Highgate,
As I have heard; but 'twas avore my time:
He was a cooper too, as you are, Medlay,
An In-and-In: A woundy brag young vellow:
As the port went o' hun then, and i' those days.

Scri. Did he not write his name, Sim Valentine?
Vor I have met no Sin in Finsbury books;
And yet I have writ 'em six or seven times over.

Pan. O you mun look for the nine deadly Sims,
I' the church-books, D'oge; not the high constable's;
Nor i' the counties: zure, that same zin Valentine,
He was a stately zin: an' he were a zin,
And kept brave house.

Cle. At the Cock-and-Hen in Highgate.
You ha' 'fresh'd my rememory well in't! neighbour Pan:
He had a place in last king Harry's time,
Of sorting all the young couples; joining 'em,
And putting 'em together; which is yet
Praform'd, as on his day——zin Valentine;
As being the zin o' the shire, or the whole county:
I am old rivet still, and bear a brain,

¹ Of all d-ys kurfen'd.] i. e. christen'd.

A Tale of a Tub.

The Clench, the Varrier, and true Leach of Hamstead*.

Pan. You are a shrewd antiquity, neighbour Clench!
And a great guide to all the parishes!
The very bell-weather of the hundred, here,
As I may zay. Mr. Tobias Turse,
High constable, would not miss you, for a score on us,
When he doe 'scourse of the great charty to us.

Pup. What's that, a horse? can 'scourse nought but
[a horse?]

I ne'er read o' hun, and that in Smith-veld charty :
I' the old Fabians chronicles : nor I think
In any new. He may be a giant there,
For ought I know.

Scri. You should do well to study
Records, fellow Ball, both law and poetry.

Pup. Why, all's but writing, and reading, is it
[Scriben?]

An't be any more, it's meer cheating zure,
Vlat cheating : all your law and poets too.

Pan. Mr. high constable comes.

Pup. I'll zay't avòre 'hun.

S C E N E III.

Turse, Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Puppy, Pan.

Tur. What's that makes you all so merry and loud,
I could ha' heard you to my privy walk. [sirs, ha?]

Cle. A contrevarsie 'twixt your two learned men
Annibal Puppy says, that law and poetry here :
Are both flat cheating : all's but writing and reading,
He says, be't verse or prose.

Tur. I think in conzience,
He do zay true : who is't do thwart 'un, ha?

* *And true LEACH of Hamstead.]* Leach is an old word, signifying a physician ; and it is now applied to those who undertake the cure of cows, and horses. So that in some parts of the kingdom, those doctors and farriers are still called *cow-leaches*, *horse leaches*, &c.

A Tale of a Tub.

11

Med. Why, my friend Scriben, an't please your
[worship.

Tur. Who, D'oge? my D'ogenes? a great writer,
[marry!

"He'll vace me down, me my self some times,
"That verse goes upon veet, as you and I do:
"But I can gi' un the hearing; zit me down,
"And laugh at 'un; and to myself conclude,
"The greatest clerks are not the wisest men
"Ever." Here they are both! what, sirs, disputing,
And holding arguments of verse and prose?
And no green thing afore the door, that shews,
Or speaks a wedding.

Scri. Those were verses now,
Your worship spake, and run upon vive veet.

Tur. Feet, vrom my mouth, D'oge? leave your
['zurd uppinions;

And get me in some boughs.

Scri. Let 'em ha' leaves first.

'There's nothing green but bays and rosemary.

Pup. And they're too good for strewings, your
[maids say.

Tur. You take up "dority still to vouch against me.
All the the twelve smocks i' the house, zur, are your
[authors.

Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot;
Some holly and ivy to make vine the posts:
Is't not son Valentine's day? and mrs. Awdrey,
Your young dame to be married? I wonder Clay
Should be so tedious: he's to play son Valentine!
And the clown fluggard's not come fro' Kilborn yet!

* You take up DORITY still to vouch against me.] The word *dority* is here given as a proper name: the folio reads '*der ty*', which I suppose is a blunder in the speaker for *authority*; for we have no woman of the name of *Dorothy* either in the *Dramatis Personæ*, or alluded to in any part of the play.

Med.

Med. Do you call your son i' law clown, an't please
[your worship?

Tur. Yes and vor worship too, my neighbour Medlay.
A Middlesex clown, and one of Finsbury.

They were the first colons o' the kingdom here :

The primitory colons, my D'ogenes says.

Where's D'ogenes, my writer, now ? what were those

You told me, D'ogenes, were the first colons

O' the country, that the Romans brought in here ?

Scri. The coloni. Sir, colonus is an inhabitant :
A clown original : as you'd say a farmer, a tiller o' th'
E're sin the Romans planted their colony first ; [earth,
Which was in Middlesex.

Tur. Why so ? I thank you heartily, good D'ogenes,
[yo ha' zertified me.
I had rather be an ancient colon, (as they say) a clown
[of Middlesex,

A good rich farmer, a high constable.

I'd play hun 'gain a knight, or a good 'squire,

Or gentleman of any other county

I' the kingdom.

Pan. Out-cept Kent, for there they landed
All gentlemen, and came in with the conqueror,
Mad Julius Cæsar, who built Dover-castle :
My ancestor To-Pan, beat the first kettle-drum
Avore 'hun, here vrom Dover on the march.
Which piece of monumental copper hangs
Up, scour'd, at Hammersmith yet ; for there they came
Over the Thames, at a low water-mark ;
Vore either London, I, or Kingston-bridge——
I doubt were kurfin'd.

Tur. Zee, who is here : John Clay !
Zon Valentine, and bridegroom ! ha' you zeen
Your Valentine-bride yet, sin' you came, John Clay ?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

[To them] Clay.

Clay. No wusse. Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard:
Puppy has scarce unswaddled my legs yet.

Tur. What? wispes o' your wedding-day, zon? this
Originous Clay: and Clay o' Kilborn too!
I would ha' had boots o' this day, zure, zon John.

Clay. I did it to save charges: we mun dance,
O' this day, zure: and who can dance in boots?
No, I got on my best straw-colour'd stockings,
And swaddled 'em over to zave charges; I.

Tur. And his new shamois doublet too with points:
I like that yet: and his long saufsidge-hose,
Like the commander of four smoaking tile-kills,
Which he is captain of: captain of Kilborn:
Clay with his hat turn'd up o' the leer side too:
As if he would leap my daughter yet e'er night,
And spring a new Turse to the old house.
Look, and the wenches ha' not found 'un out,
And do parzent 'un with a van of rosemary,
And bays, to vill a bow-pot, trim the head
Of my best vore-horse; we shall all ha' bride-laces,
Or points, I zee; my daughter will be valiant,
And prove a very Mary Ambry i' the business.¹

Cle. They zaid, your worship had 'sur'd her to 'squire
[Tub
Of Totten-Court here⁴; all the hundred rings on't.

¹ ——— My daughter will be valiant,

And prove a very MARY AMBRY in the business.] Ambry is a corruption: the true name is Mary Ambry or Ambree: we have this heroine mentioned more than once before.

⁴ They zaid, your worship had *sur'd* her to 'squire Tub.] This has no meaning. I read *had 'sur'd* her, i. e. assured or promised.

Tur,

Tur. A Tale of a Tub, fir, a meer Tale of a Tub.
 Lend it no ear I pray you : the 'squire Tub
 Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,
 And has a lady Tub too to his mother :
 I'll deal with none o' these vine filken Tubs.
 John Clay, and cloth-breech for my money and daughter.
 Here comes another old boy too, vor his colours,

[*Enter father Rosin.*

Will stroak down my wives udder of purses, empty
 Of all her milk-money, this winter-quarter :
 Old father Rosin, the chief minstrel here ;
 Chief minstrel too of Highgate : she has hir'd him
 And all his two boys, for a day and a half ;
 And now they come for ribbanding, and rosemary :
 Give 'em enough girls, gi' 'em enough, and take it
 Out in his tunes anon.

Cle. I'll ha' Tom Tiler,

For our John Clay's sake, and the tile-kills, zure.

Med. And I the jolly joiner for mine own sake.

Pan. I'll ha' the jovial tinker for To-Pan's sake.

Tur. We'll all be jovy this day, vor son Valentine;
 My sweet son John's sake.

Scri. There's another reading now :

My master reads it Son, and not Sin Valentine.

Pup. Nor Zim : and he is i' the right. He is high-
 [constable.

And who should read above 'un, or avor 'hun ?

Tur. Son John shall bid us welcome all, this day ;
 We'll zerve under his colours : lead the troop John,
 And Puppy, see the bells ring. Press all noises
 Of Finsbury, in our name : D'ogenes Scriben
 Shall draw a score of warrants vor the business.
 Do's any wight perzent hir majesty's person,
 This hundred, 'bove the high constable ?

All. No, no.

Tur. Use our authority then, to the utmost on't.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Hugh, Preamble, Metaphor.

Hugh. So, you are sure, fir, to prevent 'hem all;
And throw a block i' the bridegroom's way, John Clay,
That he will hardly leap o'er.

Pre. I conceive you,
Sir Hugh; as if your rhetorick would say,
Whereas the father of her is a Turfe,
A very superficies of the earth;
He aims no higher than to match in clay;
And there hath pitch'd his rest.

Hugh. Right, justice Bramble:
You ha' the winding wit, compassing all.

Pre. Subtile Sir Hugh, you now are i' the wrong,
And err with the whole neighbourhood, I must tell you.
For you mistake my name. Justice Preamble
I write myself; which with the ignorant clowns here
(Because of my profession of the law,
And place o' the peace) is taken to be Bramble.
But all my warrants, fir, do run Preamble;
Richard Preamble.

Hugh. Sir, I thank you for't,
That your good worship would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus—

Pre. You are my learned and canonick neighbour:
I would not have you stray; but the incorrigible
Knot-headed beast, the clowns, or constables,
Still let them graze; eat fallads; chew the cud:
All the town music will not move a log. [have 'hem.

Hugh. The beetle and wedges will where you will

Pre. True, true, fir Hugh, here comes Miles Metaphor
My clerk: he is the man shall carry it, canon,
By my instructions.

Hugh. He will do't *ad unguem*:
Miles Metaphor! he is a pretty fellow.

Pre. I love not to keep shadows, or half-wits;

To

To foil a business. Metaphor! you ha' seen
A king ride forth in state*.

Met. Sir, that I have:

King Edward our late liege, and sovereign lord:
And have set down the pomp.

Pre. Therefore I ask'd you,
Ha' you observ'd the messengers o' the chamber,
What habits they were in?

Met. Yes, minor coats.
Unto the guard, a dragon, and a grey-hound,
For the supporters of the arms.

Pre. Well mark'd;
You know not any of 'em?

Met. Here's one dwells
In Maribone.

Pre. Ha' you acquaintance with him,
To borrow his coat an hour?

Hugh. Or but his badge,
'Twill serve: a little thing he wears on his breast.

Pre. His coat, I say, is of more authority:
Borrow his coat for an hour. I do love
To do all things compleatly, canon Hugh;
Borrow his coat, Miles Metaphor, or nothing.

Met. The taberd of his office, I will call it,
Or the coat-armour of his place: and so
Insinuate with him by that trope——

Pre. I know your powers of rhetorick, Metaphor.
Fetch him off in a fine figure for his coat, I say.

[*Metaphor goes out.*]

Hugh. I'll take my leave, sir, of your worship too:
Because I may expect the issue anon.

Pre. Stay, my diviner counsel, take your fee:
We that take fees, allow 'hem to our counsel;
And our prime learned counsel, double fees.

* —— *Metaphor! you ha' seen*

A king ride forth in state.] Our old chronicles and historians are
very large in their descriptions of such pageants: and Stow, in his
Survey, gives us many instances of the sovereigns riding in great
state thro' the city, attended by his guards and nobles.

There

There are a brace of angels to support you
I' your foot-walk this frost, for fear of falling,
Or spraying of a point of matrimony,
When you come at it,

Hugh. I' your worship's service :
That the exploit is done, and you possess
Of mrs. Awdrey Turfe. —

Pre. I like your project. [Preamble goes out.]

Hugh. And I, of this effect of two to one ;
It worketh i' my pocket, 'gainst the 'squire,
And his half bottom here, of half a piece :
Which was not worth the stepping o'er the stile for :
His mother has quite marr'd him : lady Tub,
She's such a vessel of fæces ; all dry'd earth !
Terra damnata ! not a drop of salt,
Or petre in her *! all her nitre is gone.

S C E N E VI.

Lady Tub, Pol-Martin.

Lady. Is the nag ready, Martin ? call the 'squire.
This frosty morning we will take the air,
About the fields : for I do mean to be
Somebody's Valentine, i' my velvet gown,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man.
Why stand you still, and do not call my son ?

Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the lamb,
He had no doubt been stirring with the lark ;
But he sat up at play, and watch'd the cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.

Late watchers are no early wakers, madam :
But if your ladyship will have him call'd. [bid him

Lady. Will have him call'd ? wherefore did I, sir,

• — — — *Not a drop of salt.*

Or PETER in her ! The quibble, such as it is, may possibly escape the reader ; we must let him know then, he means she had nothing of her husband's temper, who was sir Peter Tub.

Be call'd, you weazel, vermin of an huisher?
 You will return your wit to your first stile
 Of Martin Polecat, by these stinking tricks,
 If you do use 'em: I shall no more call you
 Pol-Martin, by the title of a gentleman,
 If you go on thus——

Pol. I am gone.

[*Pol-Martin goes out.*]

Lady. Be quick then,

I' your come off: and make amends, you stote!
 Was ever such a full-mart for an huisher,
 To a great worshipful lady, as my self;
 Who, when I heard his name first, Martin Polecat,
 A stinking name, and not to be pronounc'd⁶
 Without a rev'rence in any lady's presence;
 My very heart e'en yearn'd, seeing the fellow
 Young, pretty and handsome; being then, I say,
 A basket-carrier, and a man condemn'd
 To the salt-petre works; made it my suit
 To mr. Peter Tub, that I might change it;
 And call him as I do now, by Pol-Martin,
 To have it sound like a gentleman in an office,
 And made him mine own foreman, daily waiter.
 And he to serve me thus! ingratitude!
 Beyond the coarseness yet of any clownage,
 Shewn to a lady! what now, is he stirring?

[*He returns.*]

Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready.

Lady. And comes he then?

⁵ *Was ever such a FULL MART.*] One of the names for a polecat.

⁶ ——— And not to be pronounc'd

[without a reverence.

In any lady's presence; my very heart e'en yearn'd, seeing the fellow.
 The text is given very oddly; part of it is got into the margin, and
 the verses are disjointed: but the whole should be read thus;

——— And not to be pronounc'd

*Without a rev'rence, in any lady's presence;
 My very heart e'en yearn'd, seeing the fellow
 Young, pretty——*

Pol.

Pol. No, madam, he is gone.

Lady. Gone? whither? ask the porter: where's he
[gone?

Pol. I met the porter, and have ask'd him for him;
He says, he let him forth an hour ago.

Lady. An hour ago! what business could he have
So early? where is his man, grave Basket-hilts?
His guide and governour?

Pol. Gone with his master.

Lady. Is he gone too? O that same surly knave,
Is his right-hand; and leads my son amiss.
He has carried him to some drinking match or other:
Pol-Martin, I will call you so again:
I am friends with you now. Go, get your horse and
[ride

To all the towns about here, where his haunts are,
And cross the fields to meet, and bring me word:
He cannot be gone far, being a-foot.
Be curious to inquire him: and bid Wispe,
My woman, come, and wait on me. The love
We mothers bear our sons, we ha' brought with pain',
Makes us oft view them, with too careful eyes,
And overlook 'em with a jealous fear,
Out fitting mothers.

S C E N E VII.

Lady Tub, Wispe.

Lady. How now, Wispe? ha' you
A Valentine yet? I'm taking th' air to chuse one.

Wif. Fate send your ladyship a fit one then.

Lady. What kind of one is that?

[We mothers bear our sons, we ha' brought with pain.] The
mistake was easily made, and the reader, I imagine, has prevented
me by substituting the right word, brought.

Pol.

B 2

Wif.

Wif. A proper man
To please your ladyship.

Lady. Out o'that vanity
That takes the foolish eye: any poor creature,
Whose want may need my alms or courtesie,
I rather wish; so bishop Valentine
Left us example to do deeds of charity;
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit
The weak and sick; to entertain the poor,
And give the dead a christian funeral:
These were the works of piety he did practise,
And bade us imitate; not look for lovers,
Or handsome images to please our senses.
I pray thee, Wispe, deal freely with me now:
We are alone, and may be merry a little:
Thou art none o' the court glories, nor the wonders
For wit or beauty i' the city: tell me,
What man would satisfy thy present fancy?
Had thy ambition leave to chuse a Valentine,
Within the queen's dominion, so a subject?

Wif. You ha' gi' me a large scope, madam, I con-
[fess,

And I will deal with your ladyship sincerely:
I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him
The bravest, richest, and the properest man
A taylor could make up; or all the poets,
With the perfumers: I would have him such,
As not another woman, but should spite me:
Three city ladies should run mad for him;
And country madams infinite.

Lady. You'd spare me,
And let me hold my wits?

Wif. I should with you
For the young 'squire, my master's sake, dispense
A little, but it should be very little.
Then all the court wives I'd ha' jealous of me,

As all their husbands jealous too of them^s :
And not a lawyer's pufs of any quality,
But lick her lips for a snatch in the term-time.

Lady. Come,
Let's walk : we'll hear the rest as we go on :
You are this morning in a good vein, Dido :
Would I could be as merry. My son's absence
Troubles me not a little : though I seek
These ways to put it off ; which will not help :
Care that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession e're it rest.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Turfe, Clay, Medlay, Clench, To-Pan, Scriben, Puppy.

Tur. **Z**ON Clay, cheer up, the better leg avore :
This is a veat is once done, and no more.

Cle. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they say.

Med. Right ! vor a man ha' his hour, and a dog his
[day.

Tur. True, neighbour Medlay, you are still in-and-in.

Med. I would be mr. constable, if ch' could win.

Pan. I zay, John Clay keep still on his old gate :
Wedding and hanging both go at a rate.

Tur. Well said, To-Pan ; you ha' still the hap to hit
The nail o' the head at a close : I think there never
Marriage was managed with a more avisement,
Than was this marriage, tho' I say't that should not ;
Especially 'gain mine own flesh and blood,
My wedded wife. Indeed my wife would ha' had
All the young batchelors, and maids forsooth,

^s *As all their husbands jealous of them.] I have put in the monosyllable too, which helps out the measure, and makes the sentiment rather clearer than before.*

O' the zix parishs hereabouts : but I
 Cry'd none, sweet Sybil; none of that gear, I :
 It would lick zalt, I told her, by her leave.
 No, three or vour our wise, choice, honest neighbours :
 Upstantial persons ; men that ha' born office ;
 And mine own family would be enough
 To eat our dinner. What ? dear meat's a thief :
 I know it by the butchers and the market-volk ;
 Hum drum I cry. No half ox in a pye :
 A man that's bid to bride-ale, if he ha' cake
 And drink enough, he need not veare his stake.

Cle. 'Tis right: he has spoke as true as a gun: believe it.

Tur. Come, Sybil, come : did not I tell you o'this ?
 This pride and muster of women would marr all ?
 Six women to one daughter, and a mother !
 The queen (God save her) ha' no more herself.

D. Tur. Why, if you keep so many, mr. Turse,
 Why should not all present our service to her ?

Tur. Your service ? good ! I think you'll write to
 [her shortly,

Your very loving and obedient mother.
 Come, send your maids off, I will have 'em sent
 Home again, wise : I love no trains o' Kent,
 Or Christendom, as they say.

Scri. We will not back,
 And leave our dame.

Mad. Why should her worship lack
 Her tail of maids, more than you do of men ?

Tur. What, mutining, Madge ?

Jo. Zend back your c'lons agen,
 And we will vollow.

All. Else we'll guard our dame.

Tur. I ha' zet the nest of wasps all on a flame.

D. Tur. Come, you are such another, mr. Turse :
 A clod (you should be call'd) of a high constable :
 To let no musick go afore your child
 To church, to chear her heart up this cold morning.

Tur.

Tur. You are for father Rosin and his consort
Of fiddling boys, the great Feates and the less :
Because you have entertain'd them all from Highgate.
To shew your pomp, you'd have your daughters and
[maids
Dance o'er the fields like faies to church, this frost ?
I'll ha' no rondels, I, i' the queen's paths ;
Let 'un scrape the gut at home, where they ha' fill'd it
At afternoon.

D. Tur. I'll ha' em play at dinner.

Cle. She is i' th' right, sir : vor your wedding-dinner
Is starv'd without the musick.

Med. If the pies
Come not in piping hot, you ha' lost that proverb.

Tur. I yield to truth : wife, are you suffised ?

Pan. A right good man ! when he knows right, he
[loves it.

Scri. And he will know't and shew't too by his place
Of being high constable, if no where else.

S C E N E II.

Hilts bearded, booted, and spurr'd. [To them.]

Hil. Well overtaken, gentlemen ! I pray you,
Which is the queen's high constable among you ?

Pup. The tallest man : who should be else, do you
[think ?

* *Dance o'er the fields like FAIRIES.]* The folio much better,
Dance o'er the fields like faies —

Faies is the more grotesque expression, and *fairies* spoils the measure
of the verse. What follows in the next line,

I'll ha' no rondels, I, i' the queen's paths,
alludes to rings or circles made in the grass, as the country super-
stition used to say, by the dancing of *fairies*.

* *IRE. She is i' the right, sir.]* It does not appear who this speaker
is, for the initial letters *Ire.* are applicable to none now on the stage.
I have therefore given it to *Clench*, as the error was easy from the
similitude of those letters to *Cle.*

Hil. It is no matter what I think, young clown:
Your answer favours of the cart.

Pup. How? cart?
And clown? do you know whose team you speak to?

Hil. No, nor I care not: whose jade may you be?

Pup. Jade? cart? and clown? O for a lash of whip-
Three knotted cord! [cord!

Hil. Do you mutter! fir, snorle this way,
That I may hear, and answer what you say,
With my school-dagger 'bout your costard, fir.
Look too't, young growse: I'll lay it on, and sure;
Take't off who's wull.

Cle. Nay, 'pray you gentleman——

Hil. Go to: I will not bate him an ace on't.
What rowle-powle? maple face? all fellows?

Pup. Do you hear, friend? I would wish you, for
[your good,

Tie up your brended bitch there, your dun rusty
Pannier-hilt poinard: and not vex the youth
With shewing the teeth of it. We now are going
To church, in way of matrimony, some on us.
Th' a' rung all in a' ready. If it had not,
All the horn-beasts are grazing i' this close
Should not ha' pull'd me hence, till this ash-plant
Had rung noon o' your pate, n'r. Broombeard.

Hil. That I would fain zee, quoth the blind George
Of Holloway: come, fir.

Awd. O their naked weapons!

Pan. For the passion of man, hold gentleman and
[Puppy.

Cla. Murder, O murder!

Awd. O my father and mother!

D. Tur. Husband, what do you mean? son Clay, for
[God's sake——

Tur. I charge you in the queen's name, keep the
[peace,
Hil.

Hil. Tell me o' no queen or key-sar: I must have
A leg, or a hanch of him, e're I go.

Med. But, zis,

You must obey the queen's high officers.

Hil. Why must I, Goodman Must?

Med. You must an' you wull.

Tur. Gentleman, I'm here for fault, high constable—

Hil. Are you zo? what then?

Tur. I pray you, sir, put up

Your weapons; do, at my request: for him,

On my authority, he shall lie by the heels,

Verbatim continente, an' I live.

D. Tur. Out on him for a knave: what a dead fright
He has put me into: come, Awdrey, do not shake.

Awd. But is not Puppy hurt? nor the t'other man?

Cle. No bun; but had not I cry'd murder, I wuls—

Pup. Sweet Goodman Clench, I pray you revise my
[master,

I may not zit i' the stocks till the wedding be past,
Dame, mrs. Awdrey: I shall break the bride-cake else.

Cle. Zomething must be to save authority, Puppy.

D. Tur. Husband——

Cle. And gossip——

Awd. Father——

Tur. 'Treat me not,

It is i' vain. If he lie not by the heels,

I'll lie there for 'un, I'll teach the hine

To carry a tongue in his head to his superiours.

Hil. This's a wise constable! where keeps he school?

Cle. In Kentish-town; a very survere man.

Hil. But as survere as he is, let me, sir, tell him,
He sha' not lay his man by the heels for this.

This was my quarrel: and by his office leave,

It's carry 'un for this, it shall carry double;

Vor he shall carry me too.

Tur. Breath of man!

He is my chattel, mine own hired goods:

An'

An' if you do abet 'un in this matter,
I'll clap you both by the heels, ankle to ankle.

Hil. You'll clap a dog of wax as soon, old Blurt.
Come, spare not me, fir, I am no man's wife :
I care not I, fir, not three skips of a louse for you,
An' you were ten tall constables, not I.

Tur. Nay, pray, you, fir, be not angry, but content ;
My man shall make you what amends you'll ask 'un.

Hil. Let 'hun mend his manners then, and know
[his betters ;

It's all I ask 'un : and 'twill be his own,
And's master's too another day. Che vore 'hun.

Med. As right as a club still. Zure this angry man
Speaks very near the mark when he is pleas'd.

Pup. I thank you, fir, an' I meet you at Kentish-
I ha' the courtesie o' th' hundred for you. [town,

Hil. Gramercy, good high constable's hine. But
[hear you ?

Mass constable, I have other manner o' matter
To bring you about than this. And so it is,
I do belong to one o' the queen's captains ;
A gent'man o' the field, one captain Thums,
I know not whether you know 'un, or no : it may be
You do, and't may be you do not again.

Tur. No, I assure you on my constableship
I do not know 'un.

Hil. Nor I neither, i' faith.

It skills not much ; my captain and my self
Having occasion to come riding by here
This morning, at the corner of St. John's wood,
Some mile o' this town, we were set upon¹

¹ Some mile o' this town, were set upon

By a sort of country fellows, that not only

Beat us, but robb'd us sufficiently.]

In the first and third of these verses a syllable is wanting ; I have supplied them by conjecture, as they stand in the text, and have likewise the concurrence of the folio in 1640, for reading most sufficiently.]

By a sort of country-fellows, that not only
Beat us, but robb'd us most sufficiently,
And bound us to our behaviour hand and foot;
And so they left us. Now, don constable,
I am to charge you in her majesty's name,
As you will answer it at your apperil,
That forthwith you raise hue and cry i' the hundred,
For all such persons as you can despect [you,
By the length and breadth o' your office: for I tell
The loss is of some value; therefore look to't.

Tur. As fortune mend me now, or any office
Of a thousand pound, if I know what to zay;
Would I were dead, or vaire hang'd up at Tyburn,
If I do know what course to take, or how
To turn my self just at this time too, now
My daughter is to be married: I'll but go
To Pancridge-church, hard by, and return instantly,
And all my neighbourhood shall go about it.

Hil. Tut, Pancridge, me no Pancridge; if you let it
Slip, you will answer it, an' your cap be of wool;
Therefore take heed, you'll feel the smart else, con-
[stable.

Tur. Nay, good sir, stay. Neighbours! what think
[you o' this?

D. Tur. Faith, man——

Tur. Odd precious, woman, hold your tongue*,
And mind your pigs o' the spit at home; you must
Have oar in every thing. Pray you, sir, what kind
Of fellows were they?

Hil. Thieves-kind I ha' told you.

Tur. I mean, what kind of men?

* *D. Tur.* Faith, man——

Odd precious, woman, hold your tongue] The speaker's name
is wanting; it appears that old *Turfe* is the person to whom the
speech belongs, and I have set his name at the beginning of it.

Hil.

Hil. Men of our make.

[officers

Tur. Nay, but with patience, fir; we that are
Must 'quire the special marks, and all the tokens
Of the despected parties; or perhaps else
Be ne'er the near of our purpose in 'prehending 'em.
Can you tell what 'parrel any of them wore?

Hil. Troth no: there were so many o'un all like
So one another: now I remember me,
There was one busie fellow was their leader;
A blunt squat swad, but lower than your self;
He had on a leather-doublet with long points,
And a pair of pinn'd-up breeches, like pudding-bags;
With yellow stockings, and his hat turn'd up
With a silver clasp on his leer-side.

D. Tur. By these

Marks it should be John Clay, now blest the man!

Tur. Peace, and be nought: I think the woman be
[phrensick.

Hil. John Clay? what's he, good mistress?

Aw'd. He that shall be

My husband——

Hil. How! your husband, pretty one?

Aw'd. Yes, I shall anon be married: that's he.

Tur. Passion o' me, undone!

Pup. Bless master's son!

Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me, fir?

Clay. No's my record: I never zaw you avore.

Hil. You did not? where were your eyes then? out
[at washing?

Tur. What should a man zay? who should he trust
In these days? Hark you, John Clay, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth, and shame the devil.

Cle. Vaith do: my gossip Turle zays well to you,
[John.

Med. Speak, man, but do not confess, nor be avraid.

Pan. A man is a man, and a beast's a beast, look to't.

D. Tur.

D. Tur. I' the name of men or beasts! what do
Hare the poor fellow out on his five wits, [you do?
And seven senses? do not weep, John Clay.
I swear the poor wretch is as guilty from it
As the child was, was born this very morning.

Cla. No, as I am a kyrfin soul, would I were hang'd
If ever I——alas, I! would I were out
Of my life, so I would I were, and in again——

Pup. Nay, mrs. Awdrey will say nay to that.
No, in-and-out? an' you were out o' your life,
How should she do for a husband? who should fall
Aboard o' her then, Ball? he's a puppy?
No Hannibal has no breeding: well! I say little;
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.

Awd. Come, father; I would we were married: I
[am a-cold.

Hil. Well, mr. constable, this your fine groom here,
Bridegroom, or what groom else soe'er he be,
I charge him with the felony; and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to Paddington
Unto my captain, who stays my return there:
I am to go to the next justice of peace,
To get a warrant to raise hue and cry,
And bring him and his fellows all afore 'un.
Fare you well, sir, and look to 'un, I charge you,
As you will answer it. Take heed, the business
If you defer, may prejudicial you
More than you think for; zay I told you so.

[*Hilts goes out.*

Tur. Here's a bride-ale indeed! ah zon John, zon
I little thought you would ha' prov'd a piece Clay!
Of such false metal.

Cla. Father, will you believe me?
Would I might never stir i' my new shoes
If ever I would do so voul a fact.

Tur. Well, neighbours, I do charge you to assist me
With 'un to Paddington. Be he a true man, so:

The

The better for 'un. I will do mine office,
An' he were my own begotten a thousand times.

D. Tur. Why, do you hear man? husband, mr.
[Turfe?]

What shall my daughter do? Puppy, stay here.

[*She follows her husband and neighbours.*]

Awd. Mother, I'll go with you, and with my father.

SCENE III.

Puppy, Awdrey, Hilt.

Pup. Nay, stay sweet mrs. Awdrey: here are none
But one friend (as they zay) desires to speak
A word or two, cold with you: how do you veel
Yourself this frosty morning?

Awd. What ha' you

To do to ask, I pray you? I am a-cold.

Pup. It seems you are hot, good mrs. Awdrey.

Awd. You lie; I am as cold as ice is, feel else.

Pup. Nay, you ha' cool'd my courage: I am past it,
I ha' done feeling with you.

Awd. Done with me?

I do defie you. So I do, to say

You ha' done with me: you are a sawcy Puppy.

Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you mean.

Awd. Meant you not knavery's, Puppy?

Pup. No, not I.

Clay meant you all the knavery, it seems,
Who rather than he would be married to you,
Chose to be wedded to the gallows first. [prove

Awd. I thought he was a dissembler; he would
A slippery merchant i' the frost. He might

Awd. Meant you not knavery? *PUPPY.* No, not I.] The
name *Puppy* being mentioned, occasioned the mistake of its not
being set before his Reply: the line should be printed thus;
Meant you not knavery, Puppy? Puppy. No, not I.

Have

Have married one first, and have been hang'd after,
If he had had a mind to't. But you men,
Fie on you!

Pup. Mrs. Awdry, can you vind
P your heart to fancy Puppy? me poor Ball?

Awd. You are dispos'd to jeer one, mr. Hannibal.
Pity o' me! the angry man with the beard!

[*Enter Hilts.*

Hil. Put on thy hat, I look for no despect.
Where is thy master?

Pup. Marry, he is gone
With the picture of despair to Paddington.

Hil. Pr'y thee run after 'un, and tell 'un he shall
Find out my captain lodg'd at the Red-Lyon
In Paddington; that's the inn. Let 'un ask
Vor captain Thums; and take that for thy pains:
He may seek long enough else. Hie thee again.

Pup. Yes, sir; you'll look to mrs. bride the while?

Hil. That I wil!: prethee haste.

Awd. What, Puppy? Puppy?

Hil. Sweet mrs. bride, he'll come again presently.
Here was no subtle device to get a wench⁶.
This Chanon has a brave pate of his own,
A shaven pate! and a right monger, y' vaith!
This was his plot! I follow captain Thums?
We robb'd in St. John's wood? I' my t'other hose!
I laugh to think what a fine fool's finger they have
O' this wise constable, in pricking out
This captain Thums to his neighbours: you shall see
The tile-man too set fire on his own kill,
And leap into it to save himself from hanging.

⁶ *Here was no subtle device to get a wench.*] The negative in this line means just the reverse of what it stands for, and that the device was extremely subtle: and it is so used by our author's contemporaries. So in Shakespear,

"Here's no knavery."

Taming of the Shrew, Act I. Scene 6.

You

You talk of a bride-ale, here was a bride-ale broke
 I' the nick. Well: I must yet dispatch this bride
 To mine own master, the young 'squire, and then
 My task is done. Gen'woman! I have in sort
 Done you some wrong, but now I'll do you what right
 I can: it's true, you are a proper woman;
 But to be cast away on such a clown-pipe
 As Clay; methinks your friends are not so wise
 As nature might have made 'em; well, go too:
 There's better fortune coming towards you,
 An' you do not deject it. Take a vool's
 Counsel, and do not stand i' your own light.
 It may prove better than you think for: look you.

Awd. Alas, sir, what is't you would ha' me do?
 I'd fain do all for the best, if I knew how.

Hil. Forsake not a good turn when 'tis offered you;
 Fair mistress Awdrey, that's your name, I take it.

Awd. No mistress, sir, my name is Awdrey.

Hil. Well, so it is; there is a bold young 'squire,
 The blood of Totten, Tub, and Tripoly——

Awd. 'Squire Tub, you mean? I know him: he
 [knows me too.

Hil. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad
 [for you.

Awd. I, so he told me; in his wits, I think.
 But he's too fine for me; and has a lady
 Tub to his mother. Here he comes himself!

SCENE IV.

Tub, Hilts, Awdrey.

Tub. O you are a trusty governour!

Hil. What ails you?

You do not know when yo' are well, I think:
 You'd ha' the calf with the white face, sir, would you?
 I have her for you here; what would you more?

Tub.

Tub. Quietness, Hilts, and hear no more of it.

Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I do not care
If some on us had not heard so much of't,
I tell you true; a man must carry and vetch
Like Bungy's dog for you.

Tub. What's he?

Hil. A spaniel.

And scarce be spit i' the mouth for't. A good dog
Deserves, sir, a good bone, of a free master:
But, an' your turns be serv'd, the devil a bit
You care for a man after, e'er a lard of you.
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scabb'd 'squire
To th' mangy knight, when both met in a dish
Of butter'd vish. One bad, there's ne'er a good:
And not a barrel better herring among you.

Tub. Nay, Hilts! I pray thee grow not fram-pull now.
Turn not the bad cow after thy good soap.
Our plot hath hitherto ta'en good effect:
And should it now be troubled or stopp'd up,
'Twould prove the utter ruin of my hopes.
I pray thee haste to Pancras, to the chanon;
And gi' him notice of our good success:
Will him that all things be in readiness.
Fair Awdrey and my self will cross the fields
The nearest path. Good Hilts, make thou some haste,
And meet us on the way. Come, gentle Awdrey.

Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't?⁷
An' you say the word, send me to Jericho.
Out-cept a man were a post-horse, I ha' not known
The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,
'Twould never irke 'un. But a man may break
His heart out i' these days, and get a flap
With a fox-tail when he's done. And there is all.

Tub. Nay, say not so, Hilts: hold there; there are
[crowns—

⁷ *Would I had a few more GEANCES on't.] i. e. Jaunts, or Errands.*

My love bestows on thee for thy reward,
If gold will please thee, all my land shall drop
In bounty thus, to recompence thy merit.

Hil. Tut, keep your land, and your gold too, sir, I
Seek neither—nother of 'un. Learn to get
More : you will know to spend that zum you have
Early enough : you are assur'd of me.
I love you too too well to live o' the spoil* :
For your own sake, would there were no worse than I.
All is not gold that glisters. I'll to Pancras.

Tub. See how his love does melt him into tears !
An honest faithful servant is a jewel.
Now the adventrous 'squire hath time and leisure
To ask his Awdrey how she does, and hear
A grateful answer from her. She not speaks :
Hath the proud tyrant frost usurp'd the seat
Of former beauty, in my love's fair cheek ;
Staining the roseate tincture of her blood
With the dull dye of blue congealing cold ?
No, sure the weather dares not so presume
To hurt an object of her brightness. Yet,
The more I view her, she but looks so, so.
Ha ! gi' me leave to search this mystery ;
O now I have it : bride, I know your grief :
The last night's cold hath bred in you such horror
Of the assigned bridegroom's constitution,
The Kilborn clay-pit ; that frost-bitten marle ;
That ⁹ lump in courage ; melting cake of ice ;
That the conceit thereof hath almost kill'd thee.

* *I love you too well to live o' the spoil.*] The repetition here is from the folio of 1640, and 'tis elegant, as well as necessary to the measure of the verse. In the next line,

For your own sake, were there were no worse than I,
we must either strike out the last *were*, or, which I have done, alter it to, *Would there were no worse than I.*

⁹ *That lump in courage.*] Perhaps the poet's word was *lumping*, though I have not placed it in the text.

But I must do thee good, wench, and refresh thee.

Awd. You are a merry man, 'squire Tub of Totten!
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds!

Tub. Thou sayest true, sweet; I ha' been too slack
[in deeds.]

Awd. Yet I was never so strait lac'd to you, 'squire.

Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle Awdrey?

Awd. Love you? I cannot tell: I must hate no
My father says. [body,

Tub. Yes, Clay and Kilborn, Awdrey,
You must hate them.

Awd. It shall be for your sake then.

Tub. And for my sake shall yield you that gratuity.
[He offers to kiss her.]

Awd. Soft and fair, 'squire, there go two words to a
bargain. [She puts him back.]

Tub. What are those, Awdrey?

Awd. Nay, I cannot tell.

My mother zaid, zure, if you married me,
You'd make me a lady the first week: and put me
In, I know not what, the very day.

Tub. What was it?

Speak, gentle Awdrey, thou shalt have it yet.

Awd. A velvet dressing for my head, it is,
They say, will make one brave; I will not know
Bessie Moale, nor Margery Turne-up: I will look
Another way upon 'em, and be proud.

Tub. Troth, I could wish my wench a better wit,
But what she wanteth there, her face supplies.
There is a pointed lustre in her eye
Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is I first receiv'd the wound,
That rankles now, which only she can cure.
Fain would I work my self from this conceit;
But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,
The naked truth is: and I will go on,

Were it for nothing but to cross my rivals.
Come, Awdrey, I am now resolv'd to ha' thee!

S C E N E V.

Preamble, Metaphor, Tub, Awdrey.

Pre. Nay, do it quickly, Miles; why shak'st thou
[man?

Speak but his name: I'll second thee my self.

Met. What is his name?

Pre. 'Squire Tripoly, or Tub;
Any thing——

Met. 'Squire Tub, I do arrest you
I' the queen's majesty's name, and all the councils.

Tub. Arrest me, varlet?

Pre. Keep the peace, I charge you.

Tub. Are you there, justice Bramble? where's your
[warrant?

Pre. The warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole table; wherefore I would pray you
Be patient, 'squire, and make good the peace.

Tub. Well, at your pleasure, justice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?

Pre. He is a purs'yvant at arms, 'squire Tub.

Met. I am a purs'yvant; see by my coat else.

Tub. Well, purs'yvant, go with me: I'll give you bail.

Pre. Sir, he may take no bail. It is a warrant,
In special from the council, and commands
Your personal appearance. Sir, your weapon
I must require: and then deliver you
A prisoner to this officer, 'squire Tub.
I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Than as your friend and neighbour. Let my person
Be sever'd from my office in the fact,
And I am clear. Here, purs'yvant, receive him
Into your hands, and use him like a gentleman.

Tub.

Tub. I thank you, sir : but whither must I go now ?

Pre. Nay, that must not be told you till you come
Unto the place assign'd by his instructions.
I'll be the maiden's convoy to her father
For this time, 'squire.

Tub. I thank you, mr. Bramble.
I doubt or fear you will make her the balance
To weigh your justice in. Pray ye do me right,
And lead not her, at least, out of the way.
Justice is blind, and having a blind guide,
She may be apt to slip aside.

Pre. I'll see to her.

Tub. I see my wooing will not thrive. Arrested
As I had set my rest up for a wife !
And being so fair for it as I was——Well, fortune,
Thou art a blind bawd and a beggar too,
To cross me thus ; and let my only rival
To get her from me : that's the spight of spights.
But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
O' the court, am sent for thither by the council.
My heart is not so light as't was i' the morning.

S C E N E VI.

Hilts, Tub, Metaphor.

Hil. You mean to make a hoiden or a hare
O' me, t' hunt counter thus, and make these doubles :
And you mean no such thing as you send about.
Where's your sweet-heart now, I marle ?

Tub. Oh, Hilts !

Hil. I know you of old ! ne'er halt afore a cripple.
Will you have a cawdle ? where's your grief, sir, speak ?

Met. Do you hear, friend ? do you serve this gentleman ?

Hil. How then, sir ? what if I do ? peradventure

[yea ;
Perad-

Peradventure nay ; what's that to you, fir, say ?

Met. Nay, pray you, fir, I meant no harm in truth :
But this good gentleman is arrested.

Hil. How !

Say me that again.

Tub. Nay, Basket, never storm ;
I am arrested here, upon command
From the queen's council ; and I must obey.

Met. You say, fir, very true, you must obey.
An honest gentleman, in faith !

Hil. He must.

Tub. But that which most tormenteth me is this,
That justice Bramble hath got hence my Awdrey.

Hil. How ? how ? stand by a little, firrah, you
With the badge o' your breast. Let's know, fir, what
[you are.

Met. I am, fir, (pray you do not look so terribly)
A purs'yvant.

Hil. A purs'yvant ? your name, fir ?

Met. My name, fir——

Hil. What is't ? speak ?

Met. Miles Metaphor ;
And justice Preamble's clerk.

Tub. What says he ?

Hil. Pray you,

Let us alone. You are a purs'yvant ?

Met. No, faith, fir, would I might never stir from you,
I is made a purs'yvant against my will.

Hil. Ha ! and who made you one ? tell true, or my
Shall make you nothing instantly. [will

Met. Put up

Your frightful blade, and your dead-doing look,
And I shall tell you all.

Hil. Speak then the truth,
And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Met. My master, justice Bramble, hearing your master,
The 'squire Tub, was coming on this way,

With

With mrs. Awdrey, the high constable's daughter,
Made me a purs'yvant, and gave me warrant
To arrest him; so that he might get the lady,
With whom he is gone to Pancras to the vicar,
Not to her father's. This was the device,
Which I beseech you do not tell my master.

Tub. O wonderful! well, Basket, let him rise:
And for my free escape forge some excuse.
I'll post to Paddington t' acquaint old Turse
With the whole business, and so stop the marriage.

Hil. Well, bless thee: I do wish thee grace to keep
Thy master's secrets better, or be hang'd.

Met. I thank you for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you god-father hereafter.
And as your godson Metaphor, I promise
To keep my master's privities seal'd up
I' the vallies o' my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be truss'd up at Tyburn shortly.

Hil. Thine own wish save or choke thee: come away.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Turse, Clench, Medlay, To-Pan, Scriben, Clay.

Tur. **P**Assion of me, was ever a man thus cross'd?
All things run arsie versie, up-side down.
High constable! now by our lady o' Walsingham,
I had rather be mark'd out Tom Scavenger,
And with a shovel make clean the highways,
Than have this office of a constable,
And a high constable! the higher charge,
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vize me what to do:

How we shall bear us in this hue and cry.
 We cannot find the captain, no such man
 Lodg'd at the Lion, nor came thither hurt.
 The morning we ha' spent in privy search;
 And by that means the bride-ale is deferr'd,
 The bride, she's left alone in Puppy's charge;
 The bridegroom goes under a pair of sureties,
 And held of all as a respected person.
 How should we bustle forward? gi' some counsel
 How to bestir our stumps i' these cross ways.

Cle. Faith, gossip Turle, you have, you say, remission
 To comprehend all such as are despected:

Now would I make another privy search [towns.
 Thorough this town, and then you have search'd two

Med. Masters, take heed, let us not vind too many:
 One is enough to stay the hangman's stomach.

There is John Clay, who is yvound already,¹
 A proper man; a tile-man by his trade;
 A man, as one would zay, moulded in clay;
 As spruce as any neighbour's child among you:
 And he (you zee) is taken on conspition,
 And two or three (they zay) what call you 'em?
 Zuch as the justices of *coram nobis*

Grant—(I forget their names, you ha' many on 'em,
 Mr. high constable, they come to you.)

I ha' it at my tongues ends——Conney-boroughs,
 To bring him strait avore the zessions-house.

Tur. O you mean warrens, neighbour, do you not?

Med. I, I, thick same! you know 'un well enough.

Tur. Too well, too well; wou'd I had never known 'em.

¹ *There is John Clay, who is yvound already.* This play is in the western dialect, as the *Sad Shepherd* is a specimen of the Lowland Scottish: the letter *y* is commonly prefixed to participles passive, as well as a poetical augmentation: *Quo minus mireris*, says Mr. Davis in *Junius*, *B. Jousonum in fabulâ cui titulus Tale of a Tub, inter alia istius (scil. occidentalis) idiomatis exempla, hæc verba protulisse*.

There is John Clay, who is yvound already. Etymol. Liter. Y

We good vreeholders cannot live in quiet,
But every hour new purcepts, hues and cries,
Put us to requisitions night and day :
What shud a man zay, shud we leave the zearch ?
I am in danger to reburse as much
As he was robb'd on ; I, and pay his hurts.
If I should vollow it, all the good cheer
That was provided for the wedding-dinner
Is spoil'd and lost. O, there are two vat pigs
A zindging by the vire : now by St. Tomy,
Too good to eat, but on a wedding-day ;
And then a goose will bid you all, come cut me.
Zun Clay, zun Clay, (for I must call thee so)
Be of good comfort ; take my muckinder
And dry thine eyes. If thou beest true and honest ;
And if thou find'st thy conscience clear vrom it,
Pluck up a good heart, we'll do well enough.
If not, confess a-truth's name. But in faith,
I durst be sworn upon all holy books,
John Clay would ne'er commit a robbery
On his own head.

Clay. No, truth is my rightful judge ;
I have kept my hands here-hence fro' evil-speaking,
Lying and slandering ; and my tongue from stealing.
He do not live this day, can say, John Clay,
I ha' zeen thee, but in the way of honesty.

Pan. Faith, neighbour Medlay, I durst be his bur-
He would not look a true man in the vace. [rough*,

Clay. I take the town to concord, where I dwell,
All Kilborn be my witness, if I were not
Begot in bashfulness, brought up in shamefac'dness ;
Let 'un bring a dog but to my vace that can
Zay I ha' beat 'un, and without a vault :

* *Faith, neighbour Medlay, I durst be his BURROUGH,] Or Burrow,*
i. e. his pledge or security : from the Saxon *Borge*, or *Bophor*, words
of the same signification.

Or but a cat will swear upon a book,
 I have as much as zet a yire her tail,
 And I'll give him or her a crown for 'mends.
 But to give out, and zay, I have robb'd a captain!
 Receive me at the latter day, if I
 E'er thought of any such matter, or could mind it—

Med. No, John, you are come of too good personage;
 I think my gossip Clench, and mr. Turfe,
 Both think you would ra'tempt no such voul matter.

Tur. But how unhappily it comes to pass
 Just on the wedding-day! I cry me mercy:
 I had almost forgot the hue and cry:
 Good neighbour Pan, you are the third-burrow,
 And D'ogenes Scriben, you my learned writer,
 Make out a new purcept—Lord for thy goodness,
 I had forgot my daughter all this while;
 The idle knave hath brought no news from her.
 Here comes the sneaking puppy; what's the news?
 My heart! my heart! I fear all is not well,
 Something's mishap'd, that he is come without her.

S C E N E II.

Puppy, D. Turfe. [To them.]

Pup. Oh, where's my master? my master? my master?

D. Tur. Thy master? what would'st have with thy
 There is thy master. [master, man.

Tur. What's the matter, Puppy?

Pup. O master! oh dame! oh dame! oh master!

D. Tur. What say'st thou to thy master or thy dame?

Pup. Oh, John Clay! John Clay! John Clay!

Tur. What of John Clay? [hang'd.

Med. Luck grant he bring not news, he shall be

Cle. The world forfend, I hope it is not so well.

Clay. O Lord! oh me! what shall I do? poor John!

Pup.

Pup. Oh John Clay! John Clay! John Clay!

Clay. Alas,

That ever I was born! I will not stay by't
For all the tiles in Kilborn.

D. Tur. What of Clay?

Speak, Puppy; what of him?

Pup. He hath lost, he hath lost—

Tur. For luck sake speak, Puppy, what hath he lost?

Pup. Oh, Awdrey, Awdrey, Awdrey!

D. Tur. What of my daughter Awdrey?

Pup. I tell you, Awdrey—do you understand me?
Awdrey, sweet master! Awdrey, my dear dame—

Tur. Where is she? what's become of her, I pray
[thee?

Pup. Oh, the serving man! the serving man! the
[serving man!

Tur. What talk'st thou of the serving-man? where's
[Awdrey?

Pup. Gone with the serving-man, gone with the
[serving-man.

D. Tur. Good Puppy, whicher is she gone with him?

Pup. I cannot tell: he bad me bring you word
The captain lay at the Lion, and before
I came again, Awdrey was gone with the serving-man;
I tell you, Awdrey's run away with the serving-man.

Tur. 'Od'socks, my woman, what shall we do now?

D. Tur. Now, so you help not, man, I know not, I.

Tur. This was your pomp of maids: I told you on't.
Six maids to vollow you, and not leave one
To wait upo' your daughter! I zaid pride
Would be paid one day her old vi'pence, wife.

Med. What of John Clay, Ball Puppy?

Pup. He hath lost—

Med. His life for velony.

Pup. No, his wife by villainy.

Tur. Now villains both! oh that same hue and cry!
Oh neighbours! oh that cursed serving man!

O maids!

O maids! O wife! but John Clay, where is he?

How! fled for fear, zay ye? will he slip us now? *[Clay first mist]*
 We that are sureties must require 'un out.

How shall we do to find the serving-man?

Cocks bodikins, we must not lose John Clay:

Awdrey, my daughter Awdrey too! let us zend

To all the towns, and zeek her; but alas,

The hue and cry, that must be look'd unto.

S C E N E III.

Tub. [To them]

Tub. What, in a passion, Turfe?

Tur. I, good 'squire Tub.

Were never honest varmers thus perplex?

Tub. Turfe, I am privy to thy deep unrest:
 The ground of which springs from an idle plot,
 Cast by a suitor to your daughter Awdrey——

And thus much, Turfe, let me advertise you;

Your daughter Awdrey met I on the way,

With justice Bramble in her company;

Who means to marry her at Pancras-church.

And there is canon Hugh to meet them ready:

Which to prevent, you must not trust delay;

But winged speed must cross their sly intent:

Then hie thee, Turfe, haste to forbid the banes.

Tur. Hath justice Bramble got my daughter Awdrey?
 A little while shall he enjoy her, zure.

But O, the hue and cry! that hinders me:

I must pursue that, or neglect my journey:

I'll e'en leave all, and with the patient ass,

The over-laden ass, throw off my burden,

And cast mine office; pluck in my large ears

Betimes, lest some disjudge 'em to be horns:

I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoof,

And ease my pasterns. I'll no more high constables.

Tub. I cannot chuse but smile to see thee troubled
With such a bald half-hatched circumstance !

The captain was not robb'd, as is reported ;
That trick the justice craftily devis'd
To break the marriage with the tileman Clay.

The hue and cry was meerly counterfeit :

The rather may you judge it to be such,
Because the bridegroom was describ'd to be
One of the thieves first in the velony.

Which, how far 'tis from him, yourselves may guess :
'Twas justice Bramble's vetch to get the wench.

Tur. And is this true, 'squire Tub ?

Tub. Believe me, Turfe,
As I am a 'squire : or less, a gentleman.

Tur. I take my office back, and my authority,
Upon your worship's words. Neighbours, I am
High constable again : where's my zon Clay ?
He shall be zon yet, wife, your meat by leisure :
Draw back the spits.

D. Tur. That's done already, man.

Tur. I'll break this marriage off : and afterward,
She shall be given to her first betroth'd.
Look to the meat, wife, look well to the roast.

Tub. I'll follow him aloof to see the event.

Pup. Dame, mistress, though I do not turn the spit,
I hope yet the pig's head.

D. Tur. Come up, Jack sauce :
It shall be serv'd in to you.

Pup. No, no service ;
But a reward for service.

D. Tur. I still took you
For an unmannerly Puppy : will you come,
And vetch more wood to the vire, mr. Ball ?

Pup. I wood to the vire ; I shall piss it out first :
You think to make me e'en your ox or ass,

Or

Or any thing. Though I cannot right myself
On you, I'll sure revenge me on your meat.

S C E N E IV.

Lady Tub, Pol-Martin, Wispe, Puppy.

Pol. Madam, to Kentish-town we are got at length
But by the way we cannot meet the 'squire :
Nor by inquiry can we hear of him.
Here is Turfe's house, the father of the maid.

Lady. Pol-Martin, see, the streets are strew'd with
[herbs]

And here hath been a wedding, Wispe, it seems !
Pray heaven this bride-ale be not for my son !
Good Martin, knock : knock quickly : ask for Turfe
My thoughts misgive me, I 'm in such a doubt—

Pol. Who keeps the house here ?

Pup. Why the door and walls
Do keep the house.

Pol. I ask then, who's within ?

Pup. Not you that are without.

Pol. Look forth, and speak
Into the street here. Come before my lady.

Pup. Before my lady ! Lord have mercy upon me
If I do come before her, she will see
The handsom'st man in all the town, pardee !
Now stand I vore her, what zaith velvet she ?

Lady. Sirrah, whose man are you ?

Pup. Madam, my master's.

Lady. And who's thy master ?

Pup. What you tread on, madam.

Lady. I tread on an old Turfe.

Pup. That Turfe's my master.

Lady. A merry fellow ! what's thy name ?

Pup. Ball Puppy

They call me at home: abroad Hannibal Puppy.

Lady. Come hither, I must kiss thee, valentine Puppy.

Wife, ha' you got a valentine?

Wife. None, madam:

He's the first stranger that I saw.

Lady. To me

He is so, and such. Let's share him equally.

Pup. Help, help, good dame. A rescue, and in time.

Instead of bills, with colstaves come; instead of spears,

[with spits;

Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me and my

[wits:

A lady and her woman here, their huisher eke by side,

(But he stands mute) have plotted how your Puppy to

[divide.

S C E N E V.

D. Turfe, Maids. [To them.]

[Puppy?

D. Tur. How now, what noise is this with you, Ball

Pup. Oh dame! and fellows o' the kitchen! arm,

Arm, for my safety; if you love your Ball:

Here is a strange thing call'd a lady, a mad-dame:

And a device of hers, yclept her woman;

Have plotted on me in the king's highway,

To steal me from my self, and cut me in halves,

To make one valentine to serve 'em both;

This for my right-side, that my left-hand love.

D. Tur. So saucy, Puppy? to use no more reverence

Unto my lady and her velvet-gown? [please me

Lady. Turfe's wife, rebuke him not: your man doth

With his conceit. Hold: there are ten old nobles,

To make thee merrier yet, half-valentine.

Pup. I thank you, right-side: could my left as much,

I would make me a man of mark: young Hannibal!

Lady.

Lady. Dido shall make that good, or I will for her.
Here Dido Wispe, there's for your Hannibal :
He is your countryman as well as valentine.

Wif. Here, mr. Hannibal, my lady's bounty
For her poor woman Wispe.

Pup. Brave Carthage queen !
And such was Dido : I will ever be
Champion to her, who Juno is to thee.

D. Tur. Your ladyship is very welcome here.
Please you, good madam, to go near the house.

Lady. Turfe's wife, I come thus far to seek thy hus-
Having some business to impart unto him. [band,
Is he at home ?

D. Tur. O no, an' it shall please you :
He is posted hence to Pancras, with a witness.
Young justice Bramble has kept level coyl
Here in our quarters, stole away our daughter,
And mr. Turfe's run after, as he can,
To stop the marriage, if it will be stopp'd.

Pol. Madam, these tidings are not much amiss.
For if the justice have the maid in keep,
You need not fear the marriage of your son.

Lady. That somewhat easeth my suspicious breast.
Tell me, Turfe's wife, when was my son with Awdrey
How long is't since you saw him at your house ?

Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth.

D. Tur. What mean you by that, sir ?

Pup. Rump and Tale's all one.

But I would use a reverence for my lady :

I would not zay sur-reverence, the tale

Out o' your mouth, but rather take the rump. [an

D. Tur. A well-bred youth ! and vull of favour yo

Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if

Not weigh'd my words ? this Puppy is a vool !

Great Hannibal's an ass ; he hath no breeding :

No, lady gay, you shall not zay

That your Val. Puppy, was so unlucky,

In speech to fail, as t' name a tail,
Be as be may be, 'vore a fair lady.

Lady. Leave jesting; tell us when you saw your son.

Pup. Marry, it is two hours ago.

Lady. Sin' you saw him?

Pup. You might have seen him too, if you had look'd
For it shin'd as bright as day. [up;

Lady. I mean my son.

Pup. Your sun, and our sun, are they not all one?

Lady. Fool, thou mistak'st; I ask'd thee for my son!

Pup. I had thought there had been no more suns than
I know not what you ladies have, or may have. [one.

Pol. Didst thou ne'er hear my lady had a son?

Pup. She may have twenty; but for a son, unless
She mean precisely, 'squire Tub, her zon,
He was here now, and brought my master word,
That justice Bramble had got mrs. Awdrey.
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.

Lady. Martin, I wonder at this strange discourse:
The fool it seems tells true; my son the 'squire
Was doubtless here this morning. For the match,
I'll smother what I think, and staying here,
Attend the sequel of this strange beginning.
Turfe's wife, my people and I will trouble thee
Until we hear some tidings of thy husband.
The rather for my party valentine.

S C E N E VI.

Turfe, Awdrey, Clench, Medlay, Pan, Scriben.

Tur. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this justice as becomes a constable;
And a high constable: next our St. George,
Who rescued the king's daughter, I will ride;
Above prince Arthur.

Cle. Or our Shoreditch duke.

Med. Or Pancras earl.

Vol. V.

D

Pan.

Pan. Or Bevis, or sir Guy,
Who were high constables both.

Cle. One of Southampton——

Med. The t'other of Warwick castle.

Tur. You shall work it
Into a story for me, neighbour Medlay,
Over my chimney.

Scri. I can give you, sir,
A Roman story of a petty-constable,
That had a daughter that was call'd Virginia
Like mrs. Awdrey, and as young as she;
And how her father bare him in the business,
'Gainst justice Appius, a Decemvir in Rome,
And justice of assize.

Tur. That, that good D'ogenes!
A learned man is a chronicle!

Scri. I can tell you
A thousand of great Pompey, Cæsar, Trajan,
All the high constables there:

Tur. That was their place:
They were no more.

Scri. Dictator and high constable
Were both the same.

Med. High constable was more though!
He laid Dick Tator by the heels'.

Pan. Dick Toter!
H' was one o' the waights o' the city; I ha' read o' 'un:
He was a fellow would be drunk, debauch'd——
And he did zet 'un i' the stocks indeed:
His name was Vadian, and a cunning totter.

Awd. Was ever silly maid thus posted off?

³ *He laid DICK TATOR by the heels.*] Low as the joke is, we find Butler has borrowed it in his speech of Colonel Pride; "They talk indeed of a Roman general, who came from the plough; "Dick Tator, I think they call him, who having beat the enemy went home to the country rich, and renowned for a very wise man."

Last Speech of Colonel Pride.
That

A Tale of a Tub.

51

That should have had three husbands in one day ;
Yet (by bad fortune) am possess'd of none ?
I went to church to have been wed to Clay ;
Then 'squire Tub he seiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me ; but he mist his aim :
And justice Bramble (nearest of the three)
Was well nigh married to me ; when by chance,
In rush'd my father, and broke off that dance.

Tur. I, girl, there's ne'er justice on 'em all .
Shall teach the constable to guard his own :
Let's back to Kentish-town, and there make merry ;
These news will be glad tidings to my wife :
Thou shalt have Clay, my wench. That word shall stand.
He's found by this time, sure, or else he's drown'd :
The wedding dinner will be spoil'd : make haste.

Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick ; but thin are
I care not who it be, so I have one. [sown,

Tur. I ? zay you zo ? perhaps you shall ha' none for

Awd. None, out on me ! what shall I do then ? [that.

Med. Sleep, mrs. Awdrey, dream on proper men.

S C E N E VII.

Hugh, Preamble, Metaphor.

Hugh. O *Bene Deus!* have you seen the like ?
Here was, Hodge hold thine ear fair, whilst I strike.
Body o' me, how came this geer about ?

Pre. I know not, Chanon, but it falls out cross,
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance
Of these events ; it was impossible,
Being so close and politickly carried,
To come so quickly to the ears of Turfe.
O priest ! had but thy slow delivery
Been nimble, and thy lazy Latin tongue
But run the forms o'er with that swift dispatch

D 2

As

As had been requisite, all had been well!

Hugb. What should have been, that never lov'd the
But thus you see the old adage verified, [friar ;
Multa cadunt inter——you can guess the rest.

Many things fall between the cup and lip :

And though they touch, you are not sure to drink:

You lack'd good fortune, we had done our parts :

Give a man fortune, throw him i' the sea.

The properer man, the worse luck : stay a time ;

Tempus edax—In time the stately ox, &c.

Good counsels lightly never come too late.

Pre. You, sir, will run your counsels out of breath.

Hugb. Spur a free horse, he'll run himself to death.

Sancti Evangelistæ! here comes Miles !

Pre. What news, man, with our new-made purs'y-
[vant ?

Met. A purs'yvant ? would I were, or more pursie,
And had more store of money ; or less pursie,
And had more store of breath : you call me purs'yvant !
But I could never vaunt of any purse
I had, sin' yo' were my godfathers and godmothers,
And ga' me that nick-name.

Pre. What's now the matter ?

Met. Nay, 'tis no matter, I ha' been simply beaten.

Hugb. What is become o' the squire, and thy pri-
[soner ?

Met. The lines of blood run streaming from my
[head

Can speak what rule the 'squire hath kept with me.

Pre. I pray thee, Miles, relate the manner how ?

Met. Be't known unto you by these presents then,
That I Miles Metaphor your worship's clerk
Have e'en been beaten to an allegory,
By multitude of hands. Had they been but
Some five or six, I had whip'd 'em all, like tops
In Lent, and hurl'd 'em into Hobblers-hole ;
Or the next ditch : I had crack'd all their costards,

As nimbly as a squirrel will crack nuts :
And flourished like to Hercules the porter
Among the pages. But when they came on
Like bees about a hive, crows about carrion,
Flies about sweetmeats ; nay, like watermen
About a fare : then was poor Metaphor
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To save his life, only to tell this news.

Hugb. How indirectly all things have fall'n out !
I cannot chuse but wonder what they were
Rescued your rival from the keep of Miles :
But most of all, I cannot well digest
The manner how our purpose came to Turfe.

Pre. Miles, I will see that all thy hurts be drest.
As for the 'squire's escape, it matters not :
We have by this means disappointed him ;
And that was all the main I aimed at.
But chanon Hugh, now muster up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the consistory.
Search all the secret corners of thy cap,
To find another quaint devised drift,
To disappoint her marriage with this Clay :
Do that, and I'll reward thee jovially.

Hugb. Well said, magister justice. If I fit you not
With such a new and well-laid stratagem,
As never yet your ears did hear a finer,
Call me with Lilly, *Bos, Fur, Sus atq; Sacerdos.*

Pre. I hear there's comfort in thy words yet, chanon.
I'll trust thy regulars, and say no more.

Met. I'll follow too. And if the dapper priest
Be but as cunning, point in his device,

D 3

As

* *Be but as cunning, point in his device.* That is, be as exact
and clever in his plot as I was in mine. It is an allusion, or rather
a corruption from the French phrase *à points devisés*, which the
reader may find explained in the *Alchemist*, act 5. not. 3.—Per-
haps

As I was in my lie, my master Preamble
Will stalk, as led by the nose with these new promises,
And fatted with supposes of fine hopes.

S C E N E VIII.

Turfe, D. Turfe, Lady Tub, Pol-Martin, Awdrey, Puppy.

Turf. Well, madam, I may thank the 'squire your
For, but for him, I had been over-reach'd. [son :

D. Tur. Now heaven's blessing light upon his heart :
We are beholden to him, indeed, madam.

Lady. But can you not resolve me where he is ?
Nor about what his purposes were bent ?

Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me :
And therefore was I less inquisitive.

Lady. Fair maid, in faith speak truth, and not
Do's he not often come and visit you ? [dissemble :

Awd. His worship now and then, please you, takes
To see my father and mother : but, for me, [pains
I know my self too mean for his high thoughts
To stoop at, more than asking a light question,
To make him merry, or to pass his time.

Lady. A sober maid ! call for my woman, Martin.

Pol. The maids and her half valentine have ply'd her
With courtise of the bride-cake and the bowl,
As she is laid a-while.

Lady. O let her rest !
We will cross o'er to Canterbury in the interim ;
And so make home. Farewel, good Turfe, and thy
I wish your daughter joy. [wife.

haps a transposition of the words here may be right, and we ought
to read,

He but as cunning in his point device——

¶ We will cross o'er to CANTEBURY in the interim.] Canterbury,
or as it is more usually called *Canberry house*, is in the parish and
neighbourhood of *Islington*. The true name of it is *Canon berry* ; it
was antiently a farm or grange belonging to the monks of the priory
of *St. Bartholomew* in *Smithfield*.

Tur.

Tur. Thanks to your ladyship :

Where is John Clay now ? have you seen him yet ?

D. Tur. No, he has hid himself out of the way,
For fear of the hue and cry.

Tur. What walks that shadow

Avore 'un still ? Puppy, go seek 'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call 'un forth. We'll once more to the church,
And try our vortunes. Luck, son Valentine,
Where are the wise men all of Finsbury ?

Pup. Where wise men should be ; at the ale and
I would this couple had their destiny, [bride-cake.
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way :

[*Enter the neighbours to Tur.*

Man cannot get the mount'nance of an egg-shell
To stay his stomach. Vaith, for mine own part,
I have zup'd up so much broth as would have cover'd
A leg o' beef o'er head and ears i' the porridge-pot :
And yet I cannot suffisie wild nature.
Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with child of a huge stomach, and long,
Till by some honest midwife-piece of beef
I be deliver'd of it : I must go now,
And hunt out for this Kilborn calf, John Clay :
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.

S C E N E IX.

Chanon Hugh, like captain Thums, [To them.]

Hugh. Thus as a beggar in a king's disguise,
Or an old cross well sided with a may-pole,
Comes chanon Hugh accoutred as you see,
Disguis'd, Soldado like. Mark his device :
The chanon is that captain Thums was robb'd :
These bloody scars upon my face are wounds :
This scarf upon mine arm shews my late hurts :

And thus am I to gull the constable.

Now have among you for a man at arms ;

Friends, by your leave, which of you is one Turfe ?

Turf. Sir, I am Turfe, if you would speak with me.

Hugb. With thee, Turfe, if thou beest high constable.

Turf. I am both Turfe, sir, and high constable.

Hugb. Then, Turfe or Scurfe, high or low constable, Know, I was once a captain at St. Quintins,

And passing cross the ways over the country

This morning betwixt this and Hamstead-heath,

Was by a crew of clowns robb'd, bobb'd, and hurt.

No sooner had I got my wounds bound up,

But with much pain I went to the next justice,

One mr. Bramble, here at Maribone :

And here a warrant is, which he hath directed

For you, one Turfe ; if your name be Toby Turfe ;

Who have let fall (they say) the hue and cry :

And you shall answer it afore the justice.

Turf. Heaven and hell, dogs, devils, what is this ?

Neighbours, was ever constable thus cross'd ?

What shall we do ?

Med. Faith, all go hang our selves :

I know no other way to scape the law.

Pup. News, news, O news——

Turf. What, hast thou found out Clay ?

Pup. No, sir, the news is, that I cannot find him.

Hugb. Why do you dally, you damn'd russet-coat ?

You peasant, nay, you clown, you constable ;

See that you bring forth the suspected party,

Or by mine honour (which I won in field)

I'll make you pay for it afore the justice.

Turf. Fie, fie : O wife, I'm now in a fine pickle.

He that was most suspected is not found :

And which now makes me think he did the deed,

He thus absents him, and dares not be seen.

Captain, my innocence will plead for me.

Wife, I must go, needs, whom the devil drives :

Pray

Pray for me, wife and daughter ; pray for me.

Hugh. I'll lead the way : thus is the match put off :
And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it,
My captainship shall cost him many a crown.

[They go out.]

D.Tur. So, we have brought our eggs to a fair market.
Out on that villain Clay ; would he do a robbery ?
I'll ne'er trust smooth-fac'd tileman for his sake.

Aw'd. Mother, the still sow eats up all the draff.

[They go out.]

Pup. This is my master, Toby Turfe, the pattern
Of all the painful a'ventures now in print.
I never could hope better of this match ;
This bride-ale : for the night before to-day,
(Which is within man's memory, I take it)
At the report of it an ox did speak,
Who dy'd soon after : a cow lost her calf :
The bell-weather was flea'd for it : a fat hog
Was sing'd, and wash'd, and shaven all over ; to
Look ugly 'gainst this day : the ducks they quack'd ;
The hens too cackled : at the noise whereof
A drake was seen to dance a headless round :
The goose was cut i' the head to hear it too :
Brave chant-it-clear, his noble heart was done ;
His comb was cut : and two or three o' his wives,
Or fairest concubines had their necks broke
E're they would zee this day ; to mark the verven
Heart of a beast, the very pig, the pig,
This very morning, as he was a roasting,
Cry'd out his eyes, and made a shew, as he would
Ha' bit in two the spit ; as he would say,
There shall no roast-meat be this dismal day.
And zure, I think, if I had not got his tongue
Between my teeth and eat it, he had spoke it.
Well, I will in and cry too ; never leave
Crying until our maids may drive a buck
With my salt tears at the next washing-day.

ACT

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Preamble, Hugh, Turfe, Metaphor.

Pre. **K** E E P out those fellows ; I'll ha' none come in
 But the high constable, the man of peace,
 And the queen's captain, the brave man of war.
 Now, neighbour Turfe, the cause why you are call'd
 Before me by my warrant, but unspecified,
 Is this ; and pray you mark it thoroughly !
 Here is a gentleman, and, as it seems,
 Both of good birth, fair speech, and peaceable ;
 Who was this morning robb'd here in the wood :
 You, for your part, a man of good report,
 Of credit, landed, and of fair demeanors,
 And by authority, high constable ;
 Are, notwithstanding, touch'd in this complaint,
 Of being careless in the hue and cry.
 I cannot chuse but grieve a soldier's loss ;
 And I am sorry too for your neglect,
 Being my neighbour : this is all I object.

Hugh. This is not all : I can alledge far more,
 And almost urge him for an accessory.
 Good mr. justice, gi' me leave to speak,
 For I am plaintiff. Let not neighbourhood
 Make him secure, or stand on privilege.

Pre. Sir, I dare use no partiality :
 Object then what you please, so it be truth.

Hugh. This more : and which is more than he can
 Besides his letting fall the hue and cry, [answer,
 He doth protect the man charg'd with the felony,
 And keeps him hid, I hear, within his house,
 Because he is affied unto his daughter.

Tur. I do desie 'un, so shall she do too.
 I pray your worship's favour le' me have hearing.
 I do confess, 'twas told me such a felony,

And't

And't not disgriev'd me a little, when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to church to marry Awdrey :
And who should marry her but this very Clay,
Who was charg'd to be the chief thief o' 'un all.
Now I (the halter stick me if I tell
Your worships any leazins) did fore-think 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away.
I thought I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit,
Or i' mine oven : nay, i' the town-pound,
I was za sure o' 'un, I'd ha' gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did start. But now I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can look at 'un. Would you ha' more ?

Hugh. Yes, I will have, sir, what the law will give
[me.

You gave your word to see him safe forth-coming ;
I challenge that : but that is forfeited ;
Beside, your carelessness in the pursuit,
Argues your slackness, and neglect of duty,
Which ought be punish'd with severity.

Pre. He speaks but reason, Turfe. Bring forth the
And you are quit : but otherwise your word, [man
Binds you to make amends for all his loss,
And think yourself befriended, if he take it,
Without a farther suit or going to law.
Come to a composition with him, Turfe,
The law is costly, and will draw on charge.

Turf. Yes, I do know, I vurst mun vee a Returney,
And then make legs to my great man o' law,
To be o' my counsel, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing for me, but devise
All the strict means, to ransackle me o' my money.
A pest'lence prick the throats o' 'un. I do know 'un
As well az I waz i' their bellies, and brought up
[there.

What would you ha' me do ? what would you ask of

Hugh. I ask the restitution of my money ; [me ?
And will not bate one penny o' the sum :

Four-

Fourscore and five pound : I ask, besides
 Amendment for my hurts ; my pain and suffering
 Are loss enough for me, sir, to sit down with ;
 I'll put it to your worship ; what you award me,
 I'll take ; and gi' him a general release.

Pre. And what say you now, neighbour Turfe ?

Tur. I put it

' Ev'n to your worship's bitterment, hab, nab.

I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'em
 [e'en run : and——

Pre. Faith, then I'll pray you, 'cause he is my
 [neighbour,

To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

Hug. Saint Valentine's day, I will, this very day,
 Before sun-set : my bond is forfeit else.

Tur. Where will you ha' it paid ?

Hug. Faith, I am a stranger

Here i' the country : know you chanon Hugh,
 The vicar of Pancras ?

Tur. Yes, who knows not him ?

Hug. I'll make him my attorney to receive it,
 And give you a discharge.

Tur. Whom shall I send for't ?

Pre. Why, if you please, send Metaphor my clerk.
 And Turfe, I much commend thy willingness ;
 It's argument of thy integrity.

Tur. But my integrity shall be my zelf still :
 Good mr. Metaphor, give my wife this key ;
 And do but whisper it into her hand :
 (She knows it well enough) bid her, by that,
 Deliver you the two zeal'd bags o' silver,
 That lie i' the corner o' the cupboard, stands

¹ *Ev'n to your worship's BITTERMENT.] i. e. Arbitrement, Arbitration.*

² ———— *Know you chanon Hugh,
 The vicar of Pancras ?*

Tur. Yes, WE WHO NOT him ?] *We* is superfluous, and the
 necessary word is wanting ; but the reader will find it in the text.

At

At my bed-side, they're vifty pound a piece ;
And bring 'em to your master.

Met. If I prove not
As just a carrier as my friend Tom Long was,
Then call me his curtall, change my name of Miles,
To Guiles, Wiles, Piles, Biles, or the foulest name
You can devise, to crambo with for ale.

Hug. Come hither, Miles, bring by that token too
Fair Awdrey ; say, her father sent for her :
Say, Clay is found, and waits at Pancras-church,
Where I attend to marry them in haste.
For, (by this means) Miles, I may say't to thee,
Thy master must to Awdrey married be.
But not a word but mum : go get thee gone ;
Be wary of thy charge, and keep it close.

Met. O super-dainty chanon ! vicar in-coney *,
Make no delay, Miles, but away ;
And bring the wench, and money.

Hug. Now, sir, I see you meant but honestly ;
And, but that business calls me hence away,
I would not leave you till the sun were lower.
But, mr. justice, one word, sir, with you.
By the same token, is your mistress sent for
By Metaphor, your clerk, as from her father.
Who, when she comes, I'll marry her to you,
Unwitting to this Turfe, who shall attend
Me at the parsonage : this was my plot
Which I must now make good ; turn chanon again,
In my square cap. I humbly take my leave.

Pre. Adieu, good captain. Trust me, neighbour
He seems to be a sober gentleman : [Turfe,

* *Then call me his CURTAL.*] i. e. his *Horse*. It seems to have been a proverbial phrase ; and so Falstaff, in Shakespear,

" Call me horse ——— "

* *O super-dainty chanon ! vicar in-coney.*] These two last words should probably be joined in one ; the sense of it is *fine* or *curious* : a *coney* thing is an expression yet used in the North, to signify what is nice and delicate.

But this distress hath somewhat stirr'd his patience.
 And men you know, in such extremities,
 Apt not themselves to points of courtesie;
 I'm glad you ha' made this end.

Tur. You stood my friend:
 I thank your justice-worship; pray you be
 Present anon at tendring o' the money,
 And zee me have a discharge: vor I ha' no craft
 I' your law quibblins.

Pre. I'll secure you, neighbour.

The S C E N E interloping.

Medlay, Clench, Pan, Scriben.

Med. Indeed there is a woundy luck in names, sirs,
 And a main mystery, an' a man knew where
 To vind it. My godfire's name, I'll tell you,
 Was In-and-Inn Shittle, and a weaver he was,
 And it did fit his craft: for so his shittle
 Went in, and in still; this way, and then that way.
 And he nam'd me In-and-Inn Medlay: which serves
 A joiner's craft, because that we do lay
 Things in and in, in our work. But I am truly
Architeclonicus professor rather:

That is (as one would zay) an architect.

Cle. As I am a varrier and a visicary;
 Horse-smith of Hamstead, and the whole town leach—

Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy cures, gossip Clench.

Cle. An' I can zee the stale once through a urine-hole,
 I'll give a shrewd guess, be it man or beast.

I cur'd an ale-wife once that had the staggers
 Worse than five horses, without rowelling.

My god-phere was a Rabian or a Jew;

(You can tell, D'oge!) they call'd 'un doctor Rasi.

Scri. One Rasis was a great Arabick doctor.

Cle. He was king Harry's doctor, and my god-phere.

Pan.

Pan. Mine was a merry Greek, To-Pan of Twiford,
A jovial tinker, and a stopper of holes ;
Who left 'em metal-man of Belfise, his heir.

Med. But what was yours, D'oge ?

Scri. Vaith, I cannot tell,

If mine were kyrfin'd or no. But zure he had
A kyrfin name, that he left me, Diogenes.
A mighty learned man, but pest'lence poor.
Vor h' had no house, save an old tub, to dwell in,
(I vind that in records) and still he turn'd it
I' the wind's teeth, as't blew on his backside,
And there they would lie routing one at other,
A week sometimes.

Med. Thence came, *A Tale of a Tub* ;
And the virst *Tale of a Tub*, old D'ogenes Tub.

Scri. That was avore sir Peter Tub or his lady.

Pan. I, or the 'squire their son, Tripoly Tub.

Cle. The 'squire is a fine gentleman !

Med. He is more :

A gentleman and a half ; almost a knight ;
Within zix inches : that's his true measure.

Cle. Zure you can gage 'un.

Med. To a streak, or less :

I know his d'ameters and circumference :
A knight is six diameters, and a 'squire
Is vive, and zomewhat more : I know't by compass
And scale of man. I have upo' my rule here
The just perportions of a knight, a 'squire ;
With a tame justice, or an officer rampant,
Upo' the bench, from the high constable
Down to the headborough, or tithing-man ;
Or meanest minister o' the peace, God save 'un.

Pan. Why you can tell us by the square, neighbour,
Whence he is call'd a constable, and whaffore.

Med. No, that's a book-case : Scriben can do that.

*Why you can tell us by the square, neighbour,] It should be
square, an instrument or kind of rule used by carpenters.*

That's

That's writing and reading, and records,

Scri. Two words,

Cyning and staple, make a constable :

As we'd say, a hold or stay for the king.

Cle. All constables are truly John's for the king,
Whate'er their names are, be they Tony or Roger.

Med. And all are sworn as vingars o' the one hand,
To hold together 'gainst the breach o' peace ;
The high constable is the thumb, as one would zay,
The hold-fast o' the rest.

Pan. Pray luck he speed

Well i' the business between captain Thums
And him.

Med. I'll warrant 'un for a groat ;
I have his measures here in rithmetique,
How he should bear 'un self in all the lines
Of's place and office : let us zeek 'un out.

SCENE II.

Tub, Hilts, Metaphor.

Tub. Hilts, how do'st thou like o' this our good
[day's work]

Hil. As good e'en ne'er a whit, as ne'er the better.

Tub. Shall we to Pancras or to Kentish-town
[Hilts]

Hil. Let Kentish-town or Pancras come to us,
If either will : I will go home again.

Tub. Faith, Basket, our success hath been but bad
And nothing prospers that we undertake ;
For we can neither meet with Clay nor Awdrey,
The chanon Hugh, nor Turse the constable :
We are like men that wander in strange woods,
And lose our selves in search of them we seek.

Hil. This was because we rose on the wrong side :
But as I am now here, just in the mid-way,

I'll zet my sword on the pummel, and that line
The point valls to, we'll take, whether it be
To Kentish-town, the church, or home again.

Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's justice Bramble's
[clerk, [Enter Metaphor.

Th' unlucky hare hath crost us all this day.
I'll stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him
His businels, Hilts; and how he's now employed.

Hil. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.

Met. Oh for a pad-horse, pack-horse, or a post-horse,
To bear me on his neck, his back, or his crup!
I am as weary with running as a mill-horse
That hath led the mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath been out of his body.

I could get up upon a pannier, a pannel,
Or, to say truth, a very pack-saddle,
Till all my honey were turn'd into gall,
And I could sit in the seat no longer:
Oh the legs of a lackey now, or a footman,
Who's the surbater of a clerk-current,
And the confounder of his trestles dormant!
But who have we here, just in the nick?

Hil. I'm neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore
You lie, sir Metaphor.

Met. Lie? how?

Hil. Lie so, sir.

[He strikes up his heels.

Met. I lie not yet i' my throat.

Hil. Thou ly'st o' the ground.

Dost thou know me?

Met. Yes, I did know you too late.

Hil. What is my name, then?

Met. Basket.

Hil. Basket? what?

Met. Basket, the great——

Hil. The great what?

Met. lubber——

I should say, lover, of the 'squire his master.

VOL. V.

E

Hil.

Hil. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,
 Thou scrape-hill, scoundrel, and thou scum of man;
 Uncivil, orange-tawny-coated clerk:
 Thou cam'st but half a thing into the world,
 And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds:
 Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,
 Travell'dst to Hamstead-heath on an Ash-We'nesday,
 Where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent,
 For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee,
 To make thee a purse: seest thou this bold bright blade?
 This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave
 As minc'd meat for a pyc. I'll set thee in earth
 All, save thy head and thy right-arm at liberty,
 To keep thy hat off while I question thee
 What? why? and whither thou wert going now,
 With a face ready to break out with business?
 And tell me truly, lest I dash't in pieces.

Met. Then, Basket, put thy smiter up, and hear;
 I dare not tell the truth to a drawn sword.

Hil. 'Tis sheath'd, stand up, speak without fear or
 [wit.

Met. I know not what they mean; but constable
 [Turfe

Sends here his key for moneys in his cubbard,
 Which he must pay the captain that was robb'd
 This morning. Smell you nothing?

Hil. No, not I:

Thy breeches yet are honest.

Met. As my mouth.

Do you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,
 I think all's knavery; for the chanon whisper'd
 Me in the ear, when Turfe had gi'n me his key,
 By the same token to bring mrs. Awdrey,
 As sent for thither; and to say, John Clay
 Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
 Forth for my master, who is to be married
 When she comes there: the chanon has his rules

Ready

Ready, and all there, to dispatch the matter.

Tub. Now, on my life, this is the chanon's plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy discourse to Basket.
Wilt thou be true, and I'll reward thee well,
To make me happy in my mistress Awdrey?

Met. Your worship shall dispose of Metaphor,
Thro' all his parts, e'en from the sole o' the head
To the crown o' the foot, to manage of your service.

Tub. Then do thy message to the mistress Turfe,
Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,
And likewise take young Awdrey to thy charge:
Which done, here, Metaphor, we will attend,
And intercept thee. And for thy reward
You two shall share the money, I the maid:
If any take offence, I'll make all good.

Met. But shall I have half the money, sir, in faith?

Tub. I, on my 'squireship shalt thou; and my land.

Met. Then, if I make not, sir, the cleanliest 'scuse
To get her hither, and be then as careful
To keep her for you, as't were for my self,
Down o' your knees, and pray that honest Miles
May break his neck e're he get o'er two stiles.

S C E N E III.

Tub, Hilts.

Tub. Make haste, then: we will wait here thy return.
This luck unlook'd for hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppress'd with a dark melancholy.
In happy time we linger'd on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound,
Which are the essence of my soul's content.

Hil. This heartless fellow; shame to serving-men;
Stain of all liveries; what fear makes him do!
How sordid, wretched and unworthy things;

Betray his master's secrets, ope' the closet
Of his devices, force the foolish justice
Make way for your love, plotting of his own :
Like him that digs a trap to catch another,
And falls into't himself !

Tub. So would I have it ;
And hope 'twill prove a jest to twit the justice with.

Hil. But that this poor white-liver'd rogue should
And merely out of fear ? [do't ?

Tub. And hope of money, Hilts.
A valiant man will nibble at that bait.

Hil. Who, but a fool, will refuse money profer'd ?

Tub. And sent by so good chance. Pray heaven he
[speed.

Hil. If he come empty-handed, let him count
To go back empty headed ; I'll not leave him
So much of brain in's pate, with pepper and vinegar,
To be serv'd in for sauce to a calf's-head.

Tub. Thou serv'd him rightly, Hilts.

Hil. I'll seal as much
With my hand, as I dare say now with my tongue ;
* But if you get the lass from Dargison,
What will you do with her ?

Tub. We'll think o' that
When once we have her in possession, governour.

SCENE IV.

Puppy, Metaphor, Awdrey.

Pup. You see we trust you, mr. Metaphor,
With mrs. Awdrey : 'pray you, use her well,

* *But if you get the lass from DARGISON.]* The meaning of this last term is unknown to me ; whether it be a proper name, taken from some romance, and how applied, I know not ; or whether a corruption from *Kentish town*, which is not improbable.

As

As a gentlewoman should be us'd. For my part,
I do incline a little to the serving-man ;
We have been of a coat—I had one like yours ;
Till it did play me such a sleeveless errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine arms in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you go before her,
Serving-man like, and see that your nose drop not.
As for example, you shall see me : mark,
How I go afore her : so do you. Sweet Miles,
She for her own part, is a woman cares not
What man can do unto her in the way
Of honesty and good manners. So farewell
Fair mrs. Awdrey : farewell mr. Miles.
I have brought you thus far onward o' your way :
I must go back now to make clean the rooms,
Where my good lady has been. Pray you commend me
To bridegroom Clay ; and bid him bear up stiff.

Met. Thank you, good Hannibal Puppy ; I shall fit
The leg of your commands with the strait buskins
Of dispatch presently.

Pup. Farewel, fine Metaphor.

Met. Come, gentle mistress, will you please to walk ?

Awd. I love not to be led : I'd go alone.

Met. Let not the mouse of my good meaning, lady,
Be snap'd up in the trap of your suspicion,
To lose the tail there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the cat of misconstruction.

Awd. You are too finical for me ; speak plain, sir.

S C E N E V.

Tub, Awdrey, Hilts, Metaphor, Lady, Pol-Martin.

[To them.]

Tub. Welcome again, my Awdrey : welcome, love ;
You shall with me ; in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the second hazard, mistress.

Awd. Forbear, squire Tub, as mine own mother says,

E 3

I am

I am not for your mowing. You'll be flown
E're I be fledg'd.

Hil. Hast thou the money, Miles?

Met. Here are two bags, there's fifty pound in each.

Tub. Nay, Awdrey, I possess you for this time :
Sirs, take that coin between you, and divide it.
My pretty sweeting, give me now the leave
To challenge love and marriage at your hands.

Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not asham'd ?
What will my lady say ? In faith, I think
She was at our house : and I think she ask'd for you :
And I think she hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thank her ladyship : and I think she means
Not to go hence till she has found you.

Tub. How say you⁶?
Was then my lady mother at your house ?
Let's have a word aside.

Awd. Yes, twenty words.

Lad. 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to Totten,
And turn to Kentish-town again my journey :
And see my son, Pol-Martin, with his Awdrey.
E're while we left her at her father's house :
And hath he thence remov'd her in such haste !
What shall I do ? shall I speak fair, or chide ?

Pol. Madam, your worthy son with duteous care
Can govern his affections : rather then
Break off their conference some other way,

⁶ ———— *She means*

Not to go hence till she has found you. How say you ?

Tub. *Was then my lady mother at your house ?* If the reader thinks with me, he will be disposed to alter the present ordination of these speeches : for I must own, that I think Tub's part here should begin with the question, *How say you ?* which is expressive of his surprise at what Awdrey had just been telling him. We ought to read then, if the case be so, as follows :

————— *She means*

Not to go hence till she has found you. Tub. How say you ?
Was then my lady mother at your house ?

Pretending ignorance of what you know.

Tub. An' this be all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.⁷

Lad. Mine you were once, though scarcely now your

Hil. 'Slid, my lady! my lady! [own.

Met. Is this my lady bright?

Tub. Madam, you took me now a little tardy.

Lad. At prayers I think you were: what, so devout
Of late, that you will thrive you to all confessors
You meet by chance! come, go with me, good squire,
And leave your linen*: I have now a business,
And of importance, to impart unto you.

Tub. Madam, I pray you, spare me but an hour;
Please you to walk before, I follow you.

Lad. It must be now, my business lies this way.

Tub. Will not an hour hence, madam, excuse me?

Lad. 'Squire, these excuses argue more your guilt.
You have some new device now to project,
Which the poor tileman scarce will thank you for.
What? will you go?

Tub. I ha' ta'en a charge upon me,
To see this maid conducted to her father,
Who, with the chanon Hugh, stays her at Pancras,
To see her married to the same John Clay.

Lad. 'Tis very well: but, 'squire, take you no care,
I'll send Pol-Martin with her for that office:
You shall along with me; it is decreed.

Tub. I have a little business with a friend, madam.

⁷ *Tub.* An' this all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.] We must supply something to give meaning to the first part of this verse. I suppose it stood originally thus;

An' this be all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.

'Tis probable she was clearing some suspicions he had entertained; and as he was now satisfied, he had no scruple remaining, but was wholly hers.

* ——— Come, go with me, good squire,

And leave your linen.] The words are spoke of Awdrey, and so perhaps there may be no difficulty in applying the last word; but Mr. Theobald queries the expression, and has wrote in his margin *Lemon*, that is mistress.

Lad. That friend shall stay for you, or you for him.
Pol-Martin, take the maiden to your care :
 Commend me to her father.

Tub. I will follow you.

Lad. Tut, tell not me of following.

Tub. I'll but speak a word.

Lad. No whispering: you forget yourself,
 And make your love too palpable : a squire ?
 And think so meanly ? fall upon a cow-shard ?
 You know my mind. Come, I'll to Turfe's house,
 And see for Dido and our Valentine.

Pol-Martin, look to your charge, I'll look to mine.

[They all go out but Pol-Martin and Awdrey.]

Pol. I smile to think, after so many profers
 This maid hath had, she now should fall to me :
 That I should have her in my custody :
 'Twere but a mad trick to make the essay,
 And jump a match with her immediately :
 She's fair and handsome ; and she's rich enough :
 Both time and place minister fair occasion.
 Have at it then : fair lady, can you love ?

Awd. No, sir, what's that ?

Pol. A toy which women use.

Awd. If 't be a toy, it's good to play withal.

Pol. We will not stand discourfing o' the toy :
 The way is short, please you to prove it, mistress.

Awd. If you do mean to stand so long upon it,
 I pray you let me give it a short cut, sir.

Pol. It's thus, fair maid : are you dispos'd to marry ?

Awd. You are dispos'd to ask.

Pol. Are you to grant ?

Awd. Nay, now I see you are dispos'd indeed.

Pol. I see the wench wants but a little wit ;
 And that defect her wealth may well supply :
 In plain terms, tell me, will you have me, Awdrey ?

Awd. In as plain terms, I tell you who would ha' me.
 John Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands ;
 I like

I like not him : besides, he is a thief.
And justice Bramble, he would fain ha' catch'd me :
But the young 'squire, he, rather than his life,
Would ha' me yet ; and make me a lady, he says,
And be my knight, to do me true knight's service,
Before his lady mother. Can you make me
A lady, would I ha' you ?

Pol. I can gi' you
A filken gown, and a rich petticoat,
And a French hood. All fools love to be brave :
I find her humour, and I will pursue it.

S C E N E VI.

Lady, D. Turfe, Squire Tub, Hilts, Puppy, Clay.

Lad. And, as I told thee, she was intercepted
By the 'squire, here, my son, and this bold ruffian,
His man ; who safely would have carried her
Unto her father, and the chanon Hugh ;
But for more care of the security,
My huisher hath her now in his grave charge.

D. Tur. Now on my faith and holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your worship. She's a girl,
A foolish girl, and soon may tempted be :
But if this day pass well once o'er her head,
I'll wish her trust to her self. For I have been
A very mother to her, though I say it.

Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and Pancras is i' your way :
I think your ladyship forgets your self. [squire

Lady. Your mind runs much on Pancras. Well, young
The black ox never trod yet o' your foot :
These idle phant'sies will forsake you one day.
Come, mrs. Turfe, will you go take a walk
Over the fields to Pancras, to your husband ?

D. Tur. Madam, I had been there an hour ago,
But that I waited on my man Ball Puppy.

What,

What, Ball, I say? I think the idle slouch
Be fal'n asleep i' the barn, he stays so long.

Pup. Sattin, i' the name of velvet-fattin, dame!
The devil! O the devil is in the barn:
Help, a legion——spirit-legion
Is in the barn! in every straw a devil.

D. Tur. Why dost thou bawl so, Puppy? speak,
[what ails thee?

Pup. My name's Ball Puppy, I ha' seen the devil
Among the straw: O for a cross! a collop
Of friar Bacon, or a conjuring stick
Of doctor Faustus! spirits are in the barn.

Tub. How! spirits in the barn? Basket, go see.

Hil. Sir, an' you were my master ten times over,
And 'squire to boot; I know, and you shall pardon
Send me 'mong devils? I zee you love me not: [me:
Hell be at their game: I'll not trouble them.

Tub. Go see; I warrant thee there's no such matter.

Hil. An' they were giants, 'twere another matter.
But devils! no, if I be torn in pieces,
What is your warrant worth? I'll see the fiend
Set fire o' the barn, e're I come there.

D. Tur. Now all zaints bless us, and if he be there,
He is an ugly spright I warrant.

Pup. As ever

Held flesh-hook, dame, or handled fire-fork rather:
They have put me in a sweet pickle, dame;
But that my lady Valentine smells of musk,
I should be asham'd to press into this presence.

Lad. Basket, I pray thee see what is the miracle!

Tub. Come, go with me: I'll lead. Why stand'st
[thou, man?

Hil. Cocks precious, master, you are not mad indeed?
You will not go to hell before your time?

Tub. Why art thou thus afraid?

Hil. No, not afraid:

But, by your leave, I'll come no near the barn.

D. Tur.

D. Tur. Puppy, wilt thou go with me?

Pup. How! go with you?

Whither, into the barn? to whom, the devil?
Or to do what there? to be torn amongst 'um?

Stay for my master, the high constable,
Or In-and-in the headborough; let them go
Into the barn with warrant; seize the fiend;
And set him in the stocks for his ill rule:
'Tis not for me, that am but flesh and blood,
To meddle with 'un. Vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.

Lad. I pray thee, Tripoly, look what is the matter?

Tub. That shall I, madam.

Hil. Heaven protect my master.

I tremble every joint till he be back.

Pup. Now, now, even now, they are tearing him
[in pieces;

Now are they tossing of his legs and arms
Like loggets at a pear-tree¹: I'll to the hole,
Peep in, and look whether he lives or dies.

Hil. I would not be in my master's coat for thousands.

Pup. Then pluck it off, and turn thy self away.
O the devil! the devil! the devil!

Hil. Where, man, where?

D. Tur. Alas, that ever we were born. So near too?

Pup. The 'squire hath him in his hand, and leads
Out by the collar. [him

D. Tur. O this is John Clay.

Lad. John Clay at Pancras, is there to be married.

Tub. 'This was the spirit revell'd i' the barn.

¹ Like LOGGETS at a pear-tree.] The word *loggats* occurs in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act. 5. sc. 1. "Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at *loggats* with 'em?" Sir Thomas Hanmer, in the glossary to his edition, says, it is in the number of unlawful games enumerated 23 Hen. VIII. and is the same with what is now called *kittle pins*. But *loggats* here signifies no more than a billet or small chump of wood, and is probably a diminutive from the word *log*: the game itself was so called from the *loggats* or wooden pins made use of in the play.

Pup. The devil he was : was this he was crawling
Among the wheat-straw ? had it been the barley,
I should ha' tane him for the devil in drink ;
The spirit of the bride-ale : but poor John,
Tame John of Clay, that sticks about the bung-hole—

Hil. If this be all your devil, I would take
In hand to conjure him : but hell take me,
If e'er I come in a right devil's walk,
If I can keep me out on't.

Tub. Well meant, Hilts.

Lad But how came Clay thus hid here i' the straw.
When news was brought to you all he was at Pancras,
And you believ'd it ?

D. Tur. Justice Bramble's man
Told me so, madam : and by that same token,
And other things, he had away my daughter,
And two seal'd bags of money.

Lad. Where's the 'squire ?
Is he gone hence ?

D. Tur. H' was here, madam, but now.

Clay. Is the hue and cry past by ?

Pup. I, I, John Clay.

Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd ?

Pup. Hang'd, John ! yes sure ; unless as with the
[proverb,
You mean to make the choice of your own gallows.

Clay. Nay, then all's well : hearing your news Ball
[Puppy,
You ha' brought from Paddington, I e'en stole home
[here,

And thought to hide me in the barn e'er since.

Pup. O wonderful ! and news was brought us here,
You were at Pancras ready to be married.

Clay. No, faith, I ne'er was further than the barn.

D. Tur. Haste, Puppy. Call forth mrs. Dido Wispe,
My lady's gentlewoman, to her lady ;
And call yourself forth, and a couple of maids,

To wait upon me : we are all undone !
My lady is undone, her fine young son,
The 'squire, is got away.

Lady. Haste, haste, good Valentine.

D.Tur. And you, John Clay ; you are undone too ! all !
My husband is undone, by a true key,
But a false token ; and my self's undone,
By parting with my daughter, who'll be married
To some body that she should not, if we haste not.

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Tub, Pol-Martin.

Tub. **I** Pray thee, good Pol-Martin, shew thy diligence,
And faith in both : get her but so disguis'd
The chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest : I will expect thee here.

Pol. You shall, 'squire. I'll perform it with all care,
If all my lady's wardrobe will disguise her.
Come, mistress Awdrey.

Awd. Is the 'squire gone ?

Pol. He'll meet us by and by, where he appointed ;
You shall be brave anon, as none shall know you.

SCENE II.

Clench, Medlay, Pan, Scriben. [*Tub, Hilts, to them.*]

Cle. I wonder where the queen's high constable is !
I veer they ha' made 'un away.

Med. No zure ; the justice
Dare not conzent to that. He'll zee 'un forth-coming.
Pan.

Pan. He must, vor we can all take corpulent oath
We zaw 'un go in there.

Scri. I, upon record!

The clock dropt twelve at Maribone.]

Med. You are right, D'oge!

Zet down to a minute, now 'tis a' most vowre.

Cle. Here comes 'squire Tub.

Scri. And's governour, mr. Basket—

Hilts, do you know 'un, a valiant wise vellow!

As tall a man on his hands, as goes on veet.

Bless you, mafs' Basket.

Hil. Thank you, good D'oge.

Tub. Who's that?

Hil. D'oge Scriben the great writer, sir, of Chalcot.

Tub. And who the rest?

Hil. The wisest heads o' the hundred.

Medlay the joiner, headborough of Islington,

Pan of Belfize, and Clench the leach of Hamstead,

The high constable's counsel here of Finsbury.

Tub. Prezent me to 'em, Hilts, 'squire Tub of Totten.

Hil. Wise men of Finsbury, make place for a 'squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, Tub of Totten.

'Squire Tub, my master, loves all men of virtue,

And longs (as one would zay) till he be one on you.

Cle. His worship's wel'cun to our company:
Would 't were wiser for 'un.

Pan. Here be some on us

Are call'd the witty men over a hundred. [comes.

Scri. And zome a thousand, when the muster-day

Tub. I long (as my man Hilts said, and my governor)
To be adopt in your society.

Can any man make a masque here i' this company?

Pan. A masque! what's that?

Scri. A mumming or a shew,
With vizards and fine cloaths.

Cle. A disguise, neighbour,

Is the true word : there stands the man can do't fir :

Medlay the joiner, In-and-in of Islington,

The only man at a disguise in Middlesex.

Tub. But who shall write it ?

Hil. Scriben the great writer.

Scri. He'll do't alone, fir ; he will join with no man :

Though he be a joiner, in design he calls it,

He must be sole inventer. In-and-in

Draws with no other in's project, he'll tell you,

It cannot else be feazible, or conduce :

Those are his ruling words ? please you to hear 'un ?

Tub. Yes, mr. In-and-in, I have heard of you.

Med. I can do nothing, I.

Cle. He can do all, fir.

Med. They'll tell you so.

Tub. I'd have a toy presented,

A Tale of a Tub, a story of my self,

You can exprefs a Tub.

Med. If it conduce

To the design, whate'er is feazible :

I can exprefs a wash-house (if need be)

With a whole pedigree of Tubs.

Tub. No, one

Will be enough to note our name and family ;

'Squire Tub of Totten, and to shew my adventures

This very day. I'd have it in Tubs Hall,

At Totten-Court, my lady mother's house ;

My house indeed, for I am heir to it.

Med. If I might see the place, and had survey'd it,

I could say more ; for all invention, fir,

Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature,

A world of things concur to the design,

Which makes it feazible, if art conduce.

Tub. You say well, witty mr. In-and-in.

How long ha' you studied ingine ?

Med. Since I first

Join'd, or did in-lay in wit, some vorty year.

Tub.

Tub. A pretty time! Basket, go you and wait
On master In-and-in to Totten-Court,
And all the other wise masters, shew 'em the hall,
And taste the language of the buttry to 'em.
Let 'em see all the tubs about the house,
That can raise matter, till I come—which shall be
Within an hour at least.

Cle. It will be glorious,
If In-and-in will undertake it, sir:
He has a monstrous Medlay-wit o' his own.

Tub. Spare for no cost, either in boards or hoops,
To architect your tub: ha' you ne'er a cooper,
At London, call'd Vitruvius? send for him;
Or old John Haywood, call him to you, to help.

Scri. He scorns the motion, trust to him alone.

S C E N E III.

Lady Tub, D. Turse, Clay, Puppy, Wispe, Preamble, Turse

Lad. O here's the 'squire! you slip'd us finely son!
These manners to your mother will commend you;
But in another age, not this: well, Tripoly,
Your father, good sir Peter, (rest his bones)
Would not ha' done this; where's my huisher, Martin
And your fair mrs. Awdrey?

Tub. I not see 'em,
No creature but the four wise masters here,
Of Finsbury hundred, came to cry their constable,
Who they do say, is lost.

D. Tur. My husband lost,
And my fond daughter lost? I fear me too.
Where is your gentleman, madam? poor John Clay
Thou hast lost thy Awdrey.

Clay. I ha' lost my wits,
My little wits, good mother; I'm distracted.

Pup. And I have lost my mistress Dido Wispé,
Who frowns upon her Puppy, Hannibal.
Loss! loss on every side! a public loss!
Loss o' my master! loss of his daughter! loss
Of favour, friends, my mistress! loss of all!

Pre. What cry is this?

Tur. My man speaks of some loss.

Pup. My master's found: good luck, and't be thy
Light on us all. [will,

D. Tur. O husband, are you alive?
They said you were lost.

Tur. Where's justice Bramble's clerk?
Had he the money that I sent for?

D. Tur. Yes,
Two hours ago, two fifty pounds in silver,
And Awdrey too.

Tur. Why Awdrey? who sent for her?

D. Turfe. You, master Turfe, the fellow said.

Tur. He lied.

I am cozen'd, robb'd, undone: your man's a thief,
And run away with my daughter, mr. Bramble,
And with my money.

Lady. Neighbour Turfe, have patience,
I can assure you that your daughter's safe,
But for the monies, I know nothing of.

Tur. My money is my daughter, and my daughter
She is my money, madam.

Pre. I do wonder
Your ladyship comes to know any thing
In these affairs.

Lady. Yes, justice Bramble,
I met the maiden i' the fields by chance,
I' the 'squire's company, my son: how he
Lighted upon her, himself best can tell.

Tub. I intercepted her as coming hither,
To her father, who sent for her by Miles Metaphor,
Justice Bramble's clerk. And had your ladyship

Not hinder'd it, I had paid fine mr. justice
For his young warrant, and new purs'yvant,
He serv'd it by this morning.

Pre. Know you that, sir?

Lady. You told me, 'squire, a quite other tale,
But I believ'd you not, which made me send
Awdrey another way by my Pol-Martin :
And take my journey back to Kentish-town,
Where we found John Clay hidden i' the barn,
To 'scape the hue and cry : and here he is.

Tur. John Clay agen! nay, then—set cock-a-hoop:
I ha' lost no daughter, nor no money, justice.
John Clay shall pay. I'll look to you now, John.
Vaith, out it must, as good at night as morning.
I am e'en as vull as a piper's bag with joy,
Or a great gun upon carnation-day!
I could weep lions tears to see you, John.
'Tis but two vifty pounds I ha' ventur'd for you :
But now I ha' you, you shall pay whole hundred.
Run from your burroughs, son! faith, e'en be hang'd.
An' you once earth yourself, John, i' the barn,
I ha' no daughter vor you : who did verret 'un?

D. Tur. My lady's son, the 'squire here vetch'd 'un
Puppy had put us all in such a vright, [out.
We thought the devil was i' the barn ; and no body
Durst venture o' 'un.

Tur. I am now resolv'd
Who shall ha' my daughter.

D. Tur. Who?

Tur. He best deserves her.
Here comes the vicar. Chan Hugh, we ha' vound
John Clay agen! the matter's all come round.

S C E N E IV.

Chanon Highb. [To them.]

Highb. Is Metaphor return'd yet?

Pre. All is turn'd

Here

Here to confusion: we ha' lost our plot:
I fear my man is run away with the money,
And Clay is found, in whom old Turfe is sure
To save his stake.

Hug. What shall we do then, justice?

Pre. The bride was met i' the young 'squire's hands.

Hug. And what's become of her?

Pre. None here can tell. [you?

Tub. Was not my mother's man, Pol-Martin, with
And a strange gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, chanon?

Hug. Yes, and I dispatch'd 'em.

Tub. Dispatch'd 'em! how do you mean?

Hug. Why married 'em,
As they desir'd but now.

Tub. And do you know
What you ha' done, sir Hugh?

Hug. No harm, I hope.

Tub. You have ended all the quarrel: Awdrey is

Lady. Married! to whom? [married.

Tur. My daughter Awdrey married,
And she not know of it!

D. Tur. Nor her father or mother!

Lady. Whom hath she married?

Tub. Your Pol-Martin, madam.

A groom was never dreamt of.

Tur. Is he a man? [made him,

Lady. That he is, Turfe, and a gentleman I ha'

D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a gentleman, let her shift.

Hug. She was so brave, I knew her not, I swear;
And yet I married her by her own name.

But she was so disguis'd, so lady-like,
I think she did not know herself the while!

I married 'em as a mere pair of strangers;
And they gave out themselves for such.

Lady. I wish 'em
Much joy, as they have given me hearts ease.

Tub. Then, madam, I'll entreat you now remit
Your jealousy of me ; and please to take
All this good company home with you to supper :
We'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.

Lady. A right good motion, 'squire ; which I yield to :
And thank them to accept it. Neighbour Turfe,
I'll have you merry, and your wife : and you,
Sir Hugh, be pardon'd this your happy error,
By justice Preamble your friend and patron.

Pre. If the young 'squire can pardon it, I do.

S C E N E V.

Puppy, Dido, Hugh, [Tarry behind.]

Pup. Stay, my dear Dido, and good vicar Hugh,
We have a business with you : in short, this,
If you dare knit another pair of strangers,
Dido of Carthage, and her countryman,
Stout Hannibal stands to't. I have ask'd consent,
And she hath granted.

Hug. But saith Dido so ?

Dido. From what Ball Hanny hath said I dare not go.

Hug. Come in then, I'll dispatch you. A good
[supper

Would not be lost, good company, good discourse ;
But above all, where wit hath any source.

S C E N E VI.

*Pol-Martin, Awdrey, Tub, Lady, Preamble, Turfe,
D. Turfe, Clay.*

Pol. After the hoping of your pardon, madam,
For many faults committed, here my wife
And I do stand expecting your mild doom.

Lady. I wish thee joy, Pol-Martin ; and thy wife

As much, mrs. Pol-Martin. Thou hast trick'd her
Up very fine, methinks.

Pol. For that I made
Bold with your ladyship's wardrobe, but have trespass'd
Within the limits of your leave—I hope.

Lady. I give her what she wears. I know all women
Love to be fine. Thou hast deserv'd it of me:
I am extremely pleas'd with thy good fortune.
Welcome good justice Preamble; and Turfe
Look merrily on your daughter: she has married
A gentleman.

Tur. So methinks. I dare not touch her,
She is so fine: yet I will say, God blefs her.

D. Tur. And I too, my fine daughter. I could love
Now twice as well as if Clay had her. [her

Tub. Come, come, my mother is pleas'd: I pardon
Pol-Martin, in and wait upon my lady. [all.

Welcome good guests: see supper be serv'd in,
With all the plenty of the house and worship.

I must confer with mr. In-and-In

About some alterations in my masque:

Send Hilts out to me; bid him bring the council
Of Finsbury hither. I'll have such a night

Shall make the name of Totten-court immortal:
And be recorded to posterity.

S C E N E VII.

Tub, Medlay, Clench, Pan, Scriben, Hilts.

Tub. O mr. In-and-In, what ha' you done?

Med. Survey'd the place, sir, and design'd the
Or stand-still of the work: and this it is. [ground,

First, I have fixed in the earth a tub;

And an old tub, like a salt petre-tub,

Preluding by your father's name, sir Peter,

And the antiquity of your house and family,

Original from salt-petre.

Tub. Good, y-faith,
You ha' shewn reading and antiquity here, fir.

Med. I have a little knowledge in design,
Which I can vary, fir, to *infinito*.

Tub. *Ad infinitum*, fir, you mean.

Med. I do.

I stand not on my Latin, I'll invent :
But I must be alone then, join'd with no man.
This we do call the stand-still of our work.

Tub. Who are those We you now join'd to your self ?

Med. I mean myself still in the plural number,
And out of this we raise our Tale of a Tub. :

Tub. No, mr. In-and-In, my Tale of a Tub,
By your leave, I am Tub, the Tale's of me,
And my adventures ! I am 'squire Tub,
Subjeſtum fabulae.

Met. But I the author.

Tub. The workman, fir ! the artificer ! I grant you.
So Skelton-laureat was of Elinour Rumming ;
But ſhe the ſubject of the rout and tunning.

Cle. He has put you to it, neighbour In-and-In.

Pan. Do no diſpute with him, he ſtill will win
That pays for all.

Scri. Are you revis'd o' that ?

A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.

Med. Now, fir, this Tub I will have capt with paper :
A fine oil'd lanthorn paper that we uſe.

Pan. Yes, every barber, every cutler has it.

Med. Which in it doth contain the light to the
[*buſineſs;*

And ſhall with the very vapour of the candle
Drive all the motions of our matter about :
As we preſent 'em. For example, firſt,
The worſhipful lady Tub.

Tub. Right worſhipful,
I pray you, I am worſhipful my ſelf.

Med.

Med. Your 'squireship's mother passeth by (her
Mr. Pol-Martin, bare-headed before her) [huisher,
In her velvet gown.

Tub. But how shall the spectators,
As it might be I, or Hilts, know 'tis my mother?
Or that Pol-Martin, there, that walks before her.

Med. O we do nothing, if we clear not that.

Cle. You ha' seen none of his works, sir?

Pan. All the postures
Of the train'd bands o' the country.

Scri. All their colours.

Pan. And all their captains.

Cle. All the cries o' the city :
And all the trades i' their habits.

Scri. He has his whistle
Of command, seat of authority !
And virge to interpret, tipt with silver, sir,
You know not him.

Tub. Well, I will leave all to him.

Med. Give me the brief o' your subject. Leave the
State o' the thing to me. [whole

Hil. Supper is ready, sir,
My lady calls for you.

Tub. I'll send it you in writing.

Med. Sir, I will render feazible and facile
What you expect.

Tub. Hilts, be't your care,
To see the wife of Finsbury made welcome :
Let 'em want nothing. Is old Rosin sent for?
[The 'squire goes out.

Hil. He's come within.

Scri. Lord, what a world of business
The 'squire dispatches !

Med. He's a learned man :
I think there are but vew o' the inns o' court,
Or the inns o' chancery like him.

Cle. Care to fit 'un then.

[The rest follow.
SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Jack, Hilts.

Jac. Yonder's another wedding, master Basket,
Brought in by vicar Hugh.

Hil. What are they, Jack?

Jac. The high constable's man, Ball Hanny; and
Our lady's woman. [Mrs. Wispe,

Hil. And are the table merry?

Jac. There's a young tilemaker makes all laugh;
He will not eat his meat, but cries at th' board,
He shall be hang'd.

Hil. He has lost his wench already:
As good be hang'd.

Jack. Was she that is Pol-Martin,
Our fellow's mistress, wench to that sneak-John?

Hil. I faith, Black Jack, he should ha' been her
But I must go to wait o' my wise masters. [bridegroom:
Jack, you shall wait on me, and see the mask anon:
I am half lord-chamberlain i' my master's absence.

Jac. Shall we have a mask? who makes it?

Hil. In-and-In,

' The maker of Islington: come go with me
To the sage sentences of Finsbury.

S C E N E IX.

Two Grooms.

Gro. 1. Come, give us in the great chair for my lady,
And set it there: and this for justice Bramble.

¹ *The MASTER of Islington.]* So edit. of 1716: but the folio of
1640 more justly the maker, i. e. poet of Islington.

Gro. 2.

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Gro. 2. This for the 'squire my master, on the right-

Gro. 1. And this for the high-constable. [hand.

Gro. 2. This his wife.

Gro. 1. Then for the bride and bridegroom here,
[Pol-Martin.

Gro. 2. And She-Pol-Martin at my lady's feet.

Gro. 1. Right.

Gro. 2. And beside them mr. Hannibal Puppy.

Gro. 1. And his She-Puppy, mrs. Wispe that was :
Here's all are in the note.

Gro. 2. No, mr. vicar ;
The petty chanon Hugh.

Gro. 1. And cast-by Clay :
There they are all.

Tub. Then cry a hall, a hall !
'Tis merry in Tottenham-hall, when beards wag all:
Come, father Rosin, with your fiddle now,
And two tall-toters : flourish to the masque.
[Loud musick;

S C E N E X.

Lady. (*Preamble before her*) *Tub, Turse, D. Turse, Pol-Martin, Awdrey, Puppy, Wispe, Hugh, Clay ; all take their seats. Hilts waits on the by.*

Lady. Neighbours all welcome : Now doth Totten-
[hall
Shew like a court : and hence shall first be call'd so.
Your witty short confession, mr. vicar,
Within, hath been the prologue, and hath open'd
Much to my son's device, his Tale of a Tub.

Tub. Let my masque shew itself : and In-and-In,
The architect appear : I hear the whistle. [*Hil. Peace.*
[*Medlay appears above the curtain.*

Med. Thus rise I first in my light linen breeches,
To run the meaning over in short speeches,

Here

Here is a Tub, a Tub of Totten-court ;
 An ancient Tub has call'd you to this sport :
 His father was a knight, the rich sir Peter ;
 Who got his wealth by a Tub, and by salt-petre :
 And left all to his lady Tub, the mother
 Of this bold 'squire Tub, and to no other.
 Now of this Tub and's deeds, not done in ale,
 Observe, and you shall see the very Tale.

[He draws the curtain, and discovers the top of the Tub.]

The first Motion.

[Hil. Ha' peace. Loud musick.]

Med. Here chanon Hugh first brings to Totten-hall
 The high constable's council, tells the 'squire all ;
 Which, though discover'd, (give the devil his due)
 The wife of Finsbury do still pursue.
 Then with the justice doth he counterplot,
 And his clerk Metaphor, to cut that knot :
 Whilst lady Tub, in her sad velvet gown,
 Missing her son, doth seek him up and down.

Tub. With her Pol-Martin bare before her.

Med. Yes,

I have exprest it here in figure, and Mis-
 tress Wispe, her woman, holding up her train.

Tub. I' the next page report your second strain.

The second Motion.

[Hil. Ha' peace. Loud musick.]

Med. Here the high constable and sages walk
 To church ; the dame, the daughter, bride-maids talk
 Of wedding-busines ; till a fellow in comes,
 Relates the robbery of one captain Thums :
 Chargeth the bridegroom with it : troubles all,
 And gets the bride ; who in the hands doth fall

Of the bold 'squire ; but thence soon is ta'en
By the sly justice and his clerk profane,
In shape of purs'yvant ; which he not long
Holds, but betrays all with his trembling tongue :
As truth will break out and shew, &c.

Tub. O thou hast made him kneel there in a corner,
I see now : there's a simple honour for you, Hilts !

Hil. Did I not make him to confess all to you ?

Tub. True, In-and-In hath done you right, you see.
Thy third, I pray thee, witty In-and-In.

Cle. The 'squire commends 'un : he doth like all well.

Pan. He cannot chuse. This is gear made to sell.

The third Motion.

[*Hil. Ha' peace. Loud musick.*

Med. The careful constable here drooping comes
In his deluded search of captain Thums.

Puppy brings word his daughter's run away
With the tall serving-man. He frights groom Clay
Out of his wits. Returneth then the 'squire,
Mocks all their pains, and gives fame out a liar,
For falsely charging Clay, when 'twas the plot
Of subtle Bramble, who had Awdrey got
Into his hand by this winding device.

The father makes a rescue in a trice :
And with his daughter, like St. George on foot,
Comes home triumphing to his dear heart-root ;
And tells the lady Tub, whom he meets there,
Of her son's courtesies, the batchelor.

Whose words had made 'em fall the hue and cry.
When captain Thums coming to ask him, why
He had so done ? he cannot yield him cause :
But so he runs his neck into the laws.

The

The fourth Motion.[Hil. *Ha' peace. Loud musick.*

Med. The laws, who have a noose to crack his neck,
 As justice Bramble tells him, who doth peck
 A hundred pound out of his purse, that comes
 Like his teeth from him, unto captain Thums.
 Thums is the vicar in a false disguise;
 And employs Metaphor to fetch this prize.
 Who tells the secret unto Basket Hilts,
 For fear of beating. This the 'squire quilts
 Within his cap; and bids him but purloin
 The wench for him: they two shall share the coin.
 Which the sage lady in her 'foresaid gown,
 Breaks off returning unto Kentish-town,
 To seek her Wispie: taking the 'squire along,
 Who finds Clay John, as hidden in straw throng.

Hil. O how am I beholden to th' inventer,
 That would not, on record, against me enter!
 My slackness here to enter in the barn:
 Well, In-and-Inn, I see thou canst discern!

Tub. On with your last, and come to a conclusion.

The fifth Motion.[Hil. *Ha' peace. Loud musick.*

Med. The last is known, and needs but small infusion
 Into your memories, by leaving in
 These figures as you sit. I, In-and-In,
 Present you with the show: first, of a lady
 Tub, and her son, of whom this masque here made
 Then bridegroom Pol, and mrs. Pol the bride:
 With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.

Tub. That only verse I alter'd for the better, *cupboard*
(grate)
Ni

A Tale of a Tub.

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Med. Then justice Bramble, with sir Hugh the cha-

[non :

And the bride's parents, which I will not stan' on,
Or the lost Clay, with the recovered Miles :
Who thus unto his master him 'conciles,
On the 'squire's word, to pay old Turfe his club,
And so doth end our Tale here of a Tub.

THE

THE
EPILOGUE.

By 'Squire TUB.

THIS tale of me, the Tub of Totten-Court,
A poet first invented for your sport.
Wherein the fortune of most empty tubs,
Rolling in love, are shewn ; and with what rubs
W' are commonly encountered : when the wit
Of the whole hundred so opposeth it.
Our petty Chanon's forked plot in chief,
Sly justice' arts, with the high constable's brief
And brag commands ; my lady mother's care,
And her Pol-Martin's fortune ; with the rare
Fate of poor John, thus tumbled in the cask ;
Got In-and-In to gi't you in a masque :
That you be pleas'd, who come to see a play,
With those that hear, and mark not what we say.
Wherein the poet's fortune is, I fear,
Still to be early up, but ne'er the near.

THE

E.

THE
SAD SHEPHERD:
OR, A
T A L E
OF
ROBIN HOOD.

Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Tbalcia.

VIRG.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

V

T H E

P R O L O G U E.

HE that hath feasted you these forty years,
And fitted fables for your finer ears,
Although at first he scarce could hit the bore ;
Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,
At length have grown up to him and made known,
'The working of his pen is now your own :
He prays you would vouchsafe, for your own sake,
To hear him this once more, but sit awake.
And though he now present you with such wool,
As from mere English flocks his muse can pull,
He hopes when it is made up into cloth,
Not the most curious head here will be loth
To wear a hood of it, it being a fleece,
To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece.
His scene is Sherwood, and his play a Tale,
Of Robin Hood's inviting from the vale
Of Be'voir, all the shepherds to a feast :
Where, by the casual absence of one guest,
The mirth is troubled much, and in one man
As much of sadness shewn as passion can :
The sad young shepherd, whom we here present,
Like his woes figure, dark and discontent,
[The sad shepherd passeth silently over the stage.]

For his lost love, who in the Trent is said
 To have miscarried; 'las! what knows the head
 Of a calm river, whom the feet have drown'd?
 Hear what his sorrows are; and if they wound
 Your gentle breasts, so that the end crown all,
 Which in the scope of one day's chance may fall:
 Old Trent will send you more such tales as these,
 And shall grow young again as one doth please.

*[Here the Prologue thinking to end, returns
 upon a new purpose, and speaks on.]*

But here's an heresy of late let fall,
 That mirth by no means fits a pastoral:
 Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
 Else there's no scene more properly assumes
 The sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
 But from the rural routs and families?
 Safe on this ground then, we not fear to-day,
 To tempt your laughter by our rustick play.
 'Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd down,
 We think we therefore shall not leave the town;
 Nor that the fore-wits that would draw the rest
 Unto their liking, always like the best.
 The wise and knowing critick will not say,
 This worst, or better is, before he weigh
 Whér every piece be perfect in the kind:
 And then, though in themselves he difference find,

*'Wherein if we DISTASTE, or be cry'd down.] Distaste hath no
 meaning; we must restore a single letter to give it one. Distaste is
 the true reading; the sense displease, disgust, common to the
 writers of this age.*

The P R O L O G U E.

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Yet if the place require it where they stood,
The equal fitting makes them equal good.
You shall have love and hate, and jealousy,
As well as mirth, and rage, and melancholy :
Or whatsoever else may either move,
Or stir affections, and your likings prove.
But that no stile for pastoral should go
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah and O :
Who judgeth so, may singularly err ;
As if all poesie had one character :
In which what were not written, were not right,
Or that the man who made such one poor flight,
In his whole life, had with his winged skill
Advanc'd him upmost on the muses hill.
When he like poet yet remains, as those
Are painters who can only make a rose.
From such your wits redeem you, or your chance,
Lest to a greater height you do advance
Of folly, to contemn those that are known
Artificers, and trust such as are none.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

R OBIN HOOD,	The chief Woodman, master of the
MARIAN,	His Lady, the Mistress. [Feast.
	<i>Their Family.</i>
FRIAR TUCK,	The Chaplain and Steward.
LITTLE JOHN,	Bow-bearer.
SCARLET,	{ Two Brothers, Huntsmen.
SCATHLOCK,	
GEORGE A GREEN,	Huisher of the Bower.
MUCH,	Robin Hood's Bailiff, or Acater.
	<i>The Guests invited.</i>
CLARION,	The Rich
LIONEL,	The Courteous
ALKEN,	The Sage
ÆGLAMOUR,	The Sad
KAROLIN,	The Kind
MELLIFLEUR,	The Sweet
AMIE,	The Gentle
EARINE,	The Beautiful
	<i>The Troubles unexpected.</i> [wick.
MAUDLIN,	The Envious, the Witch of Papple-
DOUCE,	The Proud, her Daughter. [Son.
LORELL,	The Rude, a Swin'ard, the Witche's
PUCK HAIRY,	Or, Robin Goodfellow, their Hind.
	<i>The Reconciler.</i>
REUBEN,	A Devout Hermit.

The SCENE, SHERWOOD;

Consisting of a landscape of a forest, hills, valleys, cottages, a castle, a river, pastures, herds, flocks, all full of country simplicity; Robin Hood's bower, his well, the witches dimble, the swine'ard's oak, the hermit's cell.

The Sad Shepherd.

O R,

A TALE of ROBIN HOOD.

The ARGUMENT of the First Act.

“ **R**OBIN HOOD, having invited all the
“ shepherds and shepherdesses of the vale of
“ Be’voir to a feast in the forest of Sherwood,
“ and trusting to his mistress, maid Marian, with her
“ woodmen, to kill him venison against the day:
“ having left the like charge with friar Tuck his chap-
“ lain and steward, to command the rest of his merry
“ men to see the bower made ready, and all things
“ in order for the entertainment: meeting with his
“ guests at their entrance into the wood, welcomes
“ and conducts them to his bower. Where, by the
“ way, he receives the relation of the sad shepherd
“ Æglamour, who is fallen into a deep melancholy for
“ the loss of his beloved Earine, reported to have been
“ drowned in passing over the Trent, some few days
“ before. They endeavour in what they can to com-
“ fort him: but his disease having taken such strong
“ root, all is in vain, and they are forced to leave
“ him. In the mean time, Marian is come from hunt-

“ing with the huntsmen, where the lovers inter-
 “changeably express their loves. Robin Hood en-
 “quires if she hunted the deer at force, and what
 “sport he made? how long he stood? and what head
 “he bore? All which is briefly answered, with a re-
 “lation of breaking him up, and the raven, and
 “her bone. The suspect had of that raven to
 “be Maudlin the witch of Paplewick, whom one
 “of the huntsmen met i’ the morning at the rous-
 “ing of the deer, and is confirmed, by her being
 “then in Robin Hood’s kitchen, i’ the chimney-corner,
 “broiling the same bit which was thrown to the ra-
 “ven at the quarry or fall of the deer. Marian being
 “gone in to shew the deer to some of the shepherdesses,
 “returns instantly to the scene, discontented; sends
 “away the venison she had killed, to her they call the
 “witch; quarrels with her love Robin Hood, abuseth
 “him, and his guests the shepherds; and so departs,
 “leaving them all in wonder and perplexity.”

ACT I. SCENE I.

Æglamour.

HERE she was wont to go! and here! and here!
 Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow;
 The world may find the spring by following her;
 For other print her airy steps ne’er left;
 Her treading would not bend a blade of grass!
 Or shake the downy Blow-ball from his stalk!
 But like the soft west wind she shot along,
 And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
 As she had sow’d ’em with her odorous foot.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Marian, Tuck, John, Woodmen, &c.

Mar. Know you, or can you guess, my merry men,
What 'tis that keeps your master, Robin Hood,
So long, both from his Marian, and the wood?

Tuc. Forsooth, madam, he will be here by noon,
And prays it of your bounty, as a boon,
That you by then have kill'd him venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hither come
In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheer;
Here's Little John hath harbour'd you a deer,
I see by his tackling.

John. And a hart of ten¹,
I trow he be, madam, or blame your men:
² For by his slot, his entries, and his port,
His frayings, fewmets, he doth promise sport,

¹ And a HART OF TEN

I trow he be——] Mr. Warburton, in his note on Shakespear's *Taming of the Shrew*, act 2. scene 6. hath interpreted this phrase, to signify only an extraordinary good one: but with submission to so judicious an authority, the expression is taken from the forest, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart, says Manwood, is past his sixth year, he is generally to be called a *hart of ten*; and afterwards according to the increase of his head, whether he be croched, palmed, or crowned, *Of the forest laws*, p. 28. edit. 4to. 1598. So likewise in the sixth scene we have the expression again, *forked! a hart of ten*.

² For by his SLOT, his ENTRIES, &c.] These are all terms of the chase, and should be explained to a common reader. The *slot* is the print of a stag's foot upon the ground; *entries* are places through which deer have lately passed, by which their size is guessed at; *frayings* are the pillings of their horns; and a deer is said to *fray her head*, when she rubs it against a tree to renew it, or to cause the outward coat of her new horns to fall off; the *fewmets* are the dung of a deer. Whether all these terms are still in use amongst modern sportsmen, or whether the application of them is right, I know not: for the last the poet is answerable.

And standing 'fore the dogs, he bears a head
Large and well-beam'd; with all rights somm'd and
[spread.

Mar. Let's rouze him quickly, and lay on the
[hounds,

John. Scathlock is ready with them on the grounds:
So is his brother Scarlet: now they 'ave found
His layre, they have him sure within the pound.

Mar. Away then, when my Robin bids a feast,
'Twere sin in Marian to defraud a guest.

SCENE III.

Tuck, George a Green, Much, Aeglamour.

Tuc. And I, the chaplain, here am left to be
Steward to-day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your liveries, see the bower drest,
And fit the fine devices for the feast:
You, George, must care to make the baldrick ' trim,
And garland that must crown, or her, or him,
Whose flock this year hath brought the earliest lamb.

Geo. Good father Tuck, at your commands I am
To cut the table out o' the green swerd,
Or any other service for my lord;
To carve the guests large seats; and these lain in
With turfe (as soft and smooth as the mole's skin:)
And hang the bulled nosegays 'bove their heads',

¹ To make the BALDRICK trim.] The Scarf, Belt, or Sash.

² And hang the BULLED nosegays 'bove their heads.] Bulled, or bel'ed, signifies a thing swelled, and ready to break its inclosure; and is properly applied to corn, when it is just bursting into ear. Thus it is said in *Exodus*, ix. 31 "The barley was in the ear, and the flax was bulled." The learned editor of *Junius* tells us it is derived from the *Camero-Briton* boll folliculus; and the bulled nosegays seem to mean a nosegay of flowers that are full blown.

The piper's bank, whereon to sit and play,
And a fair dial to mete out the day¹.
Our master's feast shall want no just delights:
His entertainments must have all the rites.

Muc. I, and all choice that plenty can send in;
Bread, wine, acates, fowl, feather, fish or fin,
For which my father's nets have swept the Trent.

[*Æglamour falls in with them.*]

Æg. And ha' you found her?

Muc. Whom?

Æg. My drowned love,
Earine! the sweet Earine!
The bright and beautiful Earine!
Have you not heard of my Earine?
Just by your father's mill (I think I'm right)
Are not you Much the miller's son?

Muc. I am.

Æg. And bailiff to brave Robin Hood?

Muc. The same.

Æg. Close by your father's mills, Earine!
Earine was drown'd! O my Earine!
(Old Maudlin tells me so, and Douce her daughter)
Ha' you swept the river, say you? and not found her?

Muc. For fowl and fish we have.

Æg. O, not for her?
You're goodly friends! right charitable men!
Nay, keep your way; and leave me: make your toys,
Your tales, your posies, that you talk'd of; all
Your entertainments: you not injure me;
Only if I may enjoy my cypress wreath!
And you will let me weep! ('tis all I ask;)
Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!
And troth, what less suit can you grant a man?

Tuc. His phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him:
The wound is yet too fresh to admit searching.

¹ To MEET out the day.] The letters must here change places;
the true word is *mete*.

Æg.

Æg. Searching? where should I search? or on what
[track?

Can my slow drop of tears, or this dark shade
About my brows, enough describe her loss!
Earine! O my Earine's loss!

No, no, no, no; this heart will break first.

Geo. How will this sad disaster strike the ears
Of bounteous Robin Hood, our gentle master!

Muc. How will it mar his mirth, abate his feast;
And strike a horror into every guest!

Æg. If I could knit whole clouds about my brows,
And weep like Swithin, or those watry signs,
The kids that rise then, and drown all the flocks
Of those rich shepherds, dwelling in this vale;
Those careless shepherds that did let her drown;
Then I did something: or could make old Trent
Drunk with my sorrow, to start out in breaches,
To drown their herds, their cattle, and their corn;
Break down their mills, their dams, o'erturn their
[wears*,

And see their houses and whole livelihood
Wrought into water with her, all were good:
I'd kiss the torrent, and those whirls of Trent,
That suck'd her in, my sweet Earine!
When they have cast her[†] body on the shore,
And it comes up as tainted as themselves,
All pale and bloodless, I will love it still,
For all that they can do, and make 'em mad,
To see how I will hug it in mine arms!
And hang upon her looks, dwell on her eyes,
Feed round about her lips, and eat her kisses!
Suck off her drowned flesh! and where's their malice!
Not all their envious sousing can change that:

* O'erturn their *WARES*.] Not goods, or merchandise; but
wears, or as the folio reads *weeres*, heads or sluices of water.

† When they have cast *THEIR* body.] It should evidently be *her*
body: and five lines lower, *the* looks should be *her* looks.

But I will still study some revenge past this !
I pray you give me leave, for I will study,
Though all the bells, pipes, tabors, timbures ring,
That you can plant about me : I will study.

S C E N E IV.

[*To him*] *Robin Hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alken, Tuck, Servants, with musick of all sorts.*

Rob. Welcome, bright Clarion, and sweet Mellifleur,
The courteous Lionel, and ' fair Amie : all
My friends and neighbours to the jolly bower
Of Robin Hood, and to the green-wood walks :
Now that the shearing of your sheep is done,
And the wash'd flocks are lighted of their wool*,
The smoother ewes are ready to receive
The mounting rams again ; and both do feed,
As either promis'd to increase your breed
At eaning-time, and bring you lusty twins.
Why should or you or we so much forget
The season in our selves, as not to make
Use of our youth and spirits to awake
The nimble horn-pipe, and the timbure,
And mix our songs and dances in the wood,
And each of us cut down a triumph bough ?
Such were the rites the youthful June allow†.

Cla.

* *And fair Amie :*] The folio of 1640 leaves out *and*.

† *Are lighted of their wool.*] This is either a corruption, or lighted in Jonson's age, was what we now call *lighten'd*.

‡ *Such were the rites the youthful June allow.*

Cla. They were, gay Robin, but the sower sort
Of shepherds, now disclaim in all such sport.] In these and the following verses, the author particularly alludes to the censures and ill-humour of the Puritans. They had a strange aversion to wakes and may-games, which they considered as remains of Paganism ; and the dislike was greatly increased by the indulgence granted to the

Cla. They were, gay Robin, but the sower sort
Of shepherds now disclaim in all such sport :
And say, our flock the while are poorly fed,
When with such vanities the swains are led.

Tuc. Would they, wise Clarion, were not hurried
With covetise and rage, when to their store [more
They add the poor man's earling, and dare sell
Both fleece and carcass, not gi'ing him the sell.
When to one goat they reach that prickly weed,
Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed ;
Or strew Tods hairs*, or with their tails do sweep
The dewy grass, to do'ff the simpler sheep ;
Or dig deep pits their neighbours neat to vex,
To drown the calves, and crack the heifers necks ;
Or with pretence of chasing thence the brock†,
Send in a cur to worry the whole flock.

Lio. O friar, those are faults that are not seen,
Ours open, and of worst example been.
They call ours Pagan pastimes, that infect
Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect ;
Our tongues with wantonness, our thoughts with lust ;
And what they censure ill, all others must.

Rob. I do not know what their sharp sight may see,
Of late, but I should think it still might be
(As 'twas) an happy age, when on the plains
The woodmen met the damsels, and the swains
The neat-herds, plowmen, and the pipers loud,
And each did dance, some to the kit or crowd,
Some to the bag-pipe, some the tabret mov'd,
And all did either love, or were belov'd.

the country-people, in the exercise of their rural sports on holidays and Sunday afternoons. The expression *disclaim in*, which I once thought a corruption for *disclaimen*, I have shewn, in a note upon the *Fox*, to be the diction of that age.

* Or *strew Top-hairs*.] *Tod* is a Scotch word for a fox.

† Or *with pretence of chasing thence the brock*.] i. e. The badger.
Lio.

Lio. The dextrous shepherd then would try his sling,
Then dart his hook at daisies, then would sing;
Sometimes would wrestle.

Cla. I, and with a lass:
And give her a new garment on the grafs;
After a course at barley-break, or bafe.

Lio. And all these deeds were seen without offence,
Or the least hazard of their innocence.

Rob. Those charitable times had no mistrust:
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

Cla. Each minute that we lose thus, I confess,
Deserves a censure on us, more or less;
But that a sadder chance hath given allay
Both to the mirth and musick of this day.
Our fairest shepherdess we had of late,
Here upon Trent, is drown'd; for whom her mate,
Young Æglamour, a swain, who best could tread
Our country dances, and our games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy turtle, drown'd
Deeper in woe, than she in water: crown'd
With yew, and cypress⁶, and will scarce admit
The physick of our presence to his fit.

Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinks all day, then walks,
Then thinks again, and sighs, weeps, laughs and talks;
And 'twixt his pleasing frenzy, and sad grief,
Is so distracted, as no sought relief
By all our studies can procure his peace.

Cla. The passion finds in him that large increase,
As we doubt hourly we shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not cross him then, whate'er you do.
For phant'sie stopp'd, will soon take fire, and burn

⁶ *Lives like the melancholy turtle, drown'd deeper*

In woe than she in water: crown'd

With yew, cypress] The reader will easily perceive the corruption of these lines, and the obvious emendation of them. The word *deeper* should begin the following verse; and the particle *and* must be inserted between *yew* and *cypress*.

Into an anger, or t' a phrensie turn.

Cla. Nay, so we are advis'd by Alken here,
A good sage shepherd, who, altho' he wear
An old worn hat and cloke, can tell us more
Than all the forward fry that boast their lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the maid,
Young Karolin! how curious and afraid
He is at once! willing to find him out,
And loth t' offend him.

Alken. Sure he's here about.

S C E N E V.

*Robin Hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alken,
Karolin; Æglamour, sitting upon a bank by.*

Cla. See where he sits.

Æg. It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisite revenge; but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock:
If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
I'll carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,
On every greensworth, and in every path,
Just to the margin of the cruel Trent;
There will I knock the story in the ground,
In smooth great pebble, and moss fill it round,
Till the whole countrey read how she was drown'd.
And with the plenty of salt tears there shed,
Quite alter the complexion of the spring.
Or I will get some old, old grandam thither,
*Whose rigid foot but dipp'd into the water,
Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold throughout,

[Till the whole country read she was drown'd] The folio of 1640, gives us the word *bow*, which completes the measure.

** Whose rigid foot but dipp'd into the water]* Mr. Theobald, disliking *rigid*, gives us the epithet *frigid*, in his margin, and quotes Shakespear's authority in *Hamlet*; but he surely forgot that *rigid* is the more expressive term, and much more agreeable to the latinized phraseology of Jonson.

The Sad Shepherd.

III

As it shall lose all virtue; and those nymphs,
Those treacherous nymphs pull'd in Earine,
Shall stand curl'd up like images of ice,
And never thaw! mark, never! a sharp justice!
Or stay, a better! when the year's at hottest,
And that the dog-star foams, and the stream boils,
And curls, and works, and swells ready to sparkle;
To fling a fellow with a fever in,
To set it all on fire, till it burn
Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,
When Vulcan leap'd in to him to consume him.

Rob. A deep hurt phant'sie.

Æg. Do you not approve it?

Rob. Yes, gentle Æglamour, we all approve,
And come to gratulate your just revenge:
Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope
You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,
In all the profer'd solace of the spring.

Æg. A spring, now she is dead: of what, of thorns?
Briars and brambles? thistles, burs and docks?
Cold hemlock? yew? the mandrake, or the box?
These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?
As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any stalk
Did bear a flower! or any branch a bloom,
After her wreath was made! in faith, in faith,
You do not fair to put these things upon me,
Which can in no sort be: Earine,
Who had her very being, and her name,

— E A R I N E,

Who had her very being, and her name,

With the first knots or buddings of the spring, &c.] The English reader will perhaps require to be told, that *Earine* is derived from a Greek word signifying the spring, which is the allusion of these lines; but I hope his sagacity does not want a monitor, to point out the exquisite delicacy of the following lines, and indeed of the whole speech. The sentiments are wonderfully pleasing, the verses harmonious and soft.

With

With the first knots or buddings of the spring,
 Born with the primrose or the violet,
 Or earliest roses blown : when Cupid smil'd,
 And Venus led the graces out to dance,
 And all the flowers and sweets in nature's lap
 Leap'd out, and made their solemn conjuration,
 To last but while she liv'd : do not I know
 How the vale wither'd the same day ? how Dove,
 Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite and Soare,
 Each broke his urn, and twenty waters more,
 That swell'd proud Trent, shrunk themselves dry ;
 [that since

No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,
 Look'd out of heaven ! but all the cope was dark,
 As it were hung so for her exequies !
 And not a voice or sound to ring her knell ;
 But of that dismal pair, the scritch owl,
 And buzzing hornet ! Hark ! hark ! hark ! the foul
 Bird ! how she flutters with her wicker wings !
 Peace ! you shall hear her scritch.¹⁰

Cl. Good Karolin, sing,
 Help to divert this phant'sie.

Kar. All I can.

9 ——— Hark, bark, bark, the foul

Bird !] Jonson does not appear to have had much conception of those breaks and rests, or of adapting the sound of his verse to the sense, which are the chief beauty of our best modern poems ; but in the words above, there is an excellence of this kind, and it seems by design too, which is extremely striking. The three long syllables preceding the iambic foot at the close of the one verse, which is immediately connected with the beginning of the other, and the pause placed upon the first syllable, are as fully expressive of the sentiment as can possibly be imagined.

——— Hark ! bark ! bark ! the foul

Bird !

There is nothing finer in all Shakespear or Milton.

¹⁰ PEACE, you shall hear her scritch] This should be printed with a note of silence after the word peace.

Peace ! you shall hear her scritch.

The

The S O N G.

[Which while Karolin sings, Æglamour reads.]

“ **T**HOUGH I am young and cannot tell
“ Either what death or love is well,
“ Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
“ And both do aim at human hearts ;
“ And then again, I have been told,
“ Love wounds with heat, as death with cold ;
“ So that I fear they do but bring/
“ Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

“ As in a ruin we it call,
“ One thing to be blown up, or fall ;
“ Or to our end, like way may have,
“ By a flash of lightning, or a wave :
“ So love’s inflamed shaft or brand,
“ May kill as soon as death’s cold hand ;
“ Except love’s fires the virtue have
“ To fright the frost out of the grave.”

Æg. Do you think so ? are you in that good heresy ?
I mean opinion ? if you be, say nothing :

I’ll study it as a new philosophy,
But by my self alone : now you shall leave me.
Some of these nymphs here will reward you ; this,
This pretty maid, although but with a kiss.

[He forces Amie to kiss him.]

Liv’d my Earine, you should have twenty :
For every line, here one I would allow ’em
From mine own store, the treasure I had in her :
Now I am poor as you.

Kar. And I a wretch !

Cla. Yet keep an eye upon him, Karolin.

[Æglamour goes out, and Karolin follows him.]

VOL. V.

H

Mel

Mel. Alas! that ever such a generous spirit
As Æglamour's should sink by such a loss!

Cla. The truest lovers are least fortunate:
Look all their lives and legends, what they call
The lovers scriptures, Heliodores or Tatii¹¹!
Longi! Eustathii! Prodomi! you'll find it!
What think you, father?

Alk. I have known some few,
And read of more, wh' have had their dose, and deep,
Of these sharp bitter-sweets.

Lio. But what is this
To jolly Robin, who the story is
Of all beatitude in love?

Cla. And told
Here every day with wonder on the Wold¹².

Lio. And with fame's voice.

Alk. Save that some folk delight
To blend all good of others with some spight.

Cla. He and his Marian are the sum and talk
Of all that breathe here in the green-wood walk.

Mel. Or Be'voir vale.

Kar. The turtles of the wood.

Cla. The billing pair.

Alk. And so are understood

¹¹ *The lover's scriptures Heliodore, or Tatii!*

Longi! &c.] These are writers of pastoral romances in the Greek language. Had this knowledge of books and learning been shewn in the characters of Robin Hood, or any of his men, every reader must have condemned it at first sight; but the shepherds of the vale were above the common rank, and may be supposed to amuse themselves in authors of this species, so agreeable to their own way of living.

¹² *Cla.* ———— *And TOLD*

Here every day with wonder on the world.] Both the expression and the rhyme are improper. If Clarion meant they were the general astonishment he should have said, *with wonder of the world*; and then it would have chimed in not very musically with *told*. But the true reading is *wold*, a plain, or downs; a word common enough in that age and our author's contemporaries.

For simple loves, and sampled lives beside.

Mel. Faith, so much virtue should not be envy'd.

Alk. Better be so than pitied, Mellifleur !

For 'gainst all envy, virtue is a cure ;

But wretched pity ever calls on scorns.

The deer's brought home : I hear it by their horns.

S C E N E VI.

[*To Robin, &c.*] *Marian, John, Scarlet, Scatblock.*

Rob. My Marian, and my mistress !

Mar. My lov'd Robin !

Mel. The moon's at full, the happy pair are met !

Mar. How hath this morning paid me for my rising !

First, with my sports ; but most with meeting you !

I did not half so well reward my hounds,

As she hath me to-day : although I gave them

All the sweet morsels call'd, tongue, ears and dowcets !

Rob. What ? and the inch-pin ?

Mar. Yes.

Rob. Your sports then pleas'd you ?

Mar. You are a wanton.

Rob. One, I do confess,

I wanted till you came ; but now I have you,

I'll grow to your embraces, till two souls

Distilled into kisses through our lips,

Do make one spirit of love.

Mar. O Robin ! Robin !

Rob. Breathe, breathe awhile, what says my gentle

Mar. Could you so long be absent ? [Marian ?]

Rob. What, a week ?

Was that so long ?

Mar. How long are lovers weeks,

Do you think, Robin, when they are asunder ?

Are they not pris'ners years ?

Rob. To some they seem so ;
But being met again, they are school-boys hours.

Mar. That have got leave to play, and so we use
[them.]

Rob. Had you good sport i' your chace to-day ?

John. O prime !

Mar. A lusty stag ?

Rob. And hunted ye at force ?

Mar. In a full cry.

John. ' And never hunted change !

Rob. You had stanch hounds then ?

Mar. Old and sure ; I love

No young rash dogs, no more than changing friends.

Rob. What relays set you ?

John. None at all ; we laid not
In one fresh dog.

Rob. He stood not long then ?

Scar. Yes,

Five hours and more. A great large deer !

Rob. What head ?

John. Forked ! a hart of ten.

Mar. He is good venison,

According to the season i' the blood,

I'll promise all your friends, for whom he sell.

John. But at his fall there hap't a chance.

Mar. Worth mark.

Rob. I ! what was that, sweet Marian ?

[He kisses her.]

Mar. You'll not hear ?

Rob. I love these interruptions in a story ;

[He kisses her again.]

They make it sweeter.

Mar. You do know as soon

* *And never hunted CHANGE !*] Hounds are said to *hunt change* when they take a fresh scent, and follow another chace.

As the assay is taken.*

[*He kisses her again.*]

Rob. On, my Marian.

I did but take the assay.

Mar. You stop one's mouth,
And yet you bid 'em speak—when the arbor's made.

Rob. Pull'd down, and paunch turn'd out.

Mar. He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon
Of which a little gristle grows, you call it——

Rob. The raven's bone.

Mar. Now o'er head sat a raven,
On a sere bough, a grown great bird, and hoarse !
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So croak'd and cry'd for't, as all the huntsmen
(Especially old Scathlock) thought it ominous !
Swore it was mother Maudlin, whom he met
At the day-dawn, just as he rows'd the deer
Out of his laire : but we made shift to run him
Off his four legs, and sunk him e'er we left.
Is the deer come ?

Scat. He lies within o' the dresser.

Mar. Will you go see him, Mellifleur ?

Mel. I attend you.

Mar. Come, Amic, you'll go with us ?

Am. I'm not well.

Lio. She's sick o' the young shep'erd that bekist her.

Mar. Friend, chear your friends up, we will eat him

Alk. Saw you the raven, friend ? [merrily.

Scat. I, qu'ha suld let me ?

I suld be afraid o' you, sir, suld I ?

* *Mar.* ——— You do know as soon

As the assay is taken] To take *assay* or *say*, is to draw a knife along the belly of the deer, beginning at the brisket, to discover how fat he is. The poet has given us infinitely too much of this hunting jargon, which, like most other cant terms, is hardly explicable, and not worth the knowing.

* I, qu'ha suld let me ?] *Ay*, what shou'd hinder me ?

Clar. Huntsman,

A dram more of civility would not hurt you.

Rob. Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses;
They are not else themselves without their language.

Alk. And what do you think of her?

Scat. As of a witch.

They call her a wise woman, but I think her
An arrant witch.

Clar. And wherefore think you so?

Scat. Because I saw her since broiling the bone
Was cast her at the quarry⁴.

Alk. Where saw you her?

Scat. I' the chimney-nuik, within: she's there now.

Rob. Marian.

S C E N E VII.

Marian. [*To them.*]

Rob. Your hunt holds in his tale still; and tells more!

Mar. My hunt? what tale?

Rob. How! cloudy, Marian!

What look is this?

Mar. A fit one, sir, for you.

Hand off, rude ranger! firrah, get you in,

[*To Scatblock.*]

And bear the venison hence: it is too good
For these coarse rustick mouths, that cannot open,
Or spend a thank for't. A starv'd mutton's carcase
Would better fit their palates. See it carried
To mother Maudlin's, whom you call the witch, sir.
Tell her I sent it to make merry with,
She'll turn us thanks at least! why standst thou, groom?

⁴ *At the quarry.*] The death of the deer.

Rob.

The Sad Shepherd.

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Rob. I wonder he can move! that he's not fix'd!
If that his feeling be the same with mine!
I dare not trust the faith of mine own senses,
I fear mine eyes and ears: this is not Marian!
Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her!
Ask her, good shepherds! ask her all for me:
Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;
Or I be I.

Mar. Yes, and you are the spy:
And the spy'd spy that watch upon my walks,
To inform what deer I kill or give away!
Where! when! to whom! but spy your worst, good
I will dispose of this where least you like! [spy!
Fall to your cheese-cakes, curds, and clawted cream,
Your fool, your flaunes; and of ale a stream^s
To wash it from your livers: strain ewes milk
Into your cyder syllabubs, and be drunk
To him whose fleece hath brought the earliest lamb
This year; and wears the baudrick at your bord!
Where you may all go whistle and record
This i' your dance: and foot it lustily.

[*She leaves them.*

Rob. I pray you, friends, do you hear and see as I do?
Did the same accents strike your ears? and objects
Your eyes, as mine?

Alk. We taste the same reproaches!

Lio. Have seen the changes!

^s *Your FOOL, your FLAUNES, and of ale a stream.]* The folio gives us *fools* in the plural number; the thing meant is scalded gooseberries and cream, usually called *gooseberry fool*. The next word is more uncommon; but *flaunes* are tarts or cheese-cakes; and I must refer the reader to my ingenious friend, the learned editor of *Junius*, for its etymology and meaning. The verse however is deficient by a foot, unless we preserve the old method of spelling *flaunes*, or *flawnes*, and divide it into two syllables, a common practice with our old poets; or possibly some epithet to ale may be wanting to fill up the measure; but I rather incline to the former opinion.

Rob. Are we not all chang'd,
Transformed from ourselves?

Lio. I do not know!
The best is silence!

Alk. And to await the issue.

Rob. The dead or lazy wait for't: I will find it.

The ARGUMENT of the Second Act:

“ **T**HE witch Maudlin having taken the shape
 “ of Marian to abuse Robin Hood, and perplex
 “ his guests, cometh forth with her daughter Douce,
 “ reporting in what confusion she had left them; de-
 “ frauded them of their venison, made them suspicious
 “ each of the other; but most of all, Robin Hood so
 “ jealous of his Marian, as she hopes no effect of love
 “ would ever reconcile them; glorying so far in the
 “ extent of her mischief, as she confesseth to have
 “ surpriz'd Earine, stripp'd her of her garments,
 “ to make her daughter appear fine at this feast
 “ in them; and to have shut the maiden up in a
 “ tree, as her son's prize, if he could win her;
 “ or his prey, if he would force her. Her son,
 “ a rude bragging swineherd, comes to the tree to
 “ woo her, (his mother and sister stepping aside to
 “ over-hear him) and first boasts his wealth to her,
 “ and his possessions; which move not. Then he pre-
 “ sents her gifts, such as himself is taken with, but
 “ she utterly shows a scorn and lothing both of him
 “ and them. His mother is angry, rates him, in-
 “ structs him what to do the next time, and persuades
 “ her daughter to show herself about the bower: tells
 “ how she shall know her mother, when she is trans-
 “ form'd,

“ form’d, by her broidered belt. Mean while the
“ young shepherdess Amie, being kist by Karolin,
“ Earine’s brother, before, falls in love ; but knows
“ not what love is : but describes her disease so inno-
“ cently, that Marian pities her. When Robin Hood
“ and the rest of his guests invited, enter to Marian,
“ upbraiding her with sending away their venison to
“ mother Maudlin by Scathlock, which she denies ;
“ Scathlock affirms it ; but seeing his mistress weep,
“ and to forswear it, begins to doubt his own under-
“ standing, rather than affront her farther ; which makes
“ Robin Hood and the rest to examine themselves
“ better. But Maudlin entering like herself, the witch
“ comes to thank her for her bounty : at which Marian
“ is more angry, and more denies the deed. Scathlock
“ enters, tells he has brought it again, and delivered
“ it to the cook. The witch is inwardly vext the
“ venison is so recover’d from her by the rude hunts-
“ man, and murmurs and curses ; bewitches the cook,
“ mocks poor Amie and the rest ; discovereth her ill
“ nature, and is a means of reconciling them all.
“ For the sage shepherd suspecteth her mischief, if she
“ be not prevented ; and so persuadeth to seize on her.
“ Whereupon Robin Hood dispatcheth out his wood-
“ men to hunt and take her. Which ends the act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Maudlin, Douce.

Mau. **H**AVE I not left 'em in a brave confusion?
 Amaz'd their expectation? got their ve-
 [nison?

Troubled their mirth and meeting? made them doubt-
 And jealous of each other! all distracted! [ful
 And, i' the close, uncertain of themselves?
 This can your mother do, my dainty Douce!
 Take any shape upon her! and delude
 The senses best acquainted with their owners!
 The jolly Robin, who hath bid this feast,
 And made this solemn invitation,
 I ha' possessed so with syke dislikes
 Of his own Marian, that all-be he know her,
 As doth the vouting hart his venting hind,
 He ne'er fra' hence sall neis her i' the wind,
 To his first liking.

Dou. Did you so distaste him?

Mau. As far as her proud scorning him could 'bate
 Or blunt the edge of any lover's temper.

Dou. But were you like her, mother?

Mau. So like, Douce,
 As had she seen me her sel', her sel' had doubted
 Whether had been the liker of the twa!
 This can your mother do, I tell you, daughter!
 I ha' but dight ye yet, i' the out-dress,
 And 'parel of Earine! but this raiment,
 These very weeds sall make ye, as but coming
 In view or ken of Æglamour, your form

*' Did you so DISTASTE him?'] We have here the same corruption
 as in the prologue; the true reading is distaste.*

Sha

Shall show too slippery to be look'd upon!
 And all the forest swear you to be she!
 They shall rin after ye, and wage the odds,
 Upo' their own deceived sights, ye are her!
 Whilst she (poor lass) is stock'd up in a tree:
 Your brother Lorel's prize! For so my largess
 Hath lotted her to be your brother's mistress,
 Gif she can be reclaim'd: gif not, his prey!
 And here he comes new claieth, like a prince
 Of swineherds! syke he seems! dight i' the spoils
 Of those he feeds! a mighty lord of swine!
 He's command now to woo. Let's step aside,
 And hear his love-craft! see, he opes the door!
 And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth!
 This is true courtship, and becomes his ray*.

S C E N E II.

Lorel, Earine, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. ' Ye kind to others, but ye coy to me,
 Deft mistress! whiter than the cheese new prest!

Smoother

* *This is true courtship, and becomes his RAY.*] All the copies give as the line as it stands above; but it is difficult to know what is the acceptation of the word *ray*. I can assign it two senses, both which comport well enough with the place it stands in. The first conjecture is, that the poet might possibly have written *ra'*, for *rank*, or *station*, and this abbreviature of the word agrees with the rest of the dialect used in the play. The other, which I think most preferable, is this: that *ray* should be marked with an apostrophe at the beginning, *'ray*, as the abbreviation of *array*, *dress*. The word occurs in Chaucer, and the glossary interprets it by *array*, *order*:

" With ladies faire, in carolling to gone,

" And se ther soiale renkis in their *raie*."

Testament of Cresseide, v. 26.

* *Lor.* *Ye kind to others, but ye coy to me,*

Deft mistress! whiter than the cheese new prest!] There is much natural beauty in these speeches of Lorel; and the rustic cast of the imagery is entirely conformable to the grotesque character

Smoother than cream ! and softer than the curds !
 Why start ye from me e'er ye hear me tell
 My wooing errand, and what rents I have ?
 Large herds and pastures ! swine and kic mine own !
 * And though my na'se be camus'd, my lips thick,
 And my chin bristled ! Pan, great Pan, was such !
 Who was the chief of herdsmen, and our fire !
 I am na' fay ! na' incubus ! na' changlin !
 But a good man, that lives o' my awn geer.
 This house ! these grounds ! this stock is all my awn !
Ear. How better 'twere to me, this were not known !
Mau. She likes it not : but it is boasted well !
Lor. An hundred udders for the pail I have,
 That gi' me milk and curds, that make me cheese
 To cloy the markets ! twenty swarm of bees,
 Whilk (all the summer) hum about the hive,
 And bring me wax and honey in belive ^s.

rafter of the speaker. I must not omit observing that the whole is
 sketch'd out from the song of Polyphemus to his mistress Galatea, in
 Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. 13. but Jonson hath with great judgment
 omitted many of the turns of wit which occur in Ovid, and preserved
 that Doric simplicity which appears in Theocritus, from whom the
 subject is taken. *Mollior & cuncti plumis, & lacte coacto*, says the
 Latin poet ; but Jonson's *whiter than the cheese new press*, is bor-
 rowed from the Greek, *Λευκότερα τυρίωνος κωιδίου*. Theocr. idyll. xi.
 And in general, he seems more taken with the description in Theo-
 critus, than with the fancies of Ovid.

* *And though my na'se be camus'd, my lips thick,
 And my chin bristled.* Ovid has selected part of these cir-
 cumstances, but given a very puerile turn to them at the end :

*Nec, mea quod duris horrent densissima setis
 Corpora, turpe puta ; turpis sine frondibus arbor.*

The flatness of his nose is wholly from Theocritus :

————— *Πλάττω δὲ γὰρ ἐνὶ ῥιναίῳ*

What follows of his likeness to the god Pan, is inserted with great
 art ; and what Virgil himself, if we may judge from his *Alexis*,
 would probably have mentioned, had he touched upon the same
 subject. The ostentation of his wealth, and number of his cattle
 are in both the Latin and the Greek poets.

† *And bring me wax and honey in my live.* The two last words
 have no meaning, and are corrupted from an expression common in

An aged oak, the king of all the field,
With a broad beech there grows before my dur,
That mickle mast unto the ferm doth yield.
A chestnut, whilk hath larded mony a swine,
Whose skins I wear to fend me fra' the cold.
A poplar green, and with a kerved seat,
Under whose shade I solace in the heat ;
And thence can see gang out and in my neat.
Twa trilland brooks, each (from his spring) doth meet,
And make a river to refresh my feet:
In which each morning, e're the sun doth rise,
I look myself, and clear my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe ; for therein I have skill
'Bove other swincherds. Bid me, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melody.

Ear. By no means. Ah ! to me all minstrelsie
Is irksome, as are you.

Lor. Why scorn you me ?
Because I am a herdsman, and feed swine !

[He draws out other presents.

I am a lord of other geer ! this fine
Smooth bawson's cub, the young grice of a gray⁶ ;
Twa tyny urshins, and this ferret gay.

Ear. Out on 'em ! what are these ?

Lor. I give 'em ye,

the old English and Scotch poets. The real word is *believe*, or *bi-live*, for it is variously spelt ; the meaning, *directly, immediately, or without any more ado*.

⁶ ——— This fine

Smooth BAWSON'S CUB, the young GRICE of a gray.] A bear's cub, and the young ones of a badger. So likewise Ovid from Theocritus,

Inveni geminos qui tecum ludere possint

Villosæ catulos in summis montibus ursæ.

A grice is properly a sucking pig, and so used by the Scotch poets ; for thus bishop Douglas translates the following lines of Virgil ;

Littoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus,

Triginta capitum fœtus enixa jacebit.

Æn. 3. ver. 389.

" And under ane aik syndis into that fiede,

" Ane grete sow ferryit of grises thretty hede."

As

As presents, mistress.

Ear. O the fiend and thee !

Gar take them hence : they fewmand all the claitches,
And prick my coats : hence with 'em, limmer lown ?
Thy vermin and thy self, thy self art one ;
I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

S C E N E III.

Lorel, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. Did you hear this ? she wish'd me at the fiend,
With all my presents !

Mau. A tu lucky end

She wishend thee, foul limmer ! drity lown !
Gud faith, it duills me that I am thy mother !
And see, thy sister scorns thee for her brother !
Thou woo thy love, thy mistress, with twa hedgehogs ?
A stinkand brock, a polecat ? out thou houlet !
Thou should'st ha' given her a madge-owl ! and then
* Th' hadst made a present o' thy self, owl-spiegle !

Dou. Why, mother, I have heard ye bid to give :
And often as the cause calls.

Mau. I know well,

It is a witty part sometimes to give.
But what ? to whom ? no monsters ! nor to maidens !
He suld present them with mare pleasant things,

* ——— hence with 'em, LIMMER LOWN.] i. e. munged clown. So Junius interprets the word *limmer* ; but the etymology assigned from skinner, seems to be wrong. A *limmer*, or *liener*, is a dog for the chase, so called from the *lean*, or *leash*, in which he was held, till let loose upon the game. A *loro*, *lyemmer* appellatur ille, quem levinarium & lorarium latine nominavimus. Nam *lyemme* nostri lingua *lorum* significat. Caius de Canibus Britain. *Limmer* is common in the Scotch poets.

* Th' hadst made a present of thy self, OWL-SPIEGLE.] The same with *ulen spiegle*, or *owl-giays*. The original of the expression is explained in the *Poetaster*.

Things natural, and what all women covet
To see, the common parent of us all !
Which maids will twire at 'tween their fingers thus !
With which his fire gat him ! he's get another !
And so beget posterity upon her !
This he should do ! (false gelden) gang thy gait,
And do thy turns betimes : or I's gar take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy dublet tu.
The talleur and the fowter fall undu'
All they ha' made ; except thou manlier woo !

[*Lorel goes out.*

Dou. Gud mother, gif you chide him, he'll do wairs.

Mau. Hang him : I geif him to the devil's eirs.

But ye, my Douce, I charge ye, shew your sell
Tu all the shepherds bauldly : gaing amang 'em,
Be mickel i' their eye, frequent and fugeand.

And gif they ask ye of Earine,

Or of these claites, say, that I ga' 'em ye,
And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
That web upo' the luime, shall gar 'em think
By then, they feeling their own frights and fears,
I' is pu' the world or nature 'bout their ears.

But, hear ye, Douce, because ye may meet me
In many shapes to-day, where-e'er you spy
This browdred belt with characters, 'tis I.

A Gypsan lady, and a right beldame

Wrought it by moon-shine, for me, and star-light,

Upo' your grannam's grave, that very night

We earth'd her in the shades ; when our dame Hecate

Made it her gaing night over the kirk-yard,

With all the ⁹ barkand parish-tikes set at her,

While

⁹ With all the BARK AND parish-tikes set at her.] The corruption in this verse, which runs through all the editions, is very easily removed. *Bark* and *parish tikes*, should be *barkand*, the participle with a Saxon termination, for *barking*. We have several instances in this play, where the author hath chose the old ending in *and*, for the modern one in *ing*. The very next line supplies us with one ; and

While I sat whyrland of my brazen spindle :
 At every twisted thrif my rock let fly
 Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,
 Under the town turnpike ; which ran each spell
 She stitched in the work, and knit it well.
 See ye take tent to this °, and ken your mother.

SCENE

and it is done with judgment ; to throw an antique air upon the piece : especially in this romantic description of the embroidered girdle. Our old authors are frequent in the use of this Saxon ending ; and it is generally corrupted at the press. Thus we read in Spenser,

" His glitter and armour shined far away ;"

where we have the same mistake with that above, in dividing the participle *glitterand*. Another of the same nature occurs in the last scene of Shakespear's *Troilus and Cressida*. As this was pointed out to me by my friend Mr. Sympson, I beg leave to communicate it, with his remarks and correction. The line is,

" Make *well* and Niobes of our maids and wives."

Mr. Warburton reads *well* Niobes ; but he has overlooked the true word, though he has hit the sense. For certainly the old reading was, make *welland* Niobes. Some ignorant transcriber had wrote make *well* and Niobes, which when it came to the press, not being sense, had an *s* put to *well* ; and thence came *wells* and Niobes, &c. The word *tike* signifies a dog, and is yet used in Yorkshire, and the northern parts of England : indeed all the rustic speeches in this play, are a specimen of the northern dialect. The progress of Hecate over new made graves, and the barking of the dogs, are taken from the superstitions of antiquity ; Theocritus describes her in the same manner :

Εκείνη, τὰν ἑὺ στυδάνων τρομακτὴν

Εὐχομένην κένυον ἀνὰ νῆα, ἣ μὲναι ἀπὸν

Idyll. 2.

° Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,

Under the town turn-pike ; which ran each spell

She stitched in the work, and knit it well.

See that you take tent to this.] There is a difficulty in these

lines, which at first much perplexed me ; but the reader, I hope, will think the following interpretation in some measure gets rid of it. The *sew'ster*, or *spinster*, is said to sit under the *town turnpike* ; but what is that ? the same with what is now more usually called a *turn-stile*, often placed at the end of towns, for preventing horses from coming into the foot-way. In this sense it occurs in our author's *Staple of News*,

" I move upon my axle like a turnpike."

As if

As if

In the

notice

V

S C E N E IV.

Marian, Mellifleur, Amie.

Mar. How do you, sweet Amie, yet?

Mel. She cannot tell;

If she could sleep, she says, she should do well.
She feels a hurt, but where, she cannot show
Any least sign, that she is hurt or no.
Her pain's not doubtful to her; but the seat
Of her pain is. Her thoughts too work and beat,
Opprest with cares: but why she cannot say.
All matter of her care is quite away.

Mar. Hath any vermin broke into your fold?
Or any rot seiz'd on your flock? or cold?

And so it is at this day used in the neighbouring county, where part of the scene lies. What follows leads us to imagine, that this turnpike, by its whirling motion, served to knit the spell more firmly into the work they were about; just as we see the wheel commonly made use of in twisting the several cords which compose a rope or piece of twine; though we may suppose likewise that the turnpike only ran, or turned round, as the spell was repeating; and served in the nature of the antient Rhombus, which was of constant use in magical incantations. Jonson seems to have alluded likewise to the story of the antient Destinies or Parcae, one of which held the distaff, whilst another spun the thread. The expressions he here uses are classical. and what the old poets employ, when speaking of these fatal sisters,

— which ran each spell,

She stitched in the work, and knit it well.

In this view the words, *ran each spell*, which would appear otherwise obscure, are pertinent and clear. Catullus uses the same phrase in the chorus line, where they are singing the future birth and fortunes of Achilles, at the wedding of Peleus:

Currite, ducentes subtemina, currite fusi.

And to this Virgil seems to allude in his Eclogue to Pollio;

Talia fecit suis dicebant, currite, fusi

Concorde: stabili fatorum numine parca.

In the last line, the particle *that* is superfluous; *take tent*, is *take notice*, *take heed to it*.

" Or hath your feiting ram burst his hard horn ?
Or any ewe her fleece ? or bag hath torn,
My gentle Amie ?

Am. Marian, none of these.

Mar. Ha' you been stung by wasps, or angry bees ?
Or ras'd with some rude bramble or rough briar ?

Am. No, Marian, my disease is somewhat nigher.
I weep, and boil away my self in tears ;
And then my panting heart would dry those fears :
I burn, though all the forest lend a shade ;
And freeze, though the whole wood one fire were made :

Mar. Alas !

Am. I often have been torn with thorn and briar,
Both in the leg and foot, and somewhat higher :
Yet gave not then such fearful shrieks as these. Ah !
I often have been stung too with curst bees,
Yet not remember that I then did quit
Either my company or mirth for it. Ah !
And therefore what it is that I feel now,
And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,
It enter'd in me, nor least print can see,
I feel, afflicts me more than briar or bee. Oh !
How often, when the sun, heaven's brightest birth,
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,
Under a spreading elm or oak, hard by
A cool clear fountain, could I sleeping lie
Safe from the heat ? but now no shady tree,
Nor purling brook, can my refreshing be.
Oft when the meadows were grown rough with frost,
The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
My thick warm fleece I wore, was my defence ;
Or large good fires I made, drove winter thence.
But now my whole flocks fells, nor this thick grove,
Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.
It is a cold and heat that does out-go
All sense of winters, and of summers so.

" Or hath your FEITING ram.] i. e. butting, fighting ram.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Robin Hood, Clarion, Lionel, Alken.

Rob. O are you here, my mistress?

Mar. I, my love!

[She seeing him, runs to embrace him.]

Where should I be but in my Robin's arms?

The sphere which I delight in so to move?

Rob. What, the rude ranger? and spied spy? hand off:
You are for no such rusticks.

[He puts her back.]

Mar. What means this,

Thrice worthy Clarion? or wise Alken? know ye?

Rob. 'Las, no not they! a poor starv'd mutton's

[carcase]

Would better fit their palates, than your venison.

Mar. What riddle's this? unfold yourself, dear

[Robin.]

Rob. You ha' not sent your venison hence by Scath-

To mother Maudlin?

[lock,

Mar. I, to mother Maudlin?

Will Scathlock say so?

Rob. Nay, we will all swear so.

For all did hear it when you gave the charge so,
Both Clarion, Alken, Lionel, and myself.

Mar. Good honest shepherds, masters of your flocks,
Simple and virtuous men, no others hirelings;

Be not you made to speak against your conscience,
That which may soil the truth. I send the venison
Away by Scathlock? and to mother Maudlin?

I came to shew it here to Mellisfeur,

I do confess; but Amie's falling ill

Did put us off it: since we employ'd our selves

In comforting of her. O, here he is!

[Scathlock enters.]

Did I, sir, bid you bear away the venison

1 2

To

To mother Maudlin ?

Sca. I, gud faith, madam,
Did you, and I ha' done it.

Mar. What ha' you done ?

[mands.

Sca. Obey'd your hefts, madam ; done your com-

Mar. Done my commands, dull groom ! fetch it
[again,

Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the arts,
Robin, you read ¹² your rude ones o' the wood,
To countenance your quarrels and mistakings ?
Or are the sports to entertain your friends
Those formed jealousies ? ask of Mellifleur,
If I were ever from her, here, or Amie,
Since I came in with them ; or saw this Scathlock
Since I related to you his tale o' the raven ?

Sca. I, say you so ?

[Scathlock goes out.

Mel. She never left my side
Since I came here, nor I hers.

Cla. This is strange !

Our best of senses were deceiv'd, our eyes, then !

Lio. And ears too.

Mar. What you have concluded on,
Make good, I pray you.

Am. O my heart, my heart !

Mar. My heart it is, is wounded, pretty Amie ;
Report not you your griefs : I'll tell for all.

Mel. Somebody is to blame, there is a fault.

Mar. Try if you can take rest. A little slumber
Will much refresh you, Amie.

Alk. What's her grief ?

Mar. She does not know : and therein she is happy

¹² ———— *Are these the arts*

You READ your rude ones ?] *Read* is an old English word
signifying to teach, or advise. Hence the substantive *read*, or
for counsel. Thus in the first *Psalms* by Hopkins,

" The man is blest that hath not lent

" To wicked read his ear."

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] *John, Maudlin, and Scatblock after.*

John. Here's mother Maudlin come to give you
[thanks,

Madam, for some late gift she hath receiv'd—
Which she's not worthy of, she says, but cracks,
And wonders of it; hops about the house,
Transported with the joy.

[*She danceth.*

Mau. Send me a stag!

A whole stag, madam, and so fat a deer!
So fairly hunted, and at such a time too!
When all your friends were here!

Rob. Do you mark this, Clarion?
Her own acknowledgment?

Maud. 'Twas such a bounty
And honour done to your poor beads-woman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thank you;
And that I come to do: I shall go round,
And giddy with the toy of the good turn.

[*She turns round till she falls.*

" Look out, look out, gay folk about,
" And see me spin the ring I'm in
" Of mirth and glee, with thanks for see
" The heart puts on, for th' venison
" My lady sent, which shall be spent
" In draughts of wine, to fume up fine
" Into the brain, and down again
" Fall in a swoon, upo' the grown."

Rob. Look to her, she is mad.

Maud. My son hath sent you
A pot of strawberries, gather'd i' the wood

(His hogs would else have rooted up, or trod¹¹)
 With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald
 And mingle with your cream.

Mar. Thank you, good Maudlin,
 And thank your son. Go, bear 'em in to Much
 Th'acater, let him thank her. Surely, mother,
 You were mistaken, or my woodmen more,
 Or most my self, to send you all our store
 Of venison, hunted for our selves this day!
 You will not take it mother, I dare say,
 If we'll entreat you, when you know our guests:
 Red deer is head still of the forest feasts.

Maud. But I know ye, a right free-hearted lady,
 Can spare it out of superfluity:
 I have departit it 'mong my poor neighbours,
 To speak your largesse.

Mar. I not gave it, mother,
 You have done wrong then: I know how to place
 My gifts, and where; and when to find my seasons
 To give, not throw away my courtesies.

Maud. Count you this thrown away?

Mar. What's ravish'd from me
 I count it worse, as stolen: I lose my thanks.
 But leave this quest: they fit not you nor me,
 Maudlin, contentions of this quality.
 How now?

[*Scathlock enters.*

Sca. Your stag's return'd upon my shoulders,
 He has found his way into the kitchen again
 With his two legs; if now your cook can dress him.
 'Slid, I thought the swincherd would ha' beat me,
 He looks so big! the sturdy kark, lewd Lorel!

Mar. There, Scathlock, for thy pains, thou hast
 deserv'd it. [Marian gives him gold.

¹¹ His hogs would else have rooted up, or trod.] This reminds us of
 the Calabrian host's civility in Horace, from whom it seems to be
 copied.

Ut libet, hac porcis hodie comedenda relinques.

The Sad Shepherd.

135

Maud. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, ma-
[dam ?

Mar. No, Maudlin, you had imparted to your
[neighbours ;
As much good do't them : I ha' done no wrong.

The First CHARM.

Maud. " The spit stand still, no broches turn "
" Before the fire, but let it burn
" Both sides and hanches, till the whole
" Converted be into one cole."

Cla. What devil's pater noster mumbles she ?

Alk. Stay, you will hear more of her witchery.

II.

Maud. " The swilland dropsie enter in
" The lazy cuke, and swell his skin ;
" And the old mort-mal on his shin
" Now prick, and itch, withouten blin '"."

Cla. Speak out, hag, we may hear your devil's
[mattins;

III.

Maud. " The pæne we call St. Anton's fire,
" The gout, or what we can desire,
" To cramp a cuke, in every limb,
" Before they dine, yet seize on him."

¹⁴ No BROCHES turn.] A broche is explained to signify a spit.

¹⁵ And the old MORT-MAL on his shin

Now prick, and itch, WITHOUTEN BLIN.] Mort-mal is an old
fere, or gangrene: withouten blin is without ceasing; from the A. S.
blinnan, to cease, leave off. And Jonson seems to have had Chau-
cer's character of the cook in his eye ;

" But great harme was it, as it thought me,

" That on his shyne a sur-mal had he."

Chaucer.

Alk. A foul ill spirit hath possessed her.

Am. O Karol, Karol, call him back again.

Lio. Her thoughts do work upon her in her slumber,
And may express some part of her disease.

Rob. Observe, and mark, but trouble not her ease.

Am. O, O.

Mar. How is't, Amie?

Mel. Wherefore start you?

Am. O, Karrol, he is fair and sweet.

Maud. What then?

Are there not flowers as sweet and fair as men?
The lily is fair, and rose is sweet!

Am. I, so!

Let all the roses and the lilies go:
Karol is only fair to me!

Mar. And why?

Am. Alas, for Karol, Marian, I could die.
Karol, he singeth sweetly too!

Maud. What then?

Are there not birds sing sweeter far than men?

Am. I grant the linet, lark, and bull-finch sing,
But best the dear good angel of the spring,
The nightingale¹⁶.

Maud. Then why? then why, alone,
Should his notes please you?

Am. I not long ago
Took a delight with wanton kids to play,
And sport with little lambs a summer's-day!
And view their frisks! methought it was a sight
Of joy to see my two brave rams to fight!
Now Karol only all delight doth move,

¹⁶ But best, the dear good angel of the spring,

The nightingale] This exquisitely poetical description of the nightingale is a literal translation from the Greek of Sappho: angel is used in its original signification of a messenger, or harbinger;

Ἦχος ἀγγελὸς ἡμερόπαιρος Ἀνδρῶν.

All that is Karrol, Karrol I approve ¹⁷ !
 This very morning but—I did bestow
 (It was a little 'gainst my will I know)
 A single kifs upon the silly swain,
 And now I wish that very kifs again.
 His lip is softer, sweeter than the rose ;
 His mouth and tongue with dropping honey flows.
 The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Maud. Yet, like the bees, it had a little sting.

Am. And sunk, and sticks yet in my marrow deep ;
 And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keep.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her story is !

Am. I do remember, Marian, I have oft
 With pleasure kist my lambs and puppies soft :
 And once a dainty fine roe-fawn I had,
 Of whose out-skiping bounds, I was as glad
 As of my health : and him I oft would kifs :
 Yet had his no such sting or pain as this.
 They never prick'd or hurt my heart. And, for
 They were so blunt and dull, I wish no more.
 But this, that hurts and pricks, doth please ; this sweet
 Mingled with sowre, I wish again to meet :
 And that delay, methinks, most tedious is,
 That keeps or hinders me of Karol's kifs.

Mar. We'll send for him, sweet Amie, to come to
 [you.

Maud. But I will keep him off, if charms will do it,
 [She goes murmuring out,

Cla. Do you mark the murmuring hag, how she
 [doth mutter ?

¹⁷ *All that is KAROL, KAROL I approve.*] We cannot help observing the repetition of the name of *Karol*, in this and the preceding verses, which Amie seems to dwell on with a singular delight. This is an effect of the poet's art, and a beauty of the same kind with that in Horace,

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi

Cervicem roseam, ceres Telephi

Laudas brachia, &c.

Lib. 1. od. 13.

Rob.

Rob. I like her not. And less her manners now.

Alk. She is a shrewd deformed piece, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her body.

Rob. I believe

She can take any shape, as Scathlock says.

Alk. She may deceive the sense, but really
She cannot change her self.

Rob. Would I could see her
Once more in Marian's form ! for I am certain
Now, it was she abus'd us ; as I think
My Marian, and my love, now innocent :
Which faith I seal unto her with this kiss,
And call you all to witness of my penance.

Alk. It was believ'd before, but now confirm'd,
That we have seen the monster.

S C E N E VII.

[*To them*] *Tuck, John, Much, Scarlet.*

Tuck. Hear you how
Poor Tom the cook is taken ! all his joints
Do crack, as if his limbs were tied with points :
His whole frame slackens ; and a kind of rack
Runs down along the spondils of his back ;
A gout or cramp now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet ; his knees are lead ;
And he can stir his either hand no more
Than a dead stump, to his office, as before.

Alk. He is bewitched.

Cla. This is an argument
Both of her malice and her power, we see.

Alk. She must oy some device restrained be,
Or she'll go far in mischief.

Rob. Advise how,
Sage shepherd, we shall put it straight in practice.

Alk. Send forth your woodmen then, into the walks,
Or let 'em prick her footing hence ; a witch
Is sure a creature of melancholy,
And will be found or sitting in her fourm,
Or else, at relief, like a hare.

Cl. You speak,
Alken, as if you knew the sport of witch-hunting,
Or starting of a hag.

[Enter George to the huntsmen ; who by themselves continue the scene ; the rest going off.]

Rob. Go, sirs, about it,
Take George, here, with you, he can help to find her ;
Leave Tuck and Much behind to dress the dinner,
I' the cook's stead.

Muc. We'll care to get that done.

Rob. Come, Marian, let's withdraw into the bower.

S C E N E VIII.

John, Scarlet, Scatblock, George, Alken.

John. Rare sport, I swear, this hunting of the witch
Will make us.

Scar. Let's advise upon't like huntsmen.

Geo. An' we can spy her once, she is our own.

Scat. First, think which way she fourmeth, on what
Or north, or south. [wind ;

Geo. For as the shepherd said,
A witch is a kind of hare.

Scat. And marks the weather,
As the hare does.

John. Where shall we hope to find her ?

[Alken returns:]

Alk. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jolly huntsmen,
If an old shepherd may be heard among you ;
Not jeer'd or laugh'd at.

John. Father, you will see

Robin

Robin Hood's household know more courtesie.

Scat. Who scorns at eld, peels off his own young
[hairs.

Alk. Ye say right well: know ye the witches dell?

Scar. No more than I do know the walks of hell.

Alk. Within a gloomy dingle¹⁸ she doth dwell,
Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her fourm,
As fearful and melancholique as that
She is about; with caterpillars kells,
And knotty cob-webs, rounded in with spells:
Thence she steals forth to relief in the fogs
And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drowned lands of Lincolnshire;
To make ewes cast their lambs! swine eat their farrow!
The house-wives tun not work! nor the milk churn!
Writhe childrens wrists! and suck their breath in sleep!
Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
Casts up his slimy owze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.

John. I wonder such a story could be told
Of her dire deeds.

Geo. I thought a witch's banks
Had inclos'd nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.

¹⁸ *Within a gloomy DIMBLE she doth dwell.*] *Dimble* is the reading of all the copies, but Mr. Symption suspects it a corruption; the word he would substitute in its room is *dingle*, which hath the authority of Milton in his *Comus*:

" ——— I know each alley,

" *Dingle*, and bushy dell of this dark wood."

We have the same mistake in the account of the scenery; where the witches *dimble* should be *dingle*.

Scar.

Scar. Yes, her malice more !

Scat. As it would quickly appear had we the store
Of his collects.

Geo. I, this gud learned man
Can speak her right.

Scar. He knows her shifts and haunts !

Alk. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd plants
Wherewith she kills ! where the sad mandrake grows,
Whose groans are deathful ! the dead-numming night-
The stupifying hemlock ! adders tongue ! [shade !
And martagan ¹⁹ ! the shrieks of luckless owls
We hear ! and croaking night-crows in the air !
Green-bellied snakes ! blue fire-drakes in the sky !
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings !
The scaly beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming murmur as they fly !
There in the stocks of trees, white faies do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool !
With each a little changeling in their arms !
The airy spirits play with falling stars !
And mount the sphere of fire to kiss the moon !
While she sits reading by the glow-worms light,
Or rotten wood (o'er which the worm hath crept)
The baneful schedule of her nocent charms,
And binding characters, through which she wounds
Her puppets, the sigilla of her witchcraft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you ;
And shew you her sitting in her fourm ; I'll lay

¹⁹ ———— ADDERS TONGUE,

And MARTAGAN !] The poet seems to have chose these plants merely for the sake of their names, and not on account of any noxious quality residing in them. *Adders tongue* is of a cooling nature, and useful in inflammatory cases : *martagan* or *martagon*, is only a kind of lily, of which there are several sorts. But notwithstanding this, the speech is very picturesque, and the description striking.

My hand upon her, make her throw her skut
 Along her back, when she doth start before us.
 But you must give her law : and you shall see her
 Make twenty leaps and doubles : cross the paths,
 And then squat down beside us.

John. Crafty croan !

I long to be at the sport, and to report it.

Scar. We'll make this hunting of the witch as famous
 As any other blast of venery²⁰.

Scat. Hang her foul hag, she'll be a stinking chace.
 I had rather ha' the hunting of her heir.

Geo. I, we could come to see her, cry so haw, once²¹

Alk. That I do promise, or I am no good hag-finder.

The ARGUMENT of the Third Act.

“ **P**uck-hairy discovereth himself in the forest, and
 “ discourseth his offices, with their necessities
 “ briefly ; after which, Douce entering in the habit of
 “ Earine, is pursued by Karol ; who mistaking her
 “ first to be his sister, questions her how she came by
 “ those garments. She answers, by her mother's gift

²⁰ *Scar.* We'll make this hunting of the witch as famous,

As any other BLAST OF VENERY.] This last expression may
 possibly be right, as it was customary to use horns in hunting, and
 to conclude the death of the hare or deer with a particular blast
 upon those instruments ; otherwise I should have suspected *blast of*
venery to be a corruption for *beast of venery*, a *beast of chace* ; the
 common appellation in the sporting language

²¹ *Geo.* *If we could come to see her cry, so haw once !*] We must
 right the points of this line ;

If we do come to see her, cry so haw, once.

So-ho is the hunter's signal upon finding a hare sitting.

“ The sad shepherd coming in the while, she runs
“ away affrighted, and leaves Karol suddenly; Æg-
“ lamour thinking it to be Earine’s ghost he saw, falls
“ into a melancholick expression of his phant’ſie to
“ Karol, and questions him ſadly about that point,
“ which moves compaſſion in Karol of his miſtake
“ ſtill. When Clarion and Lionel enter to call Karol
“ to Amie, Karol reports to them Æglamour’s paſſion,
“ with much regret. Clarion reſolves to ſeek him.
“ Karol to return with Lionel. By the way, Douce
“ and her mother (in the ſhape of Marian) meet them,
“ and would divert them, affirming Amie to be reco-
“ vered, which Lionel wondered at to be ſo ſoon.
“ Robin Hood enters, they tell him the relation of
“ the witch, thinking her to be Marian; Robin ſuſ-
“ pecting her to be Maudlin, lays hold of her girdle
“ ſuddenly, but ſhe ſtriving to get free, they both run
“ out, and he returns with the belt broken. She
“ following in her own ſhape, demanding it, but at a
“ diſtance, as fearing to be ſeized upon again; and
“ ſeeing ſhe cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and
“ curſing, reſolving to truſt to her old arts, which ſhe
“ calls her daughter to aſſiſt in. The ſhepherds,
“ content with this diſcovery, go home triumph-
“ ing, make the relation to Marian. Amie is gladdened
“ with the ſight of Karol, &c. In the mean time,
“ enters Lorel, with purpoſe to raviſh Earine, and
“ calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hear-
“ ing of Clarion’s footing is ſtaid, and forced to com-
“ mit her haſtily to the tree again; where Clarion
“ coming by, and hearing a voice ſinging, draws near
“ unto it; but Æglamour hearing it alſo, and know-
“ ing it to be Earine’s, falls into a ſuperſtitious com-
“ mendation of it; as being an angel’s, and in the
“ air; when Clarion eſpies a hand put forth from the
“ tree, and makes towards it, leaving Æglamour to
“ his

" his wild phant'sie. who quitteth the place : and
 " Clarion beginning to court the hand, and make love
 " to it, there ariseth a mist suddenly, which darkning
 " all the place, Clarion loseth himself, and the tree where
 " Earine is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the
 " unknown nymph's misery. The air clearing, enters
 " the witch, with her son and daughter, tells them
 " how she had caused that late darkness, to free Lorel
 " from surprisal, and his prey from being rescued from
 " him : bids him look to her, and lock her up more
 " carefully, and follow her, to assist a work she hath
 " in hand of recovering her lost girdle ; which she
 " laments the loss of with cursings, execrations, wish-
 " ing confusion to their feast and meeting, sends her
 " son and daughter to gather certain simples for her
 " purpose, and bring them to her dell. This Puck
 " hearing, prevents, and shews her error still. The
 " huntsmen having found her footing, follow the
 " tract, and prick after her. She gets to her dell,
 " and takes her form. Enter, Alken has spied her
 " sitting with her spindle, threads, and images. They
 " are eager to seize her presently, but Alken per-
 " suades them to let her begin her charms, which
 " they do. Her son and daughter come to her
 " the huntsmen are affrighted as they see her work go
 " forward. And over-hasty to apprehend her, she
 " escapeth them all, by the help and delusions of
 " Puck.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Puck-bairy.

THE fiend hath much to do, that keeps a school ;
Or is the father of a family ;
Or governs but a country academy :
His labours must be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turns, and cast how to prevent 'em.
This dame of mine here, Maud, grows high in evil,
And thinks she does all, when 'tis I, her devil,
That both delude her, and must yet protect her ;
She's confident in mischief, and presumes
The changing of her shape will still secure her.
But that may fail, and divers hazards meet
Of other consequence, which I must look to :
Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
I must go dance about the forest now,
And firk it like a goblin, till I find her.
Then will my service come worth acceptance :
When not expected of her, when the help
Meets the necessity, and both do kiss :
'Tis call'd the timing of a duty, this.

SCENE II.

Karol, Douce. [To them Æglamour.]

Kar. Sure, you are very like her ! I conceiv'd
You had been she, seeing you run afore me :
For such a suit she made her 'gainst this feast,
In all resemblance, or the very same ;
I saw her in it ; had she liv'd t' enjoy it,
She had been there an acceptable guest

To Marian, and the gentle Robin Hood,
Who are the crown and ghirland¹ of the wood.

Dou. I cannot tell, my mother gave it me,
And bade me wear it.

Kar. Who the wise good woman,
Old Maud of Papplewick?

Dou. Yes, this sullen man
I cannot like him, I must take my leave:

[Æglamour enters, and Douce goes out.]

Æg. What said she to you?

Kar. Who?

Æg. Earine.

I saw her talking with you, or her ghost;
For she indeed is drown'd in old Trent's bottom.
Did she not tell who would ha' pull'd her in,
And had her maiden-head upon the place,
The river's brim, the margin of the flood?
No ground is holy enough, (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in kings palaces,
And yet their majesties not violated!
No words!

Kar. How sad and wild his thoughts are! gone?

[Æglamour goes out, but comes in again.]

Æg. But she, as chaste as was her name, Earine,
Dy'd undeflower'd: and now her sweet soul hovers
Here in the air above us; and doth haste
To get up to the moon, and Mercury;
And whisper Venus in her orb; then spring
Up to old Saturn, and come down by Mars,
Consulting Jupiter, and seat herself
Just in the midst with Phœbus, temp'ring all
The jarring spheres, and giving to the world

¹ *Who are the crown, and GARLAND of the wood.]* I have chose to give the old manner of spelling *garland*, as it is used by Spenser, and as the first copies exhibit it in this manner.

Again his first and tuneful planetting !
O what an age will here be of new concords !
Delightful harmony ! to rock old sages,
Twice infants, in the cradle o' speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures !

[*He goes out again, but returns as soon as before.*]

Kar. A cogitation of the highest rapture !

Æg. The loudest seas, and most enraged winds,
Shall lose their clangor ; tempests shall grow hoarse,
Loud thunder dumb, and every speece of storm^a
Laid in the lap of list'ning nature hush'd,
To hear the changed chime of this eighth sphere.^b
Take tent, and hearken for it, lose it not.

[*Æglamour departs.*]

S C E N E III.

Clarion, Lionel, Karol.

Cl. O here is Karol ! was not that the sad
Shepherd slip'd from him ?

Lio. Yes, I guess it was :
Who was that left you, Karol ?

Kar. The last man.
Whom we shall never see himself again ;
Or ours, I fear ! he starts away from hand so,
And all the touches or soft strokes of reason
Ye can apply ! no colt is so unbroken !
Or hawk yet half so haggard or unmann'd !

^a ——— TEMPEST shall grow hoarse.

[*Loud thunder dumb, and every SPEECE of storm.*] Tempest should be evidently tempests ; the s was dropt as the next word began with that letter. Every speece of storm, i. e. every kind or appearance ; speece from the Latin species.

^b To hear the changed chime of this eighth sphere.] His should be this, which hath also the authority of the folio.

He takes all toys that his wild phant'sie proffers,
 And flies away with them. He now conceives
 That my lost sister, his Earine,
 Is lately turn'd a sphere amid the seven;
 And reads a musick-lecture to the planets!
 And with this thought he's run to call 'em hearers!

Cla. Alas, this is a strain'd, but innocent phant'sie!
 I'll follow him, and find him if I can:
 Meantime, go you with Lionel, sweet Karol:
 He will acquaint you with an accident,
 Which much desires your presence on the place.

S C E N E IV.

Karol, Lionel.

Kar. What is it, Lionel, wherein I may serve you?
 Why do you so survey and circumscribe me?
 As if you stuck one eye into my breast,
 And with the other took my whole dimensions*.

Lio. I wish you had a window i' your bosom,
 Or i' your back, I might look thorough you,
 And see your in-parts, Karol, liver, heart;
 For there the seat of love is: whence the boy
 (The winged archer) hath shot home a shaft
 Into my sister's breast, the innocent Amie,
 Who now cries out, upon her bed, on Karol,
 Sweet-singing Karol! the delicious Karol,
 That kiss'd her like a Cupid! in your eyes,
 She says, his stand is! and between your lips
 He runs forth his divisions to her ears,

* *As if you stuck one eye into my breast,*

And with the other took my whole dimensions.] The metaphor borrow'd from measuring things with a compass, which hath one foot fixed, and the other extended to form the circle.

But will not 'bide there, 'less your self do bring him.
Go with me, Karol, and bestow a visit
In charity, upon the afflicted maid,
Who pineth with the languor of your love.

Maud. Whither intend you? Amie is recover'd,
Feels no such grief as she complain'd of lately.

*[To them Maudlin and Douce, but Maudlin
appearing like Marian.]*

This maiden hath been with her from her mother
Maudlin, the cunning woman, who hath sent her
Herbs for her head, and simples of that nature,
Have wrought upon her a miraculous cure;
Settled her brain to all our wish and wonder!

Lio. So instantly? you know I now but left her,
Possess'd with such a fit almost t' a phrensie:
Yourself too fear'd her, Marian, and did urge
My haste to seek out Karol, and to bring him.

Maud. I did so. But the skill of that wise woman,
And her great charity of doing good,
Hath by the ready hand of this deft lass
Her daughter, wrought effects beyond belief,
And to astonishment; we can but thank,
And praise, and be amazed, while we tell it.

[They go out.]

Lio. 'Tis strange, that any art should so help nature
In her extreams.

Kar. Then it appears most real,
When th' other is deficient.

Enter Robin Hood.

Rob. Wherefore stay you
Discourfing here, and haste not with your succours
To poor afflicted Amie, that so needs them?

Lio. She is recovered well, your Marian told us
But now here; see, she is return'd t' affirm it!

K 3

Enter

[Enter Maudlin like Marian: Maudlin espying Robin Hood, would run out, but he stays her by the girdle, and runs in with her: he returns with the girdle broken, and she in her own shape.]

Rob. My Marian?

Maud. Robin Hood? is he here!

Rob. Stay;

What was't you ha' told my friend?

Maud. Help, murder, help!

You will not rob me, out-law? thief, restore
My belt that ye have broken!

Rob. Yes, come near.

Maud. Not i' your gripe.

Rob. Was this the charmed circle?

The copy that so cozen'd and deceiv'd us?

I'll carry hence the trophy of your spoils.

My men shall hunt you too upon the start,

And course you soundly.

Maud. I shall make 'em sport,

And send some home without their legs or arms.

I'll teach 'em to climb stiles, leap ditches, ponds,

And lie i' the waters, if they follow me.

Rob. Out, murmuring hag.

Maud. I must use all my powers,

Lay all my wits to piecing of this loss.

Things run unluckily: where's my Puck-hairy?

SCENE V.

Maudlin, Puck-hairy.

Maud. Hath he forsook me?

Puck. At you beck, madam.

Maud. O Puck, my goblin! I have lost my belt,
The

The strong thief, Robin Out-law, forc'd it from me.

Puck. They are other clouds and blacker threat you,
You must be wary, and pull in your sails, [dame ;
And yield unto the weather of the tempest.

You think your power's infinite as your malice ;
And would do all your anger prompts you to :
But you must wait occasions, and obey them :
Sail in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast,
A cobweb all your cloth, and pass unseen,
Till you have 'scap'd the rocks that are about you.

Maud. What rocks about me ?

Puck. I do love, madam,
To shew you all your dangers, when you are past 'em.
Come, follow me, I'll once more be your pilot,
And you shall thank me.

Maud. Lucky, my lov'd goblin !
Where are you gaang now ? [Lorel meets her:

Lor. Unto my tree,
To see my maistress.

Maud. Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turns with better luck, or hang thy sel'*

* I cannot but lament with the reader, the loss of the remaining parts of this play, which we could have born with the greater patience, had even this act been fortunately completed. We have no account how it came down to us in this mutilated condition ; and conjectures can be at best but precarious. Possibly it might have been in the number of those pieces, which were accidentally burnt ; tho' indeed there is no particular mention of it in the *Execration upon Vulcan* ; or Jonson might have undertaken it in the decline of his days, and did not live to finish it ; as was the case with his tragedy of *Mortimer* ; and to this conjecture we are induced by the first line of the prologue,

" He that hath feasted you these forty years."

There is indeed one reason, which might lead us to believe, that the poet left it unfinished by design. He beheld with great indignation the ungenerous treatment, which Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* met with from the people, at its first appearance ; and he was witness also to the small encouragement that was shewn to its revival, under the patronage of Charles I. Possibly these circumstances deterred

him from going through with the performance. As his composition was of a kindred nature to that of Fletcher, he might presage the same unfortunate event, should he ever introduce it on the stage. So that posterity can only bewail the perversity of taste, in their injudicious ancestors, whose discouragement of the first, contributed to deprive us of the second pastoral drama, that would do honour to the nation. What we now have, serveth only to increase our regret; like the remains of some ancient master, which beget in us the most inexpressible desire of a perfect statue by the same hand. When a work is not completed by its author, or maimed by the hand of time, one would either wish the remains to be inconsiderable, or the beauties less exquisite and charming. In the former case the deficiency is not so much deplored, from our inability to judge of the perfection of the whole; and in the latter, we are very little anxious for what appears to be hardly worth preserving; but when a piece is so far advanced, as to convince us of the excellence of the artist, and of its own superiour delicacy, we are naturally touched with concern for what is lost, and set a proper value on the parts which still subsist.

MORTIMER'S FALL.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique coturno.

HOR. in Art. Poetic.

The PERSONS Names.

M ORTIMER,	Earl of March.
ISABEL,	Queen Mother.
ADAM D'ORLTON,	Bishop of Worcester.
CHORUS,	Of Ladies, Knts. & Esqrs.
EDWARD III.	King of England.
JOHN, the King's Brother,	Earl of Cornwall.
HENRY, the King's Cousin,	Earl of Lancaster.
W. MOUNTACUTE,	King's Servant.
RO. D'ELAND,	Constable of Nottingham
NUNCIUS,	Or a Herald. [Castle.

ARGU.

ARGUMENTS.

“THE FIRST ACT comprehends Mortimer’s
“ pride and security, raised to the degree of an
“ earl, by the queen’s favour and love ; with the coun-
“ sels of Adam d’Orlton, the politick bishop of Wor-
“ cester, against Lancaster.”

The Chorus of ladies, celebrating the worthiness of
the queen, in rewarding Mortimer’s services, and
the bishop’s.

“ The SECOND ACT shews the king’s love and re-
“ spect to his mother, that will hear nothing against
“ Mortimer’s greatness, or believe any report of her
“ extraordinary favours to him ; but imputes all to
“ his cousin Lancaster’s envy, and commands there-
“ after an utter Silence of those matters.”

The Chorus of courtiers celebrating the king’s wor-
thiness of nature, and affection to his mother, who
will hear nothing that may trench upon her honour,
though delivered by his kinsman, of such nearness ;
and thereby take occasion to extol the king’s piety,
and their own happiness under such a king.

“ The THIRD ACT relates (by the occasion of a vision
“ the blind earl of Lancaster had) to the king’s
“ brother, earl of Cornwall, the horror of their fa-
“ ther’s death, and the cunning making away of their
“ uncle, the earl of Kent, by Mortimer’s hired practice.”

The Chorus of country justices, and their wives,
telling how they were deluded, and made believe
the

the old king lived, by the shew of him in Corfe castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife like the old king, &c. with the description of the feigned lights and masques there, that deceived 'em, all which came from the court.

“ The **FOURTH ACT** expresseth, by conference between the king and his brother, a change, and intention to explore the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Mountacute to get the keys of the castle of Nottingham into the king's power, and draw the constable, sir Robert d'Eland, to their party.”

Mortimer's security, scorn of the nobility, too much familiarity with the queen, related by the Chorus. The report of the king's surprising him in his mother's bed-chamber: a general gladness. His being sent to execution.

“ The **FIFTH ACT**, the earl of Lancaster's following the cry, and meeting the report. The celebration of the king's justice.”

M O R.

MORTIMER'S FALL.

A C T I.

Mortimer.

THIS rise is made yet! and we now stand
[rank'd,
To view about us, all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
We walk upon a level. Mortimer
Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!——
A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king '.

————— *Mortimer*

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!] At this line we have a marginal annotation, which being a verse, and rhiming to the other, as well as explanatory of the sentiment, was probably designed by the poet as a part of his work. If we admit it in the text, the whole will run thus ;

————— *Mortimer*

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!

A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king.

This last verse has stood, in all preceding editions, as a note only.

At

At what a divers price, do divers men
 Act the same things! another might have had
 Perhaps the hurdle, or at least the axe,
 For what I have this crownet, robes, and wax.
 There is a fate, that flies with tow'ring spirits
 Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience.
 Poor plodding priests, and preaching friars may
 [make

Their hollow pulpits, and the empty iles
 Of churches ring with that round word: but we
 That draw the subtile and more piercing air,
 In that sublimed region of a court,
 Know all is good, we make so, and go on
 Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.
 To-day is Mortimer made earl of March.
 For what? For that, the very thinking it
 Would make a citizen start! some politick trades-
 [man

Curl with the caution of a constable!
 But I, who am no common-council-man,
 Knew injuries of that dark nature done
 Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
 To fear of a revenge. They are light offences
 Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
 Man doth not nurse a deadlier piece of folly
 To his high temper, and brave soul, than that
 Of fancying goodness, and a seal to live by
 So differing from man's life. As if with lions,
 Bears, tygers, wolves, and all those beasts of
 [prey,

He would affect to be a sheep! Can man
 Neglect what is so, to attain what should be,
 As rather he will call on his own ruin,
 Than work t'assure his safety? I should think
 When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
 I mean,

(I mean, so absolutely good and perfect,
 As our religious confessors would have us)
 It is enough we do decline the rumour
 Of doing monstrous things : And yet, if those
 Were of emolument, unto our ends,
 Even of those, the wise man will make friends
 For all the brand, and safely do the ill,
 As usurers rob, or our physicians kill.

Isabel, Mortimer.

Ifab. My lord ! sweet Mortimer !

Mor. My queen ! my mistress !

My sovereign ! nay, my goddess ! and my Juno !
 What name or title, as a mark of power
 Upon me, should I give you ?

Ifa. Isabel,

Your Isabel, and you my Mortimer :
 Which are the marks of parity, not power,
 And these are titles best become our love.

Mor. Can you fall under those ?

Ifa. Yes, and be happy.

Walk forth, my lov'd and gentle Mortimer,
 And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
 And fill of thee, my fair-shap'd, god-like man :
 Thou art a banquet unto all my senses :
 Thy form doth feast mine eye, thy voice mine ear,
 Thy breath my smell, thy every kiss my taste,
 And softness of thy skin, my very touch,
 * As if I felt it ductile through my blood.
 I ne'er was reconciled to these robes,
 This garb of England, till I saw thee in them.

* *As if I felt it DACTILE through my blood.*] *Dactile* is a word of no meaning ; and though all the editions concur in the reading, the present text will probably be thought the least erroneous.

Thou

Thou mak'st, they seem not boisterous nor rude,
Like my rough haughty lords *de Engleterre*,
With whom I have so many years been troubled.

Mor. But now redeem'd, and set at liberty,
Queen of yourself and them *.

He died, and left it unfinished.

* Had the poet lived to have completed this poem with the same spirit in which he began it, we should have been able to boast of one perfect tragedy at least, formed upon the Grecian model, and giving us the happiest imitation of the antient drama.

PART OF

* King JAMES's Entertainment

In passing to his

CORONATION,

Through the City of LONDON, on *Thursday*
the 15th of *March* 1603.

So much as was presented in the first and last of
their triumphal arches.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos? MART.

At FEN-CHURCH.

THE scene presented it self in a square and flat
upright, like to the side of a city: the top
thereof, above the vent and crest, adorn'd with houses,
towers, and steeples, set off in prospective. Upon the
battlements in a great capital letter was inscribed,
LON-

* *Part of the King's Entertainment, &c*] This entertainment was exhibited at the expence of the city of London; our poet was the author or inventor of the first and last pageants only; the intermediate ones, which were three in number, were devised by Dekker, who was an associate with Jonson upon this occasion. He published his own work, in a book called, *The magnificent Entertainment given to king James, Queen Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the prince, upon the day of his majesty's triumphant passage from the Tower through his honourable city and chamber of London, being the 15th of March 1603.* Lond. 4to. 1604. Jonson was also published at the same time. Mr. Garrick has both these quarto's in his collection, and with great readiness obliged me with the use of them, for the service of this edition; and from Dekker's book, we shall add something supplemental to the account in Jonson.

¹ *The scene presented itself in a SQUARE and FLAT UPRIGHT.*] We shall subjoin here the account of Dekker, which gives us a more particular description: "It was an upright flat square, for it contained fifty foot in the perpendicular, and fifty foot in the ground line;
VOL. V. L " the

LONDINIUM:

According to Tacitus^a, *Annal.* lib. 14. *At Suetonius mirā constantiā medios inter hosteis Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem Colonia non insigne, sed copiā negotiatorum, & comœatu maximè celebre.* Beneath that, in a less and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA, Cam. Brit. 374.

Which title immediately after the the Norman conquest it began to have; and by the indulgence of succeeding princes, hath been hitherto continued. In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:

*PAR DOMUS HÆC CÆLO,
SED MINOR EST DOMINO.*

Taken out of Martial (*lib.* 8. *epig.* 36.) and implying, that though this city (for the state and magnificence) might by hyperbole be said to touch the stars, and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was his majesty; and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanc'd therein, was

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA;

and fitly; applying to the abovementioned title of the city, *THE KING'S CHAMBER*, and therefore here

" the upper roof thereof, one (perhaps on) distinct grices, bore up
" the true models of all the notable houses, turrets, and steeples
" within the city. The gate under which his majesty did pass was
" 12 foot wide, and 18 foot high, a postern likewise, at one side of
" it, being 4 foot wide, and 8 foot in height: on either side of the
" gate stood a great French term of stone, advanced upon wooden
" pedestals; two half pilasters of rustick standing over their heads."

^a Upon the battlements in a great capital letter was inscribed LONDINIUM, according to Tacitus.] The learned author of *Nero Caesar* considers, in the 18th sect. of the 25th chap. whether London were once a Roman colony, or not; and in the following section, what was the quality and estate of it, before Suetonius was driven by Boadicia to abandon it. In the course of his inquiry, the words of Tacitus, cited by our poet, come under examination.

placed

placed as in the proper seat of the empire: for so the glory and light of our kingdom mr. Camden (*Brit.* 3, 7.) speaking of London, saith, she is *totius Britanniae epitome, Britannicæ imperii sedes, regumque Angliæ camera, tantum inter omnes eminet, quantum (ut ait ille) inter viburna cupressus.* She was a woman, richly attired in cloth of gold and tissue; a rich mantle; over her state two crowns hanging, with pensil shields through them; the one limned with the particular coat of England, the other of Scotland: On either side also a crown, with the like escutcheons, and peculiar coats of France and Ireland. In her hand she holds a sceptre; on her head a fillet of gold, interwoven with palm and laurel; her hair bound into four several points, descending from her crowns; and in her lap a little globe, inscribed upon

ORBIS BRITANNICUS.

And, beneath, the word

DIVISUS AB ORBE.

To shew that this empire is a world divided from the world; and alluding to that of * Claudian,

— *Et nostro diducta Britannia mundo.*

And Virgil, (*eclog.* 1.)

— *Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*

The wreath denotes victory and happiness; the sceptre and crowns sovereignty; the shields the precedence of the countries, and their distinctions. At her feet was set

THEOSOPHIA,

or Divine Wisdom, all in white, a blue mantle seeded with stars, a crown of stars on her head. Her garments figured truth, innocence, and clearness. She was always looking up; in her one hand she sustained a

* *De Mallii Theodor. conf. panegy.*

dove, in the other a serpent: the last to shew her subtilty, the first her simplicity; alluding to that text of scripture, (Matt. x. 16.) *Estote ergo prudentes sicut serpentes, & simplices sicut columbæ.* Her word,

PER ME REGES REGNANT.

Prov. viii. 15.

Intimating, how by her all kings do govern, and that she is the foundation and strength of kingdoms; to which end, she was here placed upon a cube, at the foot of the Monarchy, as her base and stay. Directly beneath her stood

GENIUS URBIS (a),

A person attired rich, reverend, and antique: his hair long and white, crowned with a wreath of plane, tree, which is said to be *arbor genialis*; his mantle of purple, and buskins of that colour: he held in one

GENIUS URBIS

A person attired rich, reverend, and antique.] Dekker projected a device, which was designed to have been performed at the king's first arrival in the city, but was never executed, and in this too he introduced the genius of the place; and from hence he takes occasion to ridicule our author's taste and learning in forming his allegorical personages, conformable to classical antiquity, and adorning his masques with notes and illustrations, explanatory of the antient rites or passages alluded to therein. These are his words: "To make a false flourish here, with the borrowed weapons of all the old masters of the noble science of poesy; and to keep a tyrannical coil, in anatomizing genius, from head to foot, only to shew how nimbly we can carve up the whole mess of the poets, were to play the executioner, and to lay our city's household god on the rack, to make him confess how many pair of Latin sheets we have shaken and cut into shreds to make him a garment. Such feats of activity are stale and common among scholars, before whom it is protested we come not now (in a pageant) to play a master's prize." Dekker had no genius nor learning, and thought to be even with his betters by endeavouring to rail or laugh them out of countenance.

(a) *Antiqui genium omnium gignendarum rerum existimarunt deum: & tam urbib. quam hominib. vel cæteris rebus natum.* Lil. Gr. Gyr. in Synt. Deor. 15. & Rosin. Antiq. Ro. l. 2. c. 14.

hand

in passing to his Coronation.

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hand a goblet, in the other a branch full of little twigs, to signify increase and indulgence. His word

HIS ARMIS;

pointing to the two that supported him, whereof the one on the right hand was

BOULEUTES,

Figuring the council of the city, and was suited in black and purple; a wreath of (b)oak upon his head; sustaining for his ensigns, on his left arm a scarlet robe, and in his right hand the (c) fasces, as tokens of magistracy, with this inscription;

SERVARE CIVES.

The other on the left hand,

POLEMIUS,

The warlike force of the city, in an antique coat or armour with a target and sword; his helm on, and crowned with laurel, implying strength and conquest: in his hand he bore the standard of the city, with this word,

EXTINGUERE ET HOSTEIS.

Expressing by those several mots, connexed, that with those arms of counsel and strength, the Genius was able to extinguish the king's enemies, and preserve his citizens, alluding to these verses in Seneca,

Extinguere hostem maxima est virtus ducis.

Servare cives major est patriæ patri. Oct. act. 2.

Underneath these, in an aback thrust out before the rest, lay

(b) Civica corona fit à fronde querna, quoniam cibus victusque antiquissimus quercus capi solitus fit. Ros. lib. 10. cap. 27.

(c) Fasciculi virgarum, intra quas obligata securis erat, sic ut ferum in summo fasces extaret. Ros. lib. 7. cap. 3. Ubi notandum est, non debere præcipitem & solutam iram esse magistratus. Mora enim allata, & cunctatio, dum sensim virgæ solvantur, identidem consilium mutavit deprecando. Quando autem vitia quædam sunt corrigibilia, deplorata alia; castigant virgæ, quod revocari valet, immendabile secures præcidunt. Plut. Prob. Rom. 82.

T A M E S I S,

(the river, as running along the side of the city; in a skin-coat made like flesh, naked and blue. His mantle of sea-green or water-colour, thin, and boln out like a sail; bracelets about his wrists, of willow and sedge, a crown of sedge and reed upon his head, mixed with water-lilies; alluding to Virgil's description of Tyber;

—*Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tyberinus amæno,
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
Visus, eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, & crincis umbrosa tegebat arundo.* Æn. lib. 8.

His beard, and hair long, and over-grown. He leans his arm upon an earthen pot, out of which, water, with live fishes, are seen to run forth, and play about him. His word,

FLUMINA SENSERUNT IPSA,

An hemistich of Ovid's: the rest of the verse being,

— *quid esset amor.* Amor. l. 3. cl. 5.

Affirming, that rivers themselves, and such inanimate creatures, have heretofore been made sensible of passions and affections; and that he now, no less partook the joy of his majesty's grateful approach to this city, than any of those persons, to whom he pointed, which were the daughters of the Genius, and six in number: who, in a spreading ascent, upon several grices*, help to beautify both the sides. The first,

EUPHROSYNE,

or Gladness, was suited in green, a mantle of divers colours, embroidered with all variety of flowers: on her head a garland of myrtle, in her right hand a crystal cruse filled with wine, in the left a cup of gold.

* Upon several GRICES,] i. e. steps, ascents. The word occurs also in Shakelpear.

in passing to his Coronation. 167
at her feet a timbrel, harp, and other instruments, all
ensigns of gladness,

Natis in usum letitiæ scyphis, &c.

Hor. car. 1. ode 27.

And in another place,

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero

Pulsanda tellus, &c.

Ode 37.

Her word,

HÆC ÆVI MIHI PRIMA DIES.

Stat. syl. 4. ep. Domit.

As if this were the first hour of her life, and the
minute wherein she began to be; beholding so long
coveted, and looked for a presence. The second,

S E B A S I S,

or Veneration, was varied in an ash-coloured suit,
and dark mantle, a veil over her head of ash-colour:
her hands crost before her, and her eyes half closed.
Her word,

MIHI SEMPER DEUS. Virg. ecl. 1.

Implying both her office of reverence, and the dig-
nity of her object, who being as god on earth, should
never be less in her thought. The third,

P R O T H Y M I A,

or Promptitude, was attired in a short tucked garment
of flame-colour, wings at her back: her hair bright,
and bound up with ribands; her breast open, virago-
like; her buskins so ribbanded: she was crowned with
a chaplet of trifoly, to express readiness and open-
ness every way; in her right hand she held a squirrel,
as being the creature most full of life and quickness;
in the left a close round censer, with the perfume
suddenly to be vented forth at the sides. Her word,

QUA DATA PORTA.

Æn. 1.

L 4

Taken

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Taken from another place in Virgil, where Æolus, at the command of Juno, lets forth the wind;

— *Ac venti velut agmine facto*

Quâ data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant. Æn. 1.

And shewed that she was no less prepared with promptitude and alacrity, than the winds were, upon the least gate that shall be opened to his high command. The fourth,

A G R Y P N I A,

or Vigilance, in yellow, a sable mantle, seeded with waking eyes, and silver fringe: her chaplet of Heliotropium, or turnsole: in her one hand a lamp, or cresset; in her other a bell. The lamp signified search and sight, the bell warning; the Heliotropium care, and respecting her object. Her word,

SPECULAMUR IN OMNEIS.

Alluding to that of Ovid, where he describes the office of Argus;

— *Ipse procul montis sublime cacumen*

Occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omneis. Met. 1.

and implying the like duty of care and vigilance in herself. The fifth,

A G A P E,

or Loving Affection, in crimson fringed with gold, a mantle of flame-colour, her chaplet of red and white roses; in her hand, a flaming heart: the flame expressed zeal; the red and white roses, a mixture of simplicity with love; her robes freshness and fervency. Her word,

NON

NON SIC EXCUBIÆ;

Out of Claudian, in following

—*Nec circumstantia pila*

Quàm tutatur amor. De 4. conf. Hon. paneg.

Inferring, that though her sister before had protested watchfulness and circumspection, yet no watch or guard could be so safe to the estate or person of a prince, as the love and natural affections of his subjects: which she in the city's behalf promised. The sixth,

OMOTHYMIA,

or Unanimity, in blue, her robe blue, and buskins. A chaplet of blue lilies, shewing one truth and entireness of mind. In her lap lies a sheaf of arrows bound together, and she herself sits weaving certain small silver twists. Her word,

FIRMA CONSENSUS FACIT.

Auxilia humilia firma, &c. Pub. Syr. Mi.

Intimating, that even the smallest and weakest aids, by consent, are made strong: herself personating the unanimity, or consent of soul, in all inhabitants of the city to his service.

¶ These are all the personages, or live figures, whereof only two were speakers (Genius and Tamesis) the rest were mutes. Other dumb compliments there were, as the arms of the kingdom on the one side, with this inscription,

HIS VIREAS.

With these mayest thou flourish.

On the other side the arms of the city, with,

HIS VINCAS.

With these mayest thou conquer.

In the centre, or midst of the pegm, there was a
aback, or square, wherein this elegy was written:

MAXIMUS HIC REX EST ET LUCE SERENIOR IPSA
PRINCIPE QUÆ TALEM CERNIT IN URBE DUCEM;
CUJUS FORTUNAM SUPERAT SIC UNICA VIRTUS,
UNUS UT IS RELIQUOS VINCIT UTRAQUE VIROS.
PRÆCEPTIS ALII POPULOS, MULTAQUE FATIGANT
LEGE; SED EXEMPLO NOS RAPIT ILLE SUO.
CUIQUE FRUI TOTA FAS EST UXORE MARITO,
ET SUA FAS SIMILI PIGNORA NOSSE PATRI.
ECCE UBI PIGNORIBUS CIRCUMSTIPATA CORUSCIS
IT COMES, ET TANTO VIX MINOR ANNA VIRO.
HAUD METUS EST, REGEM POSTHAC NE PROXIMO
HÆRES.
NEU SUCCESSOREM NON AMET ILLE SUUM.

This, and the whole frame, was covered with a curtain of silk, painted like a thick cloud, and at the approach of the king was instantly to be drawn. The allegory being, that those clouds were gathered upon the face of the city, through their long want of the most wished sight: but now, as at the rising of the sun, all mists were dispersed and fled. When suddenly upon silence made to the musick, a voice was heard utter this verse;

Totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim.

Claud. de laud. Stil. lib. 3.

Signify

Signifying, that he was now really objected to their eyes, who before had been only, but still, present in their minds.

¶ Thus far the complimentary part of the first; wherein was not only laboured the expression of state and magnificence (as proper to a triumphal arch) but the very site, fabrick, strength, policy, dignity, and affections of the city were all laid down to life: the nature and property of these devices being, to present always some one entire body, or figure, consisting of distinct members, and each of those expressing itself in its own active sphere, yet all with that general harmony so connexed, and disposed, as no one little part can be missing to the illustration of the whole: where also is to be noted, that the symbols used are not, neither ought to be, simply hieroglyphicks, emblems, or impreses, but a mixed character, partaking somewhat of all, and peculiarly apted to these more magnificent inventions: wherein the garments and ensigns deliver the nature of the person, and the word the present office. Neither was it becoming, nor could it stand with the dignity of these shews, (after the most miserable and desperate shift of the puppets) to require a truchman, or (with the ignorant painter) one to write, This is a dog; or, This is a hare: but so to be presented, as upon the view, they might, without cloud, or obscurity, declare themselves to the sharp and learned: and for the multitude, no doubt but their grounded judgments did gaze, said it was fine, and were satisfied.

The Speeches of Gratulation.

G E N I U S.

TIME, fate, and fortune have at length conspir'd,
 To give our age the day so much desir'd.
 What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months and years,
 That hang in file upon these silver hairs,
 Could not produce, beneath the (d) Britain stroke,
 The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman (e) yoke,
 This point of time hath done. Now, London, rear
 Thy forehead high, and on it strive to wear
 Thy choicest gems; teach thy steep tow'rs to rise
 Higher with people: set with sparkling eyes
 Thy spacious windows; and in ev'ry street,
 Let thronging joy, love, and amazement meet.
 Cleave all the air with shouts, and let the cry
 Strike through as long, and universally,
 As thunder; for thou now art blest'd to see
 That sight, for which thou didst begin to be.
 When (f) Brutus' plough first gave thee infant bounds,

(d) As being the first free and natural government of this island, after it came to civility.

(e) In respect they were all conquests, and the obedience of the subject more enforced.

(f) Rather than the city should want a founder, we chose to follow the received story of Brute, whether fabulous, or true, and not altogether unwarranted in poetry: since it is a favour of antiquity to few cities, to let them know their first authors. * Besides, a learned poet of our time, in a most elegant work of his, *Con. Tam. & Isis*, celebrating London, hath this verse of her: *Æmula maternæ tollens sua lumina Trojæ*. Here is also an ancient rite alluded to in the building of cities, which was to give them their bounds with a plough, according to *Virg. Æn. lib. 10. Interea Æneas urbem designat aratro*. And *Isidore, lib. 15. cap. 2. Urbi uicinata ab orbe, quod antiquæ civitates in orbem fiebant; vel ab urbis parte aratri, quo muri designabantur, unde est illud, Optavitque locum regno & concludere sulco*.

* Besides, a learned poet of our time, in a most elegant work of his, *Con. Tam. & Isis*.] That is, *Conjogium Tamesis & Isis*, or the wedding of the Thames and Isis: many parts of this poem are quoted in Camden's *Britannia*, and from the manner in which they are usually presented to the reader, the learned editor suspects that Camden himself was the author of it.

And

And I, thy Genius, walk'd auspicious rounds
In ev'ry (g) furrow ; then did I forelook,
And saw this day (b) mark'd white in (i) Clotho's book,
The several (k) circles, both of change and sway,
Within this isle, there also figur'd lay :
Of which the greatest, perfectest, and last
Was this, whose present happiness we taste.
Why keep you silence, daughters ? what dull peace
Is this inhabits you ? Shall office cease
Upon th'aspect of him, to whom you owe
More than you are, or can be ? Shall Time know
That article, wherein your flame stood still,
And not aspir'd ? now heav'n avert an ill
Of that black look. E'er pause possess your breasts,
I wish you more of plagues : zeal when it rests,
Leaves to be zeal. Up, thou tame River, wake ;
And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake :
Thou drown'st thy self in inofficious sleep ;
And these thy sluggish waters seem to creep,
Rather than flow. Up, rise, and swell with pride
Above thy banks. Now is not ev'ry tide.

(g) *Primigenius sulcus dicitur, qui in condenda nova urbe, tauro & vacca designationis causâ imprimitur* ; hitherto respects that of *Camd. Brit.* 368, speaking of this city, *Quicumque autem condiderit, vitalis quo constructam fuisse ipsius fortuna docuit.*

(b) For so all happy days were, *Plin. cap. 40. lib. 7. Nat. Hist.* To which Horace alludes, *lib. 1. ode 36. Cressa ne cariat pulchra dies nota.* And the other, *Plin. epist. 11. lib. 6. O diem latum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo.* With many other in many places. *Mart. lib. 8. ep. 45. lib. 9. ep. 53. lib. 10. ep. 38. lib. 11. ep. 37. Stat. lib. 4. sy. 6. Pers. sat. 2. Catull. epig. 69 &c.*

(i) The *Parca*, or *Fates*, Martianus calls them *scribas ac librarias superum* ; whereof *Clotho* is said to be the eldest, signifying in Latin *Evocatio.*

(k) Those beforementioned of the Britain, Roman, Saxon, &c. and to this register of the fates allude those verses of Ovid. *Met. 15. — Carnes illis molimine vasto, Ex ære, & solido rerum tabularia ferro : Quæ neque concussum cæli, neque fulminis iram, Nec metuuntillas tuta atque æterna ruinas. Invenies illis incisa adamantis perenni data, &c.*

T A M E S I S⁴.

TO what vain end should I contend to show
 My weaker pow'rs, when seas of pomp o'erflow
 The city's face : and cover all the shore
 With sands more rich than * Tagus' wealthy ore ?
 When in the flood of joys, that comes with him,
 He drowns the world ; yet makes it live and swim,
 And spring with gladness : not my fishes here,
 Though they be dumb, but do express the cheer
 Of those bright streams. No less may (l) these and I
 Boast our delights, albe't we silent lie.

G E N I U S⁴.

INdeed true gladness doth not always speak :
 Joy, bred and born but in the tongue, is weak.
 Yet (lest the fervor of so pure a flame
 As this my city bears, might lose the name
 Without the apt eventing of her heat)
 Know, greatest J A M E S, (and no less good than great)
 In the behalf of all my virtuous sons,
 Whereof my (m) eldest there thy pomp foreruns,
 (A man without my flattering, or his pride,
 As worthy, as he's (n) blest to be thy guide)
 In his grave name, and all his brethrens right,
 (Who thirst to drink the nectar of thy sight)
 The council, commoners, and multitude ;
 (Glad that this day, so long deny'd, is view'd)

⁴ TAMESSIS, GENIUS.] These were the only speakers ; *Tamessis* being presented by one of the children of her majesty's revels : *Genius* by Mr. Allin, servant to the young prince, whose gratulatory speech was delivered with excellent action, and a well tuned audible voice. *Decker*.

* A river dividing Spain and Portugal, and by the consent of poets stiled Aurifer.

(l) Understanding Euphrosyne, Sebasis, Prothymia, &c.

(m) The lord mayor, who for his year hath senior place of the rest, and for this day was chief serjeant to the king.

(n) Above the blessing of his present office, the word had some particular allusion to his name, which is *Benet*, and hath (no doubt) in time been the contraction of *Benedict*.

I tender thee the heartiest welcome, yet,
That ever king had to his (o) empire's seat :
Never came man, more long'd for, more desir'd ;
And being come, more reverenc'd, lov'd, admir'd :
Hear and record it : " In a prince it is
No little virtue, to know who are his."

(p) With like devotions, do I stoop t' embrace
This springing glory of thy (q) god-like race ;
His country's wonder, hope, love, joy, and pride :
How well doth he become the royal side
Of this erected and broad-spreading tree,
Under whose shade may Britain ever be !
And from this branch may thousand branches more
Shoot o'er the main, and knit with ev'ry shore
In bonds of marriage, kindred and increase ;
And style this land, the (r) the navel of their peace ;
This is your servants wish, your cities vow,
Which still shall propagate itself, with you ;
And free from spurs of hope, that slow minds move :
" He seeks no hire, that owes his life to love."

(s) And here she comes that is no less a part
In this day's greatness, than in my glad heart.
Glory of queens, and (t) glory of your name,
Whose graces do as far out-speak your fame,
As fame doth silence, when her trumpet rings
You (u) daughter, sister, wife of several kings :
Besides alliance, and the style of mother,
In which one title you drown all your other.

(o) The city, which title is touched before. (p) To the Prince.

(q) An attribute given to great persons, fitly above other humanity, and in frequent use with all the Greek poets, especially Homer, *Iliad* α. — διὸ Ἀγαμέμνων. And in the same book — εὖ καὶ Ἡρόδοτος.

(r) As Lucretius calls Parnassus, *umbilicum terræ*. (s) To the queen.

(t) An emphatical speech, and well reinforcing her greatness ;
beg, by this match, more than either her brother, father, &c.

(u) Daughter to Frederick II. king of Denmark and Norway,
sister to Christian IV. now there reigning, and wife to James our
sovereign.

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Instance, be (x) that fair shoot, is gone before,
Your eldest joy, and top of all your store,
With (y) those, whose sight to us is yet deny'd,
But not our zeal to them, or aught beside
This city can to you : for whose estate
She hopes you will be still good advocate
To her best lord. So, whilst you mortal are,
No taste of four mortality once dare
Approach your house ; nor fortune greet your grace
But coming on, and with a forward face.

The other, at TEMPLE-BAR,

CARRIED the frontispiece of a temple*, the walls
which and gates were brass ; their pillars silver
their capitals and bases gold : in the highest point
all was erected a Janus' head, and over it written,

JANO QUADRIFRONTI SACRUM (z)

Which title of *Quadrifrons* is said to be given him,
he respecteth all climates, and fills all parts of the
world with his majesty : which Martial would seem
to allude unto in that Hendecasyllable,

Et linguâ pariter locutus omni. Lib. 8. ep. 1.

Others have thought it by reason of the four elements,
which brake out of him, being Chaos : Ovid is not afraid
to make Chaos and Janus the same in these verses,

(x) The prince Henry Frederick.

(y) Charles duke of Rothsey, and the lady Elizabeth.

* Carried the frontispiece of a temple.] The height of the edifice,
from the ground-line to the top, was fifty-seven foot,
full breadth of it eighteen foot ; the thickness of the pillars
twelve. Decker.

(z) Bassus apud Macrobi. l. 1. Satur. cap. 9.

*Me Chaos antiqui (nam sum res prisca) vocabant,
Adspice, &c.* Fast. lib. 1:

But we rather follow (and that more particularly) the opinion of the (a) ancients, who have entitled him Quadrifrons, in regard of the year, (which under his sway is divided into four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter) and ascribe unto him the beginnings and ends of things. See M. Cic. (b) *Cumque in omnibus rebus vim haberent maximam prima & extrema, principem in sacrificando Janum esse voluerunt, quod (c) ab eundo nomen est deductum: ex quo transitiones perviae Jani, foresque in liminibus prophanarum ædium, Janua nominatur, &c.* As also the charge and custody of the whole world, by Ovid:

*Quicquid ubique vides, cælum, mare, nubila, terras,
Omnia sunt nostra clausa patentique manu.
Me penes est unum vasti custodia mundi,
Et jus vertendi cardinis omne meum est.* Fast. ibid.

About his four heads he hath a wreath of gold, in which was graven this verse,

TOT VULTUS MIHI NEC SATIS PUTAVI (d).

Signifying, that though he had four faces, yet he thought them not enough, to behold the greatness and glory of that day: beneath, under the head, was written,

ET MODO SACRIFICO CLUSIUS ORE VOCOR (e).

(a) *Leges Marlianus*, lib. 4. cap. 8. *Alb. in deorum.* (b) *De nat. deorum*, lib. 2. (c) *Quasi Eanus.* (d) *Mart. lib. 8. ep. 2.* (e) *Ov. Fast. 1.*

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For being open, he was stiled Patulcius, but then upon the coming of his majesty, being to be shut, he was to be called Clusius. Upon the outmost front of the building was placed the entire arms of the kingdom, with the garter, crown, and supporters, cut forth as fair and great as the life, with an Hexastick written underneath, all expressing the dignity and power of him that should close that Temple.

QUI DUDUM ANGUSTIS TANTUM REGNAVIT IN ORIS
PARVOQUE IMPERIO SE TOTI PRÆBUIT ORBI
ESSE REGENDO PAREM, TRIA REGNA (UT NULLA DE
VIRTUTI FORTUNA) SUO FELICITER UNI (ESSET
JUNCTA SIMUL SENSIT: FAS UT SIT CREDERE VOTIS
NON JAM SANGUINEA FRUITUROS PACE BRITANNOS.

In a great frieze, below, that ran quite along the breadth of the building, were written these two verses out of Horace, *lib. 2. epist. 1. ad aug.*

JURANDASQUE SUUM PER NOMEN PONIMUS ARAS,
NIL ORITURUM ALIAS, NIL ORTUM TALE FATENTES.

The first and principal person in the temple, was

I R E N E,

Or Peace; she was placed aloft in a Cant, her attire white, semined with stars, her hair loose and large, a wreath of olive on her head, on her shoulder a silver dove: in her left hand she held forth an olive branch with an handful of ripe ears, in the other a crown of laurel, as notes of victory and plenty. By her stood

P L U T U S,

in passing to his Coronation.

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Or Wealth (*f*), a little boy, bare-headed, his locks curled, and spangled with gold, of a fresh aspect, his body almost naked, saving some rich robe cast over him; in his arms a heap of gold ingots to express riches, whereof he is the god. Beneath his feet lay

E N Y A L I U S,

Or Mars, groveling, his armour scattered upon him in several pieces, and sundry sorts of weapons broken about him. Her word to all was

UNA TRIUMPHIS INNUMERIS POTIOR.

— *pax optima rerum*

Quas homini novisse datum est, pax una triumphis

Innumeris potior.

Sil. Ital.

Signifying that peace alone was better, and more to be coveted than innumerable triumphs. Besides, upon the right hand of her, but with some little descent, in a hemicycle was seated

E S Y C H I A,

Or Quiet, the first handmaid of Peace; a woman of a grave and venerable aspect, attired in black, upon her head an artificial nest, out of which appeared storks heads, to manifest a sweet repose. Her feet were placed upon a cube, to shew stability, and in her lap she held a perpendicular or level, as the ensign of evenness and rest: on the top of it sat an halcyon, or king's-fisher. She had lying at her feet

(*f*) So Cephissodorus hath feigned him. See *Paul. in Bæot. & Phil. in Imag.* contrary to Aristoph. Theogn. Lucian, and others, who make him blind and deformed,

T A R A C H E,

Or Tumult, in a garment of divers but dark colours, her hair wild, and disordered, a foul and troubled face; about her lay staves, swords, ropes, chains, hammers, stones, and such like, to express turmoil. The word was,

PERAGIT TRANQUILLA POTESTAS.

*Quod violenta nequit : mandataque fortius urget
Imperiosa quies.* Claud. de Malii Theo. cons. paneg.

To shew the benefit of a calm and facile power, being able to effect in a state that which no violence can. On the other side the second handmaid was

E L E U T H E R I A,

Or Liberty, her dressing white, and somewhat antique, but loose and free : her hair flowing down her back and shoulders : in her right hand she bare a club, on her left a hat, the characters of freedom and power : at her feet a cat was placed, the creature most affecting and expressing liberty. She trod on

D O U L O S I S,

Or Servitude, a woman in old and worn garments, lean and meagre, bearing fetters on her feet and hands, about her neck a yoke, to insinuate bondage, and the word

NEC UNQUAM GRATIOR.

Alluding

Alluding to that other of Claud.

*Nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub rege pio.* De laud. Stil. l. 3:

And intimated that liberty could never appear more graceful and lovely, than now under so good a prince. The third handmaid was

S O T E R I A,

Or Safety, a damsel in carnation, the colour signifying cheer, and life; she sat high: upon her head she wore an antique helm, and in her right hand a spear for defence, and in her left a cup for medicine: at her feet was set a pedestal, upon which a serpent rolled up did lie. Beneath was

P E I R A,

Or Danger, a woman despoiled, and almost naked; the little garment she hath left her, of several colours, to note her various disposition. Besides her lies a torch out, and her sword broken, (the instrument of her fury) with a net and wolfs-skin (the ensigns of her malice) rent in pieces. The word,

TERGA DEDERE METUS,

Borrowed from Mart. (*lib. 12. ep. 6.*) and implying that now all fears have turned their backs, and our safety might become security, danger being so wholly depressed, and unfurnished of all means to hurt. The fourth attendant is,

EUDAIMONIA,

Or Felicity, varied on the second hand, and apparelled richly in an embroidered robe, and mantle: a fair golden tress. In her right hand a Caduceus, the note of peaceful wisdom: in her left, a Cornucopia filled only with flowers, as a sign of flourishing blessedness; and crowned with a garland of the same. At her feet,

DYSFRAGIA,

Or Unhappiness, a woman bare-headed, her neck, arms, breast and feet naked, her look hollow and pale; she holds a Cornucopia turned downward, with all the flowers fallen out and scattered; upon her sits a raven, as the the augury of ill fortune: and the soul was

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.

Out of Virgil (*Eclog. v.*) to shew that now those golden times were returned again, wherein Peace was with us so advanced, Rest received, Liberty restored, Safety assured, and all blessedness appearing in every of these virtues, her particular triumph over her opposite evil. This is the dumb argument of the frame, and illustrated with this verse of Virgil, written in the under frieze,

NULLA SALUS BELLO:

PACEM TE POSCIMUS OMNES. *Æn. l. 11.*

The speaking part was performed, as within the temple, where there was erected an altar, to which, at the approach of the king, appears the Flamen

M A R.

(g) MARTIALIS.

And to him,

GENIUS URBIS,

The Genius we attired before : to the flamen we appoint this habit. A long crimson robe to witness his nobility, his tippet and sleeves white, as reflecting on purity in his religion, a rich mantle of gold with a train to express the dignity of his function. Upon his head a (b) hat of delicate wool, whose top ended in a cone, and was thence called according to that of Lucan, lib. 1.

Attollensque apicem generoso vertice flamen.

This apex was covered with a (i) fine net of yarn, which they named apiculum, and was sustained with a (k) bowed twig of pomegranate tree ; it was also in the hot time of summer to be bound with ribbands, and thrown behind them, as (l) Scaliger teacheth. In his hand he bore a golden censer with perfume, and censng about the altar (having first kindled his fire on the top) is interrupted by the genius.

(g) One of the three Flamines that as some think, Numa Pompilius first instituted ; but we rather, with Varro, take him of Romulus's institution, whereof there were only two, he, and Dialis : to whom he was next in dignity. He was always created out of the nobility, and did perform the rites to Mars, who was thought the father of Romulus.

(b) Scaliger in conject in Var. saith, *Totus pileus, vel potius velamenta, flammeum dicebatur, unde flamines dicti.*

(i) To this looks that other conjecture of Varro, lib. 4 de lingua Latina: *Flamines quod licio in capite velati erant semper, ac caput cinctum habebant filo, flamines dicti.*

(k) Which in their attire was called *Stroppus*, in their wives *Isarculum*.

(l) Scal. *ibid.* in con. *Pone enim regerebant apicem, ne gravis esset summis astatu caloribus. Amentis enim, quæ effundices dicebantur sub mentum abductis, religabant ; ut cum vellet, regerent, & pone pondere permitterent.*

G E N I U S.

STAY, what art thou, that in this strange attire,
 Dar'st kindle stranger and unhallow'd fire
 Upon this altar? *Fl.* Rather what art thou
 That dar'st so rudely interrupt my vow?
 My habit speaks my name. *Ge.* A flamen? *Fl.* Yes,
 And (*m*) *Martialis* call'd. *Ge.* I so did guess
 By my short view; but whence didst thou ascend
 Hither? or how? or to what mystick end?

Fl. The noise, and present tumult of this day
 Rows'd me from sleep, and silence, where I lay
 Obscur'd from light; which when I wak'd to see,
 I wond'ring thought what this great pomp might be.
 When (looking in my kalendar) I found
 The (*n*) *Ides* of *March* were enter'd, and I bound
 With these, to celebrate the genial feast
 Of (*o*) *Anna* styl'd *Perenna*, (*p*) *Mars's* guest,

(*m*) Of *Mars*, whose rites (as we have touch'd before) this *Flamen* did specially celebrate.

(*n*) With us the fifteenth of *March*, which was the present day of this triumph: and on which the great feast of *Anna Perenna* (among the *Romans*) was yearly, and with such solemnity remembered. *Ovid. Fast. 3. Idibus est, Anna festum geniale Perennae, Haud procul à ripis, &c.*

(*o*) Who this *Anna* should be (with the *Romans* themselves) hath been no trifling controversy. Some have thought her fabulously the sister of *Dido*, some a nymph of *Numicius*, some *Io*, some *Themis*. Others an old woman of *Bovilla*, that fed the seditious multitude, in *Monte Sacro*, with wafers and fine cakes, in time of their penury: to whom, afterwards (in memory of the benefit) their peace being made with the nobles, they ordained this feast. Yet they that have thought nearest, have mis'd all these, and directly imagined her the moon. And that she was called *ANNA*, *Quia mensibus impleat annum*, *Ovid. ib.* To which the vow that they used in her rites, somewhat confirmingly alludes, which was, *Ut Annare, Et Perennare commode liceret*, *Macr. Sat. lib. 1. cap. 12.*

(*p*) So *Ovid, ibid. Fast.* makes *Mars* speaking to her, *Mense me coleris, junxi mea tempora tecum.*

Who

Who, in this month of his, is yearly call'd

To banquet at his altars ; and install'd

(*q*) A goddess with him, since she fills the year,
And (*r*) knits the oblique scarf that girts the sphere.

Whilst four-fac'd Janus turns his (*s*) vernal look

Upon their meeting hours, as if he took

High pride and pleasure. *Ge.* Sure thou still dost dream,

And both thy tongue and thought rides on the stream

Of phantasy : behold here he nor she,

Have any altar, fane, or deity.

Stoop : read but this (*t*) inscription : and then view

To whom the place is consecrate. 'Tis true

That this is Janus' temple, and that now

He turns upon the year his freshest brow :

That this is Mars's month ; and these the Ides,

Wherein his Anne was honour'd ; both the tides,

Titles, and place, we know : but these dead rites

Are long since buried, and new pow'r excites

More high and hearty flames. Lo, there is he,

Who brings with him (*u*) a greater Anne than she ;

Whose strong and potent virtues have (*x*) deslac'd

Stern Mars's statues, and upon them plac'd

His, (*y*) and the world's best blessings : this hath brought

Sweet peace to sit in that bright state she ought,

Unbloody, or untroubled ; hath forc'd hence

All tumults, fears, or other dark portents

(*q*) *Nuper erat dea facta, &c. Ibid.*

(*r*) Where is understood the meeting of the zodiack in March, the month wherein she is celebrated.

(*s*) That face wherewith he beholds the spring.

(*t*) Written upon the altar, for which we refer you to page 488.

(*u*) The queen : to which in our inscription we spake to the king.

MARTE MAYORI.

(*x*) The temple of Janus we apprehend to be both the house of war and peace : of war, when it is open ; of peace, when it is shut : and that there, each over the other is interchangeably placed, to the vicissitude of times.

(*y*) Which are peace, rest, liberty, safety, &c. and were his actively, but the world's passively.

That

That might invade weak minds ; hath made men see
 Once more the face of welcome liberty :
 And doth (in all his present acts) restore
 That first pure world, made of the better ore.
 Now innocence shall cease to be the spoil
 Of ravenous greatness, or to steep the soil
 Of raised pefantry with tears and blood ;
 No more shall rich men (for their little good)
 Suspect to be made guilty ; or vile spies
 Enjoy the lust of their so murd'ring eyes :
 Men shall put off their iron minds, and hearts ;
 The time forget his old malicious arts
 With this new minute ; and no print remain
 Of what was thought the former ages stain.
 Back, Flamen, with thy superstitious fumes,
 And cense not here ; thy ignorance presumes
 Too much in acting any ethnick rite
 In this translated temple : here no wight
 To sacrifice, save my devotion, comes,
 That brings instead of those thy (z) masculine gums
 My city's heart ; which shall for ever burn
 Upon this altar, and no time shall turn
 The same to ashes : here I fix it fast,
 Flame bright, flame high, and may it ever last.
 Whilst I, before the figure of thy peace,
 Still tend the fire ; and give it quick increase
 With prayers, wishes, vows ; whereof be these
 The least, and weakest : that no age may leese
 The memory of this so rich a day ;
 But rather that it henceforth yearly may

(z) Somewhat a strange epithet in our tongue, but proper to the thing : for they were only masculine odours, which were offer'd to the altars, *Virg. Eccl. 8. Verbenasque adole pinguis, & mascula thuris*. And *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 12. cap. 14.* Speaking of these saith, *Quia ex rotunditate guttae pependit, masculum vocamus, cum alias non formatur, ubi non sit foemina : religioni tributum ne sexus alter comparatur.* Masculum aliqui putant à specie testium dictum. See him also *lib. 34. cap. 11*. And *Arnob. lib. 7. advers. gent. Non si mille tu parva in fœculis thuris incendas, &c.*

Begin our spring, and with our spring the prime,
 And (a) first account of years, of months, (b) of time :
 And may these ides as fortunate appear
 To thee, as they to (c) Cæsar fatal were.
 Be all thy thoughts born perfect, and thy hopes
 In their events still crown'd beyond their scopes.
 Let not wide heav'n that secret blessing know
 To give, which she on thee will not bestow.
 Blind Fortune be thy slave ; and may her store
 (The less thou seek'st it) follow thee the more.
 Much more I would : but see, these brazen gates
 Make haste to close, as urged by thy fates ;
 Here ends my city's office, here it breaks :
 Yet with my tongue, and this pure heart, she speaks
 A short farewell ; and lower than thy feet,
 With fervent thanks, thy royal pains doth greet.
 Pardon, if my abruptness breed disease ;
 " He merits not t' offend, that hastes to please."

(a) According to Romulus his institution, who made March the first month, and consecrated it to his father, of whom it was called *Martius*. Varr. *Fest. in frag. Martius mensis initium anni fuit, & in Latine, & post Romam conditum, &c.* And Ovid. *Fast. 3. 1 te principium Romano dicimus anno: primus de patris nomine mensis erit. Vox rata sit, &c.* See Macr. lib. 1. cap. 12. and Solin. in *Polyhist. cap. 3. Quod hoc mense mercedes exolverint magistris, quas completas annus debere fecisse, &c.*

(b) Some, to whom we have read this, have taken it for a tautology, thinking Time enough express'd before in years and months. For whose ignorant sakes we must confess to have taken the better part of this travail, in noting a thing not usual, neither affected of us, but where there is necessity, as here to avoid their dull censures. Where in years and months we alluded to that is observed in our former note : but by Time we understand the present, and that from this instant we should begin to reckon, and make this the first of our time. Which is also to be helped by emphasis.

(c) In which he was slain in the senate.

Over the Altar was written this
Inscription :

D. I. O. M.

BRITANNIARUM. IMP. PACIS. VIN-
DICI. MARTE. MAJORI. P. P. F. S. AU-
GUSTO. NOVO. GENTIUM. CON-
JUNCTARUM. NUMINI. TUTELARI.

D. A.

CONSERVATRICI. ANNÆ. IPSÆ. PE-
RENNÆ. DE ABUSQUE. UNIVERSIS.
OPTATORI. SUL. FORTUNATISSIMI.
THALAMI. SOCIÆ. ET CONSORTI.
PULCHERRIMÆ. AUGUSTISSIMÆ.
ET

H. F. P.

FILIO. SUO. NOBILISSIMO. OB. AD-
VENTUM. AD. URBEM. HANC. SU-
AM. EXPECTATISSIMUM. GRATIS-
SIMUM. CELEBRATISSIMUM. CU-
JUS. NON. RADII. SED. SOLES. PO-
TIUS. FUNESTISSIMAM. NUPER.
AERIS. INTEMPERIEM. SERENA-
RUNT.

S. P. Q. L.

VOTIS. X. VOTIS. XX. ARDENTISSIMIS.

L. M.

HANC. ARAM.

P.

in passing to his Coronation.

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And upon the Gate, being shut,

IMP. JACOBUS MAX.

CÆSAR AUG. P.P.

PACE POPULO BRITANNICO

TERRA MARIQUE PARTA

JANUM CLUSIT. S. C.

In the Strand.

THE invention was a rainbow, the moon†, sun, and those seven stars, which antiquity hath stiled the Pleiades or Vergiliæ, advanced between two magnificent pyramids of seventy foot in height, on which were drawn his Majesty's several pedigrees Eng. and Scot. To which body (being framed before) we were to apt our soul. And finding that one of these seven lights, Electra, is rarely or not at all to be seen, (as Ovid. lib. 4. *Fast.* affirmeth

*Pleiades incipient humeros relevare paternos :
Quæ septem dici, sex tamen esse solent.*

And by and by after,

*Sive quod Electra Trojæ spectare ruinas
Non tulit : ante oculos opposuitque manum.*

And Festus Avien. (*Paraph. in Arat. Phenom.*)

† The invention was a rainbow, the moon, &c.] The work of this was thought upon, begun, and made perfect in twelve days.

DEKKER.

Fama

*Fama vetus septem memorat genitore creatas
Longævo : sex se rutila inter sidera tantum
Sustollunt, &c.*

And beneath,

— *Cerni sex solas carmine mynthes
Afferit : Electram cælo abscessisse profundo, &c.)*

We ventured to follow this authority, and made her the speaker : presenting her hanging in the air, in figure of a comet ; according to Anonymus. *Electra non sustinens videre casum pronepotum fugerit ; unde & illam dissolutis crinibus propter luctum ire afferunt, & propter comas quidam Cometen appellant.*

The SPEECH.

ELECTRA.

THE long (d) laments I spent for ruin'd Troy,
Are dry'd : and now mine eyes run tears of joy.
No more shall men suppose Electra dead,
Though from the consort of her sisters fled
Unto the (e) arctic circle, here to grace,
And gild this day with her (f) serenest face :

And

(d) Fest. Avi. paraph. Pars ait Idæa defunctem incendia Troja, Et numerosa sua lugentem funera gentis, Electram tetricis mastrum dare vultibus orbem. Besides the reference to antiquity, this speech might be understood by allegory of the town here, that had been so ruined with sickness, &c.

(e) Hyginus. Sed postquam Troja fuit capta, & progenies ejus que à Dardano fuit eversa, dolore permutam ab his se remouisse, & in circulo qui arcticus dicitur constitisse, &c.

(f) Electra signifies serenity itself, and is compounded of *elect* which

And see, my (g) daughter Iris hastes to throw
 Her roseat wings in compass of a bow,
 About our state, as (h) sign of my approach :
 Attracting to her seat from (i) Mithra's coach,
 A thousand different and particular hews,
 Which she throughout her body doth diffuse.
 The sun, as loth to part from this half sphere,
 Stands still ; and Phœbe labours to appear
 In all as bright (if not as rich) as he :
 And, for a note of more serenity,
 My six (k) fair sisters hither shift their lights ;
 To do this hour the utmost of her rites.
 Where lest the captious, or prophane might doubt,
 How these clear heavenly bodies come about
 All to be seen at once ; yet neither's light
 Eclips'd, or shadow'd by the other's sight :
 Let ignorance know, great king, this day is thine,
 And doth admit no night : but all do shine
 As well nocturnal, as diurnal fires,
 To add unto the flame of our desires.
 Which are (now thou hast clos'd up (l) Janus' gates,
 And giv'n so general peace to all estates)

which is the sun, and ἡσυχία, that signifies serene. She is mentioned to be *Anima sphaera solis*, by Proclus. *Com. in Hesiod.*

(g) She is also feigned to be the mother of the rain-bow. *Nascitur enim Iris ex aqua & serenitate, à refractione radiorum scilicet. Arist. in meteorol.*

(h) *Val. Flac. Argonaut. 1.* makes the rainbow, *indicem serenitatis. Emicuit referata dies caelumque resolvit Arcus, & in summos redierunt nubila montes.*

(i) A name of the sun, *Stat. The. 1. 1. torquentem cornua Mithran.* And *Martian Capel. 1. 3. de nup. Mer. & Phil. Te Serapim Nilus, Memphis veneratur Osirin ; Dissona sacra Mithran, &c.*

(k) *Alyone, Celano, Taygete, Aferope, Merope, Maia*, which are also said to be the souls of the other spheres, as *electra* of the sun. *Proclus, ibi in com. Alyone Veneris, Celano Saturni, Taygete Lunæ, Aferope Jovis, Merope Martis, Maia Mercurii.*

(l) Alluding back to that of our temple.

That no offensive mist, or cloudy stain,
 May mix with splendor of thy golden reign;
 But, as thou'st freed thy (*m*) chamber from the noise
 Of war and tumult; thou wilt pour those joys
 Upon (*n*) this place, which claims to be the (*o*) seat
 Of all the kingly race: the cabinet
 To all thy counsels; and the judging chair
 To this thy special kingdom. Whose so fair
 And wholesome laws, in every court, shall strive
 By equity, and their first innocence to thrive;
 The base and guilty bribes of guiltier men
 Shall be thrown back, and justice look, as when
 She lov'd the earth, and fear'd not to be sold
 For that, (*p*) which worketh all things to it, gold.

The dam of other evils, avarice,
 Shall here lock down her jaws, and that rude vice
 Of ignorant, and pitied greatness, pride,
 Decline with shame; ambition now shall hide
 Her face in dust, as dedicate to sleep,
 That in great portals wont her watch to keep.
 All ills shall fly the light: thy court be free
 No less from envy, than from flattery;
 All tumult, faction, and harsh discord cease,
 That might perturb the musick of thy peace:
 The querulous nature shall no longer find
 Room for his thoughts: one pure consent of mind
 Shall flow in every breast, and not the air,
 Sun, moon, or stars shine more serenely fair.
 This from that loud, blest oracle, I sing,
 Who here, and first, pronounc'd thee Britain's king

(*m*) London.

(*n*) His city of Westminster, in whose name, and at whose charge
 together with the dutchy of Lancaster, this arch was erected.

(*o*) Since here, they not only sat being crowned, but also
 received their crowns.

(*p*) *Hor. Car. lib. 4. ode 9. Ducentis ad se juncta pecunia.*

Long may'st thou live, and see me thus appear,
As ominous (n) a comet, from my sphere,
Unto thy reign; as that (o) did auspicate
So lasting glory to Augustus' state. †

(n) For our more authority to induce her thus, see *Fest. Avien. paraph. in Arat.* speaking of *Elektra*, *Nonnunquam oceani tamen isiam surgere ab undis, In convexa poli, sed sede carere sororum; Atque os discretum procul edere, detestatam: Germanique choros sobolis lacrimare ruinas Diffusamque comas cerni, crinisque soluti Monstrari effigie. &c.*

(o) All comets were not fatal, some were fortunately ominous, as this to which we allude; and wherefore we have Pliny's testimony, *Nat. Hist. lib. 2. cap. 25.* *Cometes in uno totius orbis loco colitur in templo Romæ, admodum faustus Divo Augusto judicatus ab ipso: qui incipiente eo, apparuit ludis quos faciebat Veneri Genetrici, non multo post obitum patris Cæsaris, in collegio ab eo instituto. Namque his verbis id gaudium prodidit. Iis ipsis ludorum meorum diebus, sydus crinitum per septem dies in regione cæli, quæ sub septentrionibus est, conspectum. Id oriebatur circa undecimam horam diei, clarumque & omnibus terris conspicuum fuit. Eo sydere significari vulgus credidit, Cæsaris animam inter Deorum immortalium numina receptam: quo nomine id insigne simulacro capitis ejus, quod mox in foro consecravimus, adjectum est. Hæc ille in publicum, interiore gaudio sibi illum natum seque in eo nasci interpretatus est. Et si verum fatemur, salutare id terris fuit*

† Thomas Churchyard, the old court-poet, wrote also a Pæan triumphal, upon the king's publick entry from the Tower of London to Westminster, on March 15th 1603; and this serves to correct the common accounts in the life of that author, who lived to a much longer age than is generally assigned him.

A
P A N E G Y R E
O N T H E

H A P P Y E N T R A N C E

O F

J A M E S, our Sovereign,

T O H I S

First High Session of PARLIAMENT
in this his Kingdom, the 19th of
March, 1603.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui.

MART.

HEav'n now not strives, alone, our breasts to fill
With joys ; but urgeth his full favours still.
Again, the glory of our western world
Unfolds himself ; and from his eyes are hurl'd
(Today) a thousand radiant lights, that stream
To every nook and angle of his realm.
His former rays did only clear the sky ;
But these his searching beams are cast, to pry
Into those dark and deep concealed vaults,
Where men commit black incest with their faults,
And snore supinely in the stall of sin ;
Where murder, rapine, lust, do sit within,
Carousing human blood in iron bowls,
And make their den the slaughter-house of souls :

From

From whose foul reeking caverns first arise
Those damps, that so offend all good mens eyes,
And would (if not dispers'd) infect the crown,
And in their vapour her bright metal drown.

To this so clear and sanctify'd an end,
I saw, when reverend Themis did descend¹
Upon his state: let down in that rich chain,
That fastneth heav'nly power to earthly reign:
Beside her stoop'd on either hand, a maid,
Fair Dice, and Eunomia, who were said
To be her daughters: and but faintly known
On earth, till now, they come to grace his throne.
Her third, Irene, help'd to bear his train;
And in her office vow'd she would remain,
Till foreign malice, or unnatural spight
(Which fates avert) should force her from her right.
With these he pass'd, and with his people's hearts
Breath'd in his way; and souls (their better parts)
Hasting to follow forth in shouts, and cries.
Upon his face all threw their covetous eyes,
As on a wonder: some amazed stood,
As if they felt, but had not known their good.
Other would fain have shewn it in their words:
But, when their speech so poor a help affords
Unto their zeal's expression, they are mute;
And only with ^a red silence him salute.
Some cry from tops of houses; thinking noise
The fittest herald to proclaim true joys:
Others on ground run gazing by his side,
All, as unwearied, as unsatisfied:

¹ I saw when reverend Themis did ASCEND

Upon his state.] The last expression is false, and destroys the intended idea; we are to read, *did descend upon his state*.

^a And only with RED SILENCE him salute.] By a metonymy of the effect for the cause, the poet puts *red* for *blushing*; and such licence is common in our author. It had been easy however to have pronounced it a corruption, and that *dread silence* was the expression which he ought to have used.

And every window griev'd it could not move
 Along with him, and the same trouble prove.
 They that had seen, but four short days before,
 His gladding look, now long'd to see it more.
 And as of late, when he through London went,
 The amorous city spar'd no ornament,
 That might her beauties heighten; but so drest,
 As our ambitious dames, when they make feast,
 And would be courted: so this town put on
 Her brightest 'tire'; and in it equal shone
 To her great sister; save that modesty,
 Her place, and years, gave her precedency.

The joy of either was alike, and full;
 No age, nor sex, so weak, or strongly dull,
 That did not bear a part in this concert
 Of heart, and voices. All the air was rent,
 As with the murmur of a moving wood:
 The ground beneath did seem a moving flood:
 Walls, windows, roofs, tow'rs, steeples, all were set
 With several eyes, that in this object met.
 Old men were glad their fates till now did last;
 And infants, that the hours had made such haste
 To bring them forth: whilst riper ag'd, and apt
 To understand the more, the more were rapt.
 This was the peoples love, with which did strive
 The nobles zeal, yet either kept alive
 The other's flame, as doth the wike and wax,
 That, friendly temper'd, one pure taper makes.
 Mean while the reverend Themis draws aside
 The king's obeying will, from taking pride
 In these vain stirs, and to his mind suggests
 How he may triumph in his subjects breasts,
 With better pomp. She tells him first, "That king
 "Are here on earth the most conspicuous things:

*So THIS TOWN put on
 Her brightest 'tire'.] This town means the city of Westminster
 opposed to London, her eldest sister.*

" Th

" That they, by heav'n are plac'd upon his throne,
 " To rule like heav'n ; and have no more their own,
 " As they are men, than men. That all they do
 " Though hid at home, abroad is search'd into :
 " And being once found out, discover'd lies
 " Unto as many envies, there, as eyes.
 " That princes, since they know it is their fate,
 " Oft-times, to have the secrets of their state
 " Betray'd to fame, should take more care, and fear
 " In publick acts what face and form they bear.
 " She then remembred to his thought the place
 " Where he was going ; and the upward race
 " Of kings, preceding him in that high court ;
 " Their laws, their ends ; the men she did report :
 " And all so justly, as his ear was joy'd
 " To hear the truth, from spight or flattery void¹.
 " She shew'd him who made wise, who honest acts ;
 " Who both, who neither : all the cunning tracts,
 " And thriving statutes, she could promptly note ;
 " The bloody, base, and barbarous she did quote ;
 " Where laws were made to serve the tyrant's will ;
 " Where sleeping they could save, and waking kill ;
 " Where acts gave licence to impetuous lust
 " To bury churches in forgotten dust,
 " And with their ruins raise the pander's bow'rs :
 " When publick justice borrow'd all her pow'rs
 " From private chambers ; that could then create
 " Laws, judges, counsellors, yea, prince and state.
 " All this she told, and more, with bleeding eyes ;
 " For Right is as compassionate as wise."
 Nor did he seem their vices so to love,

¹ To hear the truth from SPIGHT OF FLATTERY void.] The phrase *spight of flattery* may be easily interpreted into good sense, as flattery is certainly no great sign of good-will to the person it is given to ; but the disjunctive particle *or*, which is the reading of the old copy, making an agreeable antithesis, I have conformed to that reading. Truth is the just medium between spite and flattery.

As once defend, what Themis did reprove.
 For though by right, and benefit of times,
 He own'd their crowns, he would not so their crimes.
 He knew that princes, who had sold their fame
 To their voluptuous lusts, had lost their name;
 And that no wretch was more unblest than he,
 Whose necessary good 'twas now to be
 An evil king: and so must such be still,
 Who once have got the habit to do ill.
 One wickedness another must defend;
 For vice is sale, while she hath vice to friend.
 He knew that those who would with love command,
 Must with a tender (yet a stedfast) hand
 Sustain the reins, and in the check forbear
 To offer cause of injury, or fear.
 That kings, by their example, more do sway
 Than by their power; and men do more obey
 When they are led, than when they are compell'd.
 In all these knowing arts our prince excell'd.
 And now the dame had dry'd her dropping eyne,
 When, like an April Iris, flew her shine
 About the streets, as it would force a spring
 From out the stones, to gratulate the king.
 She blest the people, that in shoals did swim
 To hear her speech; which still began in him,
 And ceas'd in them. She told them what a fate
 Was gently fall'n from heaven upon the state;
 How dear a father they did now enjoy,
 That came to save, what discord would destroy:
 And ent'ring with the power of a king,
 The temp'rance of a private man did bring,
 That wan affections, ere his steps wan ground;
 And was not hot, or covetous to be crown'd
 Before mens hearts had crown'd him. Who (unlike
 Those greater bodies of the sky, that strike
 The lesser fires dim) in his access
 Brighter than all, hath yet made no one less;
 Though

Though many greater : and the most, the best.
Wherein his choice was happy with the rest
Of his great actions, first to see, and do
What all mens wishes did aspire unto.

Hereat the people could no longer hold
Their bursting joys ; but through the air was roll'd
The lengthen'd shout, as when th' artillery
Of heaven is discharg'd along the sky.

And this confession flew from ev'ry voice,

" Never had land more reason to rejoice,

" Nor to her bliss could aught now added be,

" Save, that she might the same perpetual see."

Which when time, nature, and the fates deny'd,

With a twice louder shout again they cry'd,

" Yet let blest Britain ask (without your wrong)

" Still to have such a king, and this king long."

Solus rex & poeta non quotannis nascitur.

A
Particular Entertainment
OF THE
QUEEN and PRINCE
AT
ALTHROP E,

At the Right Honourable the Lord SPENCER's,
on Saturday, being the 25th of June, 1603, as
the came first into the Kingdom.

A S A T Y R.

*The invention was to have¹ a Satyr lodged in a little spinet,
by which her majesty and the prince were to come, who
(at the report of certain cornets that were divided in
several places of the park, to signify her approach) ad-
vanced his head above the top of the wood, wondering,
and (with his pipe in his hand) began as followeth:*

S A T Y R.

HERE? there? and ev'ry where?
Some solemnities are near,
That these changes strike mine ear.
My pipe and I a part shall bear.

And after a short strain with his pipe; again.
Look, see; (beshrew this tree)
What may all this wonder be?

¹ *A Satyr lodged in a little SPINET.] i. e. a copse of young wood.*
Pipe

ENTERTAINMENTS. 201

Pipe it who that list for me :
I'll flie out abroad, and see.

*There he leaped down, and gazing the queen and the prince
in the face, went forward.*

That is Cyparissus' face!
And the dame hath Syrinx' grace!
O that Pan were now in place;
Sure they are of heav'nly race.

*Here he ran into the wood again, and hid himself, whilst
to the sound of excellent soft musick, that was there con-
cealed in the thicket, there came tripping up the lawn a
bevy of Fairies, attending on Mab their queen, who
falling into an artificial ring, that was there cut in the
path, began to dance a round, while their mistress spake
as followeth.*

F A I R Y.

Hail and welcome, worthiest queen,
Joy had never perfect been,
To the nymphs that haunt this green,
Had they not this evening seen.
Now they print it on the ground
With their feet in figures round,
Marks that will be ever found,
To remember this glad sound^a.

The Satyr peeping out of the bush, said,

Trust her not, you bonny-bell,
She will forty leafings tell,
I do know her pranks right well.

^a To remember this glad sound.] The true word *sound*, i. e. *time* or *season*. It is so used by our old poets.

F A I R Y.

FAIRY.

Satyr, we must have a spell
For your tongue, it runs too fleet.

SATYR.

Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the cream-bowls sweet,
You and all your elves do meet.

*Here he came hopping forth, and mixing himself with the
Fairies, skipped in, out, and about their circle, while
the elves made many offers to catch at him.*

This is Mab, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
And can hurt or help the churning,
(As she please) without discerning.

Elf. Pug, you will anon take warning?

Sat. She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.

Elf. Shall we strip the skipping jester?

Sat. This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles:
Trains forth midwives in their slumber,
With a sieve the holes to number;
And then leads them, from her boroughs,
Home through ponds and water-furrows.

Elf. Shall not all this mocking stir us?

Sat. She can start our Franklin's daughters¹,
In her sleep, with shrieks and laughter,
And on sweet St. Anna's night²,
Feed them with a promis'd sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.

Elf. Satyr, vengeance near you hovers.

Sat. And in hope that you would come here
Yester-eve, the lady (a) Summer
She invited to a banquet,
But (in sooth) I con you thank yet,
That you could so well deceive her
Of the pride which gan up-heave her!
And (by this) would so have blown her³
As no wood-god should have known her.

Here be skipped into the wood.

¹ *She can start our FRANKLIN's daughters.] A franklin is a yeoman, a country farmer, or freeholder.*

² *And on sweet St. ANN's night.] This verse wanting a syllable in the measure, it will be necessary to read it as under,*

And on sweet St. Anna's night.

Though I think the feat it alludes to, is sometimes said to be performed upon St. Agnes' night; and 'tis possible that might have been the original reading.

(a) For she was expected there on Midsummer-day at night, but came not till the day following.

³ *And (by this) would so have blown her.] The subsequent line I retrieved from the old copies, and it is material to perfect both the rhyme and the sense.*

Elf.

204 ENTERTAINMENTS.

Elf. Mistress, this is only spite :
For you would not yesternight
Kiss him in the cock-shut light ⁶.

And came again.

SATYR.

By Pan, and thou hast hit it right.

There they laid hold on him, and nipt him.

FAIRY.

Fairies, pinch him black and blue,
Now you have him, make him rue.

SATYR.

O, hold, mistress Mab, I sue ⁷.

⁶ *Kiss him in the COCK-SHOUT LIGHT.*] That is, in the twilight; and it may be applied either to the evening or the morning. Mr. Symphon remarks the same expression in Shakespear's *King Richard III.*

" Thomas earl of Surry and himself,

" Much about cock-shut time."

Act 5. scene 3.

The expression in Shakespear evidently means the evening, or shutting in of day. It seems also to carry the same meaning here. Cock-shout one would imagine was the same as cock-crowling, which is usually about break of day; but I am apt to think that word is a corruption, and that cock-shut is the right reading; and the idea it directs us to is quite a different thing. There is a method of catching wood-cocks, in a kind of clap net, which is called a cock-shut; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set, or before its rising, cock-shut light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight, and is indifferently applicable to either.

⁷ *O, hold, Mab, I sue.*] The line is defective by the loss of a foot: I can recollect no word so proper to be inserted as *mistress*, an appellation the satyr gave her in the beginning,

ENTERTAINMENTS. 205

Elf. Nay, the devil shall have his due.

*Then he ran quite away, and left them in a confusion,
while the Fairy began again.*

FAIRY.

Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
Common with the sylvan train,
That do skip about this plain :
Elves, apply your gyre again.

And whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, and some shall sing,
We'll express in ev'ry thing,
(b) Oriana's well-coming.

S O N G.

THIS is she,
This is she
In whose world of grace
Ev'ry season, person, place,
That receive her happy be ;
For with no less,
Than (c) a kingdom's happiness,
Doth she private (d) Lares bless,
And ours above the rest :
By how much we deserve it least.
Long live Oriana
T' exceed (whom she succeeds) our late Diana.

This is Mab, the mistress Fairy.

I have not scrupled therefore to place it in the text.

(b) *Quasi Oriens ANNA.* (c) Bringing with her the prince,
which is the greatest felicity of kingdoms. (d) For households.

F A I.

FAIRY.

Madam, now an end to make,
Deign a simple gift to take :
Only for the Fairies sake,
Who about you still shall wake.

'Tis done only to supply
His suspected courtesy,
Who (since Thamyra did die)
Hath not brook'd a lady's eye,

Nor allow'd about his place,
Any of the female race.
Only we are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chace.

For which bounty to us lent,
Of him unknowldg'd, or unsent,
We prepar'd this (e) compliment,
And as far from cheap intent,

In particular to feed
Any hope that should succeed,
Or our glory by the deed,
As your self are from the need.

Utter not we you implore
Who did give it, nor wherefore.
And whenever you restore
Your self to us, you shall have more.

Highest, happiest queen, farewell ;
But beware you do not tell.

(e) A jewel was given her

Here the Fairies bopt away in a fantastic dance, when, on a sudden, the Satyr discovered himself again, and came forth.

Not tell? ha, ha, I could smile?
 At this old, and toothless wile.
 Lady, I have been no sleeper,
 She belies the noble keeper.
 Say, that here he like the groves;
 And pursue no foreign loves:
 Is he therefore to be deemed
 Rude, or savage? or esteemed
 But a sorry entertainer,
 'Cause he is no common strainer,
 After painted nymphs for favours,
 Or that in his garb he savours
 Little of the nicety,
 In the sprucer courtiery;
 As the rosary of kisses,
 With the oath that never misses,
 This, "believe me on the breast,"
 And then telling some man's jest,
 Thinking to prefer his wit,
 Equal with his suit by it,
 I mean his cloaths? No, no, no,
 Here doth no such humour flow.
 He can neither bribe a grace,
 Nor encounter my lord's face
 With a pliant smile, and flatter,
 Though this lately were some matter
 To the making of a courtier.
 Now he hopes he shall resort there,
 Safer, and with more allowance;
 Since a hand hath governance,
 That hath gi'n these customs chace,
 And hath brought his own in place.

O that

208 ENTERTAINMENTS.

O that now a wish could bring,
 The god-like person of a king;
 Then should even envy find,
 Cause of wonder at the mind
 Of our woodman: but lo, where
 His kingly image doth appear,
 And is all this while neglected.
 Pardon (lord) you are respected,
 Deep as is the keeper's heart,
 And as dear in ev'ry part.
 See, for instance, where he sends
 His (*f*) son, his heir; who humbly bends
 Low as is his father's earth,
 To the womb that gave you birth:
 So he was directed first,
 Next to you, of whom the thirst
 Of seeing takes away the use
 Of that part, should plead excuse
 For his boldness, which is less
 By his comely shamefac'dness.
 Rise up, sir, I will betray
 All I think you have to say;
 That your father gives you here
 (Freely as to him you were)
 To the service of this prince:
 And with you these instruments
 Of his wild and sylvan trade,
 Better not Actæon had.
 The bow was Phœbe's, and the horn,
 By Orion often worn:
 The dog of Sparta breed, and good,
 As can ring within a wood;
 Thence his name is: you shall try
 How he hunteth instantly.

(*f*) Here the Satyr fetched out of the wood the lord's eldest son, attired and appointed like a huntsman.

But perhaps the queen, your mother,
 Rather doth affect some other
 Sport, as coursing: we will prove
 Which her highness most doth love.
 Satyrs, let the woods resound,
 They shall have their welcome crown'd,
 With a brace of bucks to ground.

}

At that the whole wood and place resounded with the noise of cornets, horns, and other bunting musick, and a brace of choice deer put out, and as fortunately killed, as they were meant to be, even in the sight of her majesty.

This was the first night's shew. Where the next day being Sunday, she rested, and on Monday till after dinner; where there was a speech suddenly thought on, to induce a morris of the clowns thereabout, who most officiously presented themselves; but by reason of the throng of the country that came in, their speaker could not be heard, who was in the person of No-body, to deliver this following speech, and attired in a pair of breeches which were made to come up to his neck, with his arms out at his pockets, and a cap drowning his face.

IF my outside move your laughter,
 Pray Jove, my inside be thereafter.
 Queen, prince, duke, earls,
 Countesses, you courtly pearls!
 (And I hope no mortal sin,
 If I put less ladies in)
 Fair saluted be you all,
 At this time it doth befall,
 We are the huisher to a morris,
 (A kind of masque) whereof good store is
 In the country hereabout,
 But this, the choice of all the rout.

VOL. V,

O

Who,

210 ENTERTAINMENTS.

Who, because that no man sent them,
 Have got *No-body* to present them.
 These are things have no suspicion
 Of their ill-doing ; nor ambition
 Of their well : but as the pipe
 Shall inspire them, mean to skip:
 They come to see, and to be seen,
 And though they dance afore the queen,
 There's none of these doth hope to come by
 Wealth, to build another *Holmby* * :
 All those dancing days are done,
 Men must now have more than one
 Grace, to build their fortunes on,
 Else our souls would sure have gone,
 All by this time to our feet.
 I not deny where graces meet
 In a man, that quality
 Is a graceful property :
 But when dancing is his best,
 (Beshrew me) I suspect the rest.
 But I am *No-body*, and my breath
 (Soon as it is born) hath death.
 Come on, clowns, forsake your dumps,
 And bestir your hob-nail'd stumps,
 Do your worst, I'll undertake,
 Not a jerk you have shall make

* *And though they dance afore the queen,
 There's none of these doth hope to come by
 Wealth to build another HOLMBY.*

[*Holmby, or Holdenby house* was a magnificent structure in the neighbourhood of Althorpe ; it was built by sir Christopher Hatton, lord chancellor in the time of queen Elizabeth, as the last and noblest monument of his youth. After the death of Charles I it was pulled down, and the materials sold by order of the parliament, in order to discharge the arrears due to the army. Sir Christopher Hatton was taken notice of by queen Elizabeth for his gracefulness in dancing before her at court, which proved the first step to his future preferments. To this circumstance the first of these lines alludes.

And

ENTERTAINMENTS. 211

Any lady here in love.
 Perhaps your fool, or so, may move
 Some lady's woman with a trick,
 And upon it she may pick
 A pair of revelling legs, or two,
 Out of you, with much ado.
 But see, the hobby-horse is forgot.
 Fool, it must be your lot,
 To supply his want with faces,
 And some other buffoon graces,
 You know how ; piper, play,
 And let No-body hence away.

There was also another parting speech, which was to have been presented in the person of a youth, and accompanied with divers gentlemen's younger sons of the country : but by reason of the multitudinous press, was also hindered. And which we have here adjoined.

AND will you then, mirror of queens, depart ?
 Shall nothing stay you ? not my master's heart ?
 That pants to lose the comfort of your light,
 And see his day, ere it be old, grow night ?
 You are a goddess, and your will be done :
 Yet this our last hope is, that as the sun
 Cheers objects far remov'd, as well as near ;
 So, wherefoe'er you shine, you'll sparkle here.
 And you, dear lord, on whom my covetous eye
 Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy,
 O shoot up fast in spirit, as in years ;
 That when upon her head proud Europe wears
 Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
 The richest gem, without a paragon.
 Shine bright and fixed as the arctick star :
 And when slow time hath made you fit for war,

O ?

Look

212 ENTERTAINMENTS.

Look over the strict ocean, and think where
 You may but lead us forth, that grow up here
 Against a day, when our officious swords
 Shall speak our actions, better than our words.
 Till then, all good event conspire to crown
 Your parents hopes, our zeal, and your renown.
 Peace usher now your steps, and where you come,
 Be envy still struck blind, and flattery dumb.

* Thus much, which was the least of the entertainment in respect of the reality, abundance, delicacy, and order of all things else, to do that serviceable right to his noble friend, which his affection owes, and his lordship's merit may challenge, the author hath suffered to come out, and encounter censure; and not here unnecessarily adjoined, being performed to the same queen and prince, who were no little part of these more laboured and triumphal shows. And to whose greatest part, he knows, the honourable lord, had he been so blest as to have seen him at his lodge, would have stretched in observance, though he could not in love and zeal.

* *Thus much, &c.*] I have added this from the quarto edition, published at the end of the preceding entertainment of the king in passing to his coronation; which contains also the foregoing panegyrick.

A
PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE
KING and QUEEN,
ON
MAY-DAY in the MORNING.

At Sir WILLIAM CORNWALLIS's House,
at HIGHGATE, 1604.

*The King and Queen being entered in at the gate;
the Penates, or household-gods, received them, attired
after the antique manner, with javelins in their hands,
standing on each side of the porch, with this speech.*

PENATES.

1.

LEAP, light hearts, in ev'ry breast,
Joy is now the fittest passion;
Double majesty hath blest
All the place, with that high grace
Exceedeth admiration!

2.

Welcome, monarch of this isle,
Europe's envy, and her mirror;
Great in each part of thy style;
England's wish, and Scotland's bliss,
Both France and Ireland's terror,

O 3

1. Wel

214 ENTERTAINMENTS.

1.

Welcome are you ; and no less,
Your admired queen : the glory
Both of state, and comeliness.
Ev'ry line of her divine
Form, is a beauteous story.

2.

High in fortune, as in blood,
So are both ; and blood renowned
By oft falls, that make a flood
In your veins : yet all these strains
Are in your virtues drowned.

1.

House, be proud : for of earth's store
These two only are the wonder :
In them she's rich, and is no more.
Zeal is bound their praise to sound
As loud as fame, or thunder.

2.

Note, but how the air, the spring
Concur in their devotions ;
Pairs of turtles sit and sing
On each tree, o'er-joy'd to see
In them like love, like motions.

1. Enter,

1.

Enter, fir, this longing door,
 Whole glad lord nought could have blessed
 Equally ; (I'm sure not more)
 Than this sight : save of your right,
 When you were first possessed.

2.

That, indeed, transcended this.
 Since which hour, wherein you gain'd it,
 For this grace, both he and his,
 Ev'ry day, have learn'd to pray,
 And now they have obtain'd it.

Here the Penates lead them in, thorough the house, into the garden, where Mercury with a second speech, received them, walking before them.

Mer. Retire, you household gods, and leave these excellent creatures to be entertained by a more eminent deity. Hail king, and queen of the islands, called truly fortunate, and by you made so. To tell you who I am, and wear all these notable and speaking ensigns about me, were to challenge you of most impossible ignorance, and accuse my self of as palpable glory : it is enough that you know me here, and come with the licence of my father Jove, who is the bounty of heaven, to give you early welcome to the bower of my mother Maia, no less the goodness of earth. And may it please you to walk, I will tell you no wonderful story. This place, whereon you are now advanced (by the mighty power of poetry, and the help of a faith that can remove mountains) is the Arcadian hill Cyl-lene, the place where my self was both begot and
 O 4 born :

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born : and of which I am frequently called Cyllenius : Under yond' purslane-tree stood sometime my cradle. Where now behold my mother Maia, sitting in the pride of her plenty, gladding the air with her breath, and cheering the spring with her smiles. At her feet, the blushing Aurora, who, with her rosy hand, casteth her honey-dews on those sweeter herbs, accompanied with that gentle wind Favonius, whose subtile spirit, in the breathing forth, Flora makes into flowers, and sticks them in the grass, as if she contended to have the embroidery of the earth richer than the cope of the sky. Here, for her month, the yearly delicate May keeps state ; and from this mount takes pleasure to display these valleys, yond' lesser hills, those statelier edifices and towers, that seem enamour'd so far off, and are rear'd on end to behold her, as if their utmost object were her beauties. Hither the Dryads of the valley, and nymphs of the great river come ev'ry morning to taste of her favours ; and depart away with laps fill'd with her bounties. But, see ! upon your approach, their pleasures are instantly remitted. The birds are hush'd, Zephyre is still, the morn forbears her office, Flora is dumb, and her self amaz'd, to behold two such marvels, that do more adorn place than she can time : pardon, your majesty, the fault, for it is that hath caus'd it ; and till they can collect their spirits, think silence and wonder the best adoration.

Here Aurora, Zephyrus, and Flora, began this Song in three parts.

S O N G.

S O N G.

SEE, see, O see who here is come a maying!
 The master of the ocean;
 And his beauteous Orian:
 Why left we our playing?

To gaze, to gaze,
 On them, that gods no less than men amaze:

Up, nightingale, and sing

Jug, jug, jug, jug, &c.

Raise, lark, thy note, and wing,

All birds their musick bring,

Sweet robin, linet, thrush,

Record from every bush

The welcome of the king;

And queen:

Whose like were never seen,

For good, for fair;

Nor can be; though fresh May,

Should every day

Invite a several pair,

No, though she should invite a several pair.

Which ended; Maia (seated in her bower, with all those personages about her, as before describ'd) began to raise herself, and, then declining, spake.

Mai. If all the pleasures were distill'd
 Of ev'ry flower in ev'ry field,
 And all that Hybla's hives do yield,
 Were into one broad mazer fill'd;
 If, thereto, added all the gums,
 And spice, that from Panchaia comes,
 The odour, that Hydaspes lends,
 Or Phœnix proves, before she ends;
 If all the air, my Flora drew,
 Or spirit, that Zephyre ever blew;

Were

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Were put therein ; and all the dew
 That ever rosy morning knew ;
 Yet all diffus'd upon this bow'r,
 To make one sweet detaining hour,
 Were much too little for the grace,
 And honour, you vouchsafe the place.
 But if you please to come again,
 We vow, we will not then, with vain,
 And empty pass-times entertain,
 Your so desir'd, tho' griev'd pain.
 For we will have the wanton fawns,
 That frisking skip about the lawns,
 The Panisks, and the Sylvans rude,
 Satyrs, and all that multitude,
 To dance their wilder rounds about,
 And cleave the air, with many a shout,
 As they would hunt poor echo out
 Of yonder valley, who doth flout
 Their rustick noise. To visit whom
 You shall behold whole beves come
 Of gaudy nymphs, whose tender calls
 Well-tun'd unto the many falls
 Of sweet, and several sliding rills,
 That stream from tops of those less hills,
 Sound like so many silver quills,
 When Zephyre them with musick fills.
 For these, Favonius here shall blow
 New flow'rs, which you shall see to grow,
 Of which each hand a part shall take,
 And, for your heads, fresh garlands make.
 Wherewith, whilst they your temples round,
 An air of several birds shall sound
 An Io Pæan, that shall drown
 The acclamations, at your crown.

" All this, and more than I have gift of saying,
 " May vows, so you will oft come here a maying."

Mer.

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Mer. And Mercury, her son, shall venture the displeasure of his father, with the whole bench of heaven, that day, but he will do his mother's intents all serviceable assistance. Till then, and ever, live high and happy, you, and your other you; both envied for your fortunes, loved for your graces, and admired for your virtues.

This was the morning's entertainment; after dinner, the king and queen coming again into the garden, Mercury the second time accosted them.

Mer. Again, great pair, I salute you; and with leave of all the gods, whose high pleasure it is, that Mercury make this your holyday. May all the blessings, both of earth and heaven, concur to thank you: for 'till this day's sun, I have faintly enjoyed a minute's rest to my creation. Now I do, and acknowledge it your sole, and no less than divine benefit. If my desire to delight you might not divert to your trouble, I would intreat your eyes to a new and strange spectacle; a certain son of mine, whom the Arcadians call a god, howsoever the rest of the world receive him: it is the horned Pan, whom in the translated figure of a goat I begot on the fair Spartan Penelope; May, let both your ears and looks forgive it: these are but the lightest escapes of us deities. And it is better in me to prevent his rustick impudence, by my blushing acknowledgment, than anon by his rude, and not insolent claim, be enforced to confess him. Yonder he keeps, and with him the wood-nymphs, whose leader he is in rounds and dances, to this sylvan musick. The place, about which they skip, is the fount of laughter, or Bacchus' spring; whose statue is advanced on the top; and from whose pipes, at an observed hour of the day, there flows a lusty liquor, that hath a present virtue to expel sadness; and within certain minutes
after

after it is tasted, force all the mirth of the spleen into the face. Of this is Pan the guardian. Lo! the fountain begins to run, but the nymphs at your sight are fled, Pan and his satyrs wildly stand at gaze. I will approach, and question him: vouchsafe your ear, and forgive his behaviour, which (even to me, that am his parent) will no doubt be rude enough, though otherwise full of salt, which except my presence did temper, might turn to be gall and bitterness; but that shall charm him.

Pan. O, it is Mercury! hollow 'em, agen, What be all these, father? gods, or men?

Mer. All human. Only these two are deities on earth, but such, as the greatest powers of heaven may resign to.

Pan. Why did our nymphs run away? can you tell? Here be sweet beauties love Mercury well; I see by their looks. How say you, great master? Will you please to hear? shall I be your taster?

Mer. Pan, you are too rude. *Pan.* It is but a glass, By my beard, and my horns, 'tis a health, and shall Were he a king, and his mistress a queen, [paus. This draught shall make him a petulant spleen. But trow, is he loose, or costive of laughter? I'd know, to fill him his glass, thereafter: Sure either my skill, or my sight doth mock, Or this lording's look should not care for the smock; And yet he should love both a horse and a hound, And not rest till he saw his game on the ground: Well, look to him, dame; beshrew me, were I 'Mongst these bonny bells, you should need a good eye Here mistress; all out. Since a god is your skinker: By my hand, I believe you were born a good drinker. They are things of no spirit, their blood is asleep, That, when it is offer'd 'em, do not drink deep.

Com

Come who is next ? our liquor here cools.

Ladies, I'm sure, you all ha' not fools

At home to laugh at. A little of this,

Ta'en down here in private, were not amiss.

Believe it, she drinks like a wench that had store
Of lord for her laughter, then will you have more ?

What answer you, lordings ? will you any or none ?

Laugh, and be fat, fir, your penance is known.

They that love mirth, let 'em heartily drink,

'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.

The young nymph, that's troubled with an old man,
Let her laugh him away, as fast as she can. [you ?

Nay drink, and not pause, as who would say must
But laugh at the wench, that next doth trust you.

To you, sweet beauty ; nay, 'pray you come hither
Ere you sit out, you'll laugh at a feather.

I'll never fear you, for being too witty,
You sip, so like a forsooth of the city.

Lords, for your selves, your own cups crown,
The ladies, ifaith, else will laugh you down.

Go to, little blusket, for this, anan,
You'll steal forth a laugh in the shade of your fan.

This, and another thing, I can tell you,
Will breed a laughter, as low as your belly.

Of such sullen pieces, Jove send us not many,
They must be tickled, before they will any.

What, have we done ? they that want let 'em call,
Gallants, of both sides, you see here is all

Pan's entertainment : look for no more ;

Only, good faces, I read you, make store

Of your amorous knights, and 'squires hereafter,

They are excellent sponges, to drink up your laughter.

Farewel, I must seek out my nymphs, that you frighted ;

Thank Hermes, my father, if ought have delighted.

Mer. I am sure, thy last rudeness cannot ; for it
makes me seriously ashamed. I will not labour his ex-
cuse,

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cuse, since I know you more ready to pardon, than he to trespass : but for your singular patience, tender you all abundance of thanks ; and, mixing with the master of the place in his wishes, make them my divinations : That your loves be ever flourishing as May, and your house as fruitful : that your acts exceed the best, and your years the longest of your predecessors : that no bad fortune touch you, nor good change you. But still, that you triumph in this facility over the ridiculous pride of other princes ; and for ever live safe in the love, rather than the fear of your subjects.

And thus it ended.

BEN. JONSON.

THE

THE
ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE
TWO KINGS
OF
Great BRITAIN and DENMARK.

At THEOBALDS, July 24, 1606.

The kings being entered the Inner Court ; above, over the porch, sat the three Hours, upon clouds, as at the ports of heaven ; crowned with several flowers : of which one bore a sun dial ; the other, a clock ; the third, an hour-glass ; signifying as by their names, Law, Justice, and Peace. And for those faculties chosen to gratulate their coming with this speech.

EENTER, O long'd-for princes, bless these bow'rs,
And us, the three, by you made happy, Hours :
We that include all time, yet never knew
Minute like this, or object like to you.

' And us, the three, by you made happy, HOURS :] The Greek names of the Hours, were Eunomia, Dice, and Irene, the English of which the poet gave us above. They were said to be the daughter of Jupiter and Themis : their station was at the gates of heaven ; and therefore our author, consonant to poetic story, hath placed them over the porch of the house. Ovid also represents them as attending on the sun, and preparing his chariot for his journey.

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Two kings, the world's prime honours, whose access
Shews either's greatness, yet makes neither less:
Vouchsafe your thousand welcomes in this shewer;
The master vows, not Sybil's leaves were truer.

Express'd to the king of Denmark, thus.
*Qui colit has ædeis, ingentia gaudia adumbrans,
Cernendo reges pace coire pares,
Nos tempestivas, ad limina, collocat Horas,
Quod bona sub nobis omnia proveniant.
Unum ad lætitiæ cumulum tristatur abesse,
Quod nequeat signis lætitiâ exprimere.
Sed quia res solum ingentes hac parte laborant,
Utcunque expressam credidit esse satis.
At, quod non potuit dominus, supplevit abundè
Frondoso tellus munera facta loquax.
Eccos quam grati veniant quos terra salutat!
Verior his foliis nullâ Sybilla fuit.*

The Inscriptions on the Walls were,
DATE VENIAM SUBITIS.
DEBENTUR QUÆ SUNT, QUÆQUE FUTURA

EPIGRAMS hung up.

Ad Reges Serenissimos.

SÆPE Theobaldæ (sortis bonitate beatæ)
Excepere suos sub pia tella deos;
Haud simul at geminos: sed enim potuisse negabant;
Nec fas est tales posse putare duos.
Fortunata antebac, sed nunc domus undique salix,
At dominus quanto (si licet usque) magis!
Et licet, ô Magni, foliis si fidentis istis,
Queis Horæ summam contribuere fidem.

Ad Serenissimum Jacobum.

*Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
 Cujus ad obsequium non satis annus erat ?
 Nempe quod adveniant ingentia gaudia raro,
 Et quando adveniant vix datur hora frui.*

Ad Serenissimum Christianum.

*Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
 Quas Solis famulas Græcia docta vocat ?
 Talis ab adventu vestro lux fulsit in ædeis,
 Ut dominus solem crederet esse novum.*

Others, at their departure.

Ad Serenissimum Jacobum.

*Hospitio qui te cepit, famulantibus Horis,
 Cedere abbinc, nulla concomitante, finit ;
 Nempe omneis horas veniendi duxit amicas,
 Sed discedendi nulla minuta probat.*

Ad Serenissimum Christianum.

*Te veniente, novo domus hæc frondebat amictu ;
 Te discessuro, non prout ante viret :
 Nempe, sub accessu solis, novus incipit annus,
 Et, sub discessu, squalida sævit hyems.*

AN
ENTERTAINMENT
OF
King JAMES and Queen ANNE,
AT
THE OBALDS,*

WHEN THE
House was delivered up, with the possession,
to the Queen, by the Earl of SALISBURY,
the 22d of May, 1607.

The Prince JANVILE, Brother to the Duke of GUISE,
being then present.

The king and queen, with the princes of Wales and Lorrain, and the nobility, being entered into the gallery, after dinner there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room : which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place, hung all with black silks, and in it only one light, which the Genius of the house held, sadly attired ; his Cornucopia ready to fall out of his hand, his gyrland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground ; when, out of this penfive posture, after some little pause, he brake and began.

* *Theobalds.*] This house was built by sir William Cecil, and afterwards considerably improved by his son sir Robert, who was earl of Salisbury. He afterwards exchanged it with king James for Hatfield-house. In 1651 *Theobalds* was pulled down, and entirely defaced, and the plunder shared amongst the soldiers.

GE

G E N I U S.

LET not your glories darken, to behold
 The place, and me, her Genius here, so sad ;
 Who, by bold rumour, have been lately told,
 That I must change the loved lord I had.
 And he, now, in the twilight of sere age,
 Begin to seek a habitation new ;
 And all his fortunes, and himself engage
 Unto a seat, his fathers never knew.
 And I, uncertain what I must endure,
 Since all the ends of dest'ny are obscure.

*Here a voice was heard from behind the darkness, which
 bade him,*

M E R C U R Y.

Despair not, Genius, thou shalt know thy fate.

*And withal, the black vanishing, was discovered a glorious
 place, figuring the Lararium, or seat of the household
 gods, where both the Lares and Penates were painted
 in copper colour ; erected with columns and architrave,
 frieze and cornice, in which were placed divers diapha-
 nal glasses, filled with several waters, that shewed like
 so many stones of orient and transparent bows. Within,
 as farther off, in landscape, were seen clouds riding,
 and in one corner, a boy figuring Good Event attired in
 white, hovering in the air, with wings displayed, hav-
 ing nothing seen to sustain him by, all the time the shew
 lasted. At the other corner, a Mercury descended in a
 flying posture, with his Caduceus in his hand, who spake
 to the three Parcae, that sate low in a grate, with an
 iron roof, the one holding the rock, the other the spindle,
 and the third the sheers, with a book of adamant lying*

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*open before them. But first the Genius, surprized by wonder,
urged this doubt by question.*

GENIUS.

WHAT sight is this, so strange ! and full of state !
The son of Maia, making his descent
Unto the fates, and met with Good Event ?

MERCURY.

Daughters of Night and Secrecy, attend ;
You that draw out the chain of destiny,
Upon whose threads, both lives and times depend,
And all the periods of mortality ;
The will of Jove is, that you straight do look
The change, and fate unto this house decreed,
And speaking from your adamantine book,
Unto the Genius of the place it read ;
That he may know, and knowing blest his lot,
That such a grace beyond his hopes hath got.

CLOTHO.

When underneath thy roof is seen
The greatest king, and fairest queen,
With princes an unmatched pair,
One, hope of all the earth, their heir ;
The other styled of Lorrain,
Their blood ; and sprung from Charlemaine :
When all these glories jointly shine,
And fill thee with a heat divine,
And these reflected, do beget
A splendent sun, shall never set,
But here shine fixed, to affright
All after-hopes of following night,
Then, Genius, is thy period come,
To change thy lord : thus fates do doom.

G E N I U S.

But is my patron with this lot content,
 So to forsake his father's monument?
 Or is it gain, or else necessity,
 Or will to raise a house of better frame,
 That makes him shut forth his posterity
 Out of his patrimony, with his name?

M E R C U R Y.

Nor gain, nor need; much less a vain desire,
 To frame new roofs, or build his dwelling higher;
 He hath, with mortar, busied been to much,
 That his affections should continue such.

G E N I U S.

Do men take joy in labours, not t'enjoy?
 Or doth their business all their likings spend?
 Have they more pleasure in a tedious way,
 Than to repose them at their journey's end?

M E R C U R Y.

Genius, obey, and not expostulate;
 It is your virtue: and such powers as you,
 Should make religion of offending fate¹,
 Whose dooms are just, and whose designs are true:

L A C H E S I S.

The person for whose royal sake,
 Thou must a change so happy make,
 Is he, that governs with his smile
 This lesser world, this greatest isle.

¹ Should make RELIGION of offending fate.] This use of the term religion our poet borrowed from the Latin: *nam nihil dicere, religio est*, says Terence, in a sense parallel to the word above.

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His lady's servant thou must be ;
Whose second would great nature see,
Or Fortune, after all their pain,
They might despair to make again:

A T R O P O S.

She is the grace of all that are :
And as Eliza, now a star,
Unto her crown, and lasting praise,
Thy humbler walls (at first) did raise,
By virtue of her best aspect ;
So shall Bel-anna them protect :
And this is all, the fates can say ;
Which first believe, and then obey.

G E N I U S.

Mourn'd I before ? could I commit a sin
So much 'gainst kind, or knowledge, to protract
A joy, to which I should have ravish'd been,
And never shall be happy, till I act ?
Vouchsafe, fair queen, my patron's zeal in me ;
Who fly with fervor, as my fate commands,
To yield these keys : and wish, that you could see
My heart as open to you, as my hands.
There might you read my faith, my thoughts--But oh!
My joys, like waves, each other overcome !
And gladness drowns where it begins to flow.
Some greater pow'rs speak out, for mine are dumb.

*At this, was the place filled with rare and choice musick,
to which was heard the following song, delivered by
an excellent voice, and the burden maintained by the
whole quire.*

SONG.

ENTERTAINMENTS. 231

S O N G.

O blessed change!
And no less glad, than strange!
Where we that lose have won;
And for a beam enjoy a sun.

CHORUS.

" So little sparks become great fires,
" And high rewards crown low desires."

Was ever bliss
More full, or clear, than this!
The present month of May
Ne'er look'd so fresh, as doth this day.

CHORUS.

" So gentle winds breed happy springs,
" And duty thrives by breath of kings.

M A S Q U E S

A T

C O U R T.

Salve festa dies, meliorque revertere semper. Ovid.

T H E

Q U E E N ' s M A S Q U E S.

T H E F I R S T, O F

B L A C K N E S S :

Personated at the Court at WHITEHALL, on the
Twelfth-night, 1605.

TH E honour and splendor of these spectacles was such in the performance, as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine, now, had been a most unprofitable work. But (when it is the fate, even of the greatest, and most absolute births, to need and borrow a life of posterity) little had been done to the study of magnificence in these, if presently with the rage of the people, who (as a part of greatness) are privileged by custom, to deface their carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty therefore to that majesty, who gave them their authority and grace, and no less than the most royal of predecessors, deserves eminent celebration for these solemnities, I add this later hand, to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy, two common evils, the one of censure, the other of oblivion.

Pliny,

(a) Pliny, (b) Solinus, (c) Ptolemy, and of late Leo (d) the African, remember unto us a river in Æthiopia, famous by the name of Niger; of which the people were called Nigritæ, now Negroes; and are the blackest nation of the world. This (e) river taketh spring out of a certain lake, eastward; and after a long race, falleth into the western ocean. Hence (because it was her majesty's will to have them black-moors at first) the invention was derived by me, and presented thus:

First, for the scene, was drawn a landscape, consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed (f) six tritons, in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their musick made out of wreathed shells. Behind these, a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which, two great sea-horses (as big as the life) put forth themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sink forward; so

(a) *Nat. Hist.* l. 5. c. 8. (b) *Polybist.* c. 40. & 43. (c) *Lib.* 4. c. 3. (d) *Descrip. Afric.*

(e) Some take it to be same with Nilus, which is by Lucan called *Melas*, signifying Niger. Howsoever Plin. in the place above quoted, hath this: *Nigri fluvio eadem natura, quæ Nilo, calanum, pæpæm & eadem signis animalibus.* See Solin. above mentioned.

(f) The form of these tritons, with their trumpets, you may read lively described in *Ov. Met.* lib. 4. *Cervuleum Tritonæ circum, &c.* and in *Virg. Æneid.* lib. 10. *Hunc velis immanis triton, & sequent.*

intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better: (g) upon their backs, Oceanus and Niger were advanced.

Oceanus presented in a human form; the colour of his flesh blue, and shadowed with a robe of sea-green; his head grey, and (b) horned, as he is described by the ancients: his beard of the like mixed colour: he was garlanded with alga, or sea-grass; and in his hand a trident.

Niger, in form and colour of an Æthiop; his hair and rare beard curled, shadowed with a blue and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane and paper-rush.

These induced the masquers, which were twelve nymphs, negroes, and the daughters of Niger; attended by so many of the (i) Oceanix, which were their light-bearers.

The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on thole waters, and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order.

On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their

(g) Lucian in *PHTOP*. *Διδας*. presents Nilus so, *Equis faciatili insidentem*. And Statius Neptune, in *Theb*.

(b) The ancients induced Oceanus always with a bull's head: *propter vim ventorum, à quibus incitatur, & impellitur: vel quia tauri similem fremitum emittat, vel quia tanquam taurus furibundus, in litus feratur*. Euripid. in *Orest*. *Ὠκεανὸς ὡς ταυρὸς ἀνέκταν ἰσχυρὸν ἀνδρῶν ἔδωκεν*. And rivers sometimes were so called. Look Virg. de *Tiberi* & *Eridano*. *Geor.* 4. *Æneid.* 8. Hor. *Car.* lib. 4. ode 14. and Euripid. in *Ione*.

(i) The daughters of Oceanus and Tethys. See Hesiod. in *Theogon*. Orphe. in *Hym*, and Virgil in *Georg*.

backs

backs the twelve torch-bearers, who were planted there in several graces; so as the backs of some were seen; ¹ some in purple, or side; others in face; and all having their lights burning out of whelks, or murex-shells.

The attire of masquers was alike in all, without difference: the colours azure and silver; but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. And for the front, ear, neck and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl; best setting off from the black.

For the light-bearers, sea-green, waved about the skirts with gold and silver; their hair loose and flowing, gyrlanded with sea-grass, and that stuck with branches of coral.

These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea, (and united with this that flowed forth) from the termination, or horizon of which (being the level of the state, which was placed in the upper end of the hall) was drawn by the lines of perspective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty. To which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of master Inigo Jones's design and act.

By this, one of the tritons, with the two sea-maids, began to sing to the others loud musick, their voices being a tenor and two trebles.

¹ Some in PURPLE.] What is now more usually wrote *profile*: it represents an *oblique view*, or *side face*.—The reader must be advertised, that the notes distinguished by the letters of the alphabet were originally added by Jonson, for the explanation of his design, to support the propriety of the personages, and the habits in which they appeared.

SONG.

S O N G.

SOUND, sound aloud
 The welcome of the orient flood,
 Into the west ;
 Fair Niger, (*k*) son to great Oceanus,
 Now honour'd, thus,
 With all his beauteous race :
 Who, though but black in face,
 Yet are they bright,
 And full of life and light.
 To prove that beauty best,
 Which, not the colour, but the feature
 Assures unto the creature.

O C E A N U S.

Be silent, now the ceremony's done,
 And, Niger, say, how comes it, lovely son,
 That thou, the Æthiop's river, so far east,
 Art seen to fall into th' extremest west
 Of me, the king of floods, Oceanus,
 And in mine empire's heart, salute me thus ?
 My ceaseless current, now, amazed stands !
 To see thy labour through so many lands,
 (*l*) Mix thy fresh billow with my brackish stream ;
 And, in the sweetness, stretch thy diadem
 To these far distant and unequal'd skies,
 This squared circle of celestial bodies.

(*k*) All rivers are said to be the sons of the Ocean ; for, as the ancients thought, out of the vapours exhaled by the heat of the sun, rivers and fountains were begotten. And both by Orph. *in Hym.* and Homer, *Il. 2.* Oceanus is celebrated *tanquam pater, & origo diis, & rebus, quia nihil sine humectatione nascitur, aut putrescit.*

(*l*) There wants not enough, in nature, to authorize this part of our fiction, in separating Niger from the ocean, (beside the fable of Alpheus, and that, to which Virgil alludes of Arethusa, in his 10. eclog. *Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos, Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.*) Examples of Nilus, Jordan, and others, whereof see Nican. *lib. 1. de flumin.* and Plut. *in vita Syllæ*, even of this our river (as some think) by the name of Melas.

N I G E R.

Divine Oceanus, 'tis not strange at all,
That (since th'immortal souls of creatures mortal,
Mix with their bodies, yet reserve for ever
A power of separation) I should sever
My fresh streams from thy brackish (like things fixed)
Though, with thy powerful saltness, thus far mixed.
"Virtue, though chain'd to earth, will still live free ;
"And hell itself must yield to industry."

O C E A N U S.

But what's the end of thy Herculean labours,
Extended to these calm and blessed shores ?

N I G E R.

To do a kind and careful father's part,
In satisfying every pensive heart
Of these my daughters, my most loved birth :
Who, though they were the (m) first form'd dames of
[earth,
And in whose sparkling and refulgent eyes,
The glorious sun did still delight to rise ;
Tho' he (the best judge, and most formal cause
Of all dames beauties) in their firm hews, draws
Signs of his fervent'st love ; and thereby shews
That in their black, the perfect'st beauty grows ;
Since the fixt colour of their curled hair,
(Which is the highest grace of dames most fair)
No cares, no age can change ; or there display
The fearful tincture of abhorred grey ;

(m) Read Diod. Sicul. lib. 3. It is a conjecture of the old Eth-
nicks, that they which dwell under the south, were the first begotten
of the earth.

Since

Since death herself (her self being pale and blue)
 Can never alter their most faithful hue ;
 All which are arguments, to prove how far
 Their beauties conquer in great beauty's war ;
 And more, how near divinity they be,
 That stand from passion, or decay so free.
 Yet, since the fabulous voices of some few
 Poor brain-sick men, styl'd poets here with you,
 Have, with such envy of their graces, sung
 The painted beauties, other empires sprung ;
 Letting their loose and winged fictions flie
 T'infect all climates, yea, our purity ;
 As of one (n) Phaeton, that fir'd the world,
 And that, before his heedless flames were hurl'd
 About the globe, the Æthiops were as fair
 As other dames ; now black, with black despair :
 And in respect of their complexions chang'd,
 Are eachwhere, since, for (o) luckless creatures rang'd,
 Which, when my daughters heard, (as women are
 Most jealous of their beauties) fear and care
 Possess'd them whole ; yea, and believing (p) them,
 They wept such ceaseless tears into my stream,
 That it hath thus far overflow'd his shore
 To seek them patience : who have since, e'ermore
 As the sun riseth, (q) charg'd his burning throne
 With volleys of revilings ; 'cause he shone
 On their scorch'd cheeks with such intemperate fires,
 And other dames made queens of all desires.
 To frustrate which strange error, oft I sought,
 (Tho' most in vain, against a settled thought
 As womens are) till they confirm'd at length
 By miracle, what I, with so much strength

(n) *Notissima fabula*, Ovid. *Met.* lib. 2:

(o) Alluding to that of Juvenal. *satyr.* 5: *Et cui per mediam noli occurrere noctem.*

(p) The poets. (q) A custom of the Æthiops, notable in Herod. and Diod. Sic. See Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. 5. cap. 8.

Of argument resisted; else they feign'd :
For in the lake where their first spring they gain'd,
As they sat cooling their soft limbs, one night,
Appear'd a face, all circumfus'd with light;
(And sure they saw't, for Æthiops (r) never dream)
Wherein they might decypher through the stream,
These words :

" That they a land must forthwith seek,
" Whose termination (of the Greek)
" Sounds Tania ; where bright sol, that heat
" Their bloods, doth never (s) rise or set,
" But in his journey passeth by,
" And leaves that climate of the sky,
" To comfort of a greater light,
" Who forms all beauty with his sight."

In search of this, have we three pryncedoms past,
That speak out Tania in their accents last ;
Black Mauritania, first ; and secondly,
Swarth Lusitania ; next we did descry
Rich Aquitania : and yet cannot find
The place unto these longing nymphs design'd.
Instruct and aid me, great Oceanus,
What land is this that now appears to us ?

O C E A N U S.

This land, that lifts into the temperate air
His snowy cliff, is (t) Albion the fair ;
So call'd of (u) Neptune's son, who ruleth here :

(r) Plin. *ib.* (s) Consult with Tacitus, in *vita Agric.* and the
Aug. ad Constant.

(t) Orpheus, in his *Argonaut.* calls it *Αἰνυμένη Ἰβηρίς.*

(u) Alluding to the right of styling princes after the name of their
pryncedoms : so is he still Albion, and Neptune's son that governs,
also his being dear to Neptune, in being so embraced by him.

For whose dear guard, myself (four thousand year)
 Since old Deucalion's days, have walk'd the round
 About his empire, proud to see him crown'd
 About my waves.

At this the moon was discovered in the upper part of the house, triumphant in a silver throne, made in figure of a pyramis. Her garments white and silver, the dressing of her head antique, and crowned with a luminary, or sphere of light: which striking on the clouds, and heightened with silver, reflected as natural clouds do by the splendor of the moon. The heaven about her was vaulted with blue silk, and set with stars of silver, which had in them their several lights burning. The sudden sight of which made Niger to interrupt Oceanus with this present passion.

N I G E R.

— O see, our silver star!
 Whose pure, auspicious light greets us thus far!
 Great Æthiopia (x) goddess of our shore,
 Since with particular worship we adore
 Thy general brightness, let particular grace
 Shine on my zealous daughters: shew the place
 Which long their longings urg'd their eyes to see,
 Beautify them, which long have deify'd thee.

Æ T H I O P I A.

Niger, be glad: resume thy native cheer.
 Thy daughters labours have their period here,
 And so thy errors. I was that bright face
 Reflected by the lake, in which thy race

(x) The Æthiopians worshipped the moon by that surname.
 See Steph. *επι οὐρανῷ, in voce ΑΙΘΙΟΠΙΩΝ.*

Read mystick lines ; (which skill Pythagoras
First taught to men, by a reverberate glass *)
This blessed isle doth with that Tania end,
Which there they saw inscrib'd, and shall extend
With'd satisfaction to their best desires.
Britannia, which the triple world admires,
This isle hath now recover'd for her name ;
Where reign those beauties, that with so much fame
The sacred muses sons have honoured,
And from bright Hesperus to Eous spread.
With that great name Britannia, this blest isle
Hath won her ancient dignity, and style,
" A world divided from the world : " and try'd
The abstract of it, in his general pride.
For were the world, with all his wealth, a ring,
Britannia, (whose new name makes all tongues sing)
Might be a diamant worthy to inchase it,
Rul'd by a sun, that to this height doth grace it :
Whose beams shine day and night, and are of force
To blanch an Æthiop, and revive a corse.
His light sciential is, and (past mere nature)
Can salve the rude defects of ev'ry creature.
Call forth thy honour'd daughters then ;
And let them, 'fore the Britain men,
Indent the land, with those pure traces
They flow with, in their native graces.
Invite them boldly to the shore ;
Their beauties shall be scorch'd no more :
This sun is temperate, and refines
All things on which his radiance shines.

* ——— Which skill Pythagoras

First taught to men, by a reverberate glass.) The allusion is
what is told us by the scholiast on Aristophanes, that Pythagoras
discovered a method of writing with blood on a speculum, or po-
lished mirror ; and this being held opposite to the moon, what was
written on the glass would be reflected on the orb of the moon, and
would appear to be wrote thereon. Nub. v 750.

Here the Tritons sounded, and they danced on shore, every couple (as they advanced) severally presenting their fans: in one of which were inscribed their mixt names, in the other a mute hieroglyphick, expressing their mixed qualities. Which manner of symbol I rather chose, than imprese, as well for strangeness, as relishing of antiquity, and more applying to that original doctrine of sculpture, which the Egyptians are said first to have brought from the Æthiopians. [Diod. Sicul. Herod.]

	The Names,	The Symbols.
The Queen, Co. of Bedford.	1. { EUPHORIS, AGLAIA.	1. { A golden tree, laden with fruit.
La. Herbert, Co. of Derby.	2. { DIAPHANE, EUCAMPSE.	2. { The figure Ilocadron of crystal.
La. Rich, Co. of Suffolk.	3. { OCYTE, KATHARE.	3. { A pair of naked feet in a river.
La. Bewill, La. Effingham.	4. { NOTIS, PSYCHROTE.	4. { The SALAMANDER simple.
La. El. Howard, La. Suff. Vert.	5. { GLYCYTE, MALACIA.	5. { A cloud full of rain dropping.
La. Worth. La. Walsingham.	6. { BARYTE, PERIPHERE.	6. { An urn sphered with wine.

The Names of the (9) OCEANIE were,
 DORIS, } CYDIPPE, } BEROE, } IANTHE,
 PETRÆA } GLAUCE, } ACASTE, } LYCORIS,
 OCYRHOE, } TYCHE, } CLYTIA, } PLEXAURE.

Their own single dance ended, as they were about to make choice of their men: one, from the sea, was heard to call them with this charm, sung by a tenor voice.

S O N G.

Come away, come away,
 We grow jealous of your stay:
 If you do not stop your ear,
 We shall have more cause to fear

() Hesiod. in Theog.

Syrre

Syrens of the land, than they
To doubt the Syrens of the sea.

Here they danced with their men several measures and coranto's. All which ended, they were again accited to sea, with a song of two trebles, whose cadences were iterated by a double echo from several parts of the land.

S O N G.

DAughters of the subtile flood,
Do not let earth longer entertain you ;
1 *Ecb.* Let earth longer entertain you.
2 *Ecb.* Longer entertain you.

'Tis to them enough of good,
That you give this little hope to gain you.
1 *Ecb.* Give this little hope to gain you.
2 *Ecb.* Little hope to gain you.

If they love,
You shall quickly see ;
For when to flight you move,
They'll follow you, the more you flee.
1 *Ecb.* Follow you, the more you flee.
2 *Ecb.* The more you flee.

If not, impute it each to other's matter ;
They are but earth,
1 *Ecb.* But earth.
2 *Ecb.* Earth.

And what you vow'd was water.
1 *Ecb.* And what you vow'd was water.
2 *Ecb.* You vow'd was water.

ÆTHIOPIA.

Enough, bright nymphs, the night grows old,
 And we are griev'd we cannot hold
 You longer light: but comfort take.
 Your father only to the lake
 Shall make return: your selves, with feasts,
 Must here remain the Ocean's guests.
 Nor shall this veil, the sun hath cast
 Above your blood, more summers last.
 For which you shall observe these rites:
 Thirteen times thrice, on thirteen nights,
 (So often as I fill my sphere
 With glorious light throughout the year)
 You shall (when all things else do sleep
 Save your chaste thoughts) with reverence, steep
 Your bodies in that purer brine,
 And wholesome dew, call'd ros-marine:
 Then with that soft and gentler foam,
 Of which the ocean yet yields some,
 Whereof bright Venus, beauty's queen,
 Is said to have begotten been,
 You shall your gentler limbs o'er-lave,
 And for your pains perfection have.
 So that, this night, the year gone round,
 You do again salute this ground;
 And in the beams of yond' bright sun,
 Your faces dry, and all is done.

*At which, in a dance they returned to sea, where they
 took their shell, and with this full song went out.*

S O N G.

NOW Dian, with her burning face,
 Declines apace:
 By which our waters know
 To ebb, that late did flow.

Masques at Court.

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Back seas, back nymphs ; but with a forward grace,
Keep still your reverence to the place :
And shout with joy of favour, you have won,
In sight of Albion, Neptune's son.

*So ended the first masque ; which (beside the singular grace
of musick and dances) had the success in the nobility of
performance, as nothing needs to the illustration, but
the memory by whom it was personated.*

Q 3

T H E

THE
SECOND MASQUE,
WHICH WAS OF
BEAUTY,

Was presented in the same Court at Whitehall,
on the Sunday-night after the Twelfth-night,
1608.

TWO years being now past, that her majesty had intermitted these delights, and the third almost come, it was her highness's pleasure again to glorify the court, and command that I should think on some fit presentment, which should answer the former, still keeping them the same persons, the daughters of Niger, but their beauties varied according to promise, and their time of absence excused, with four more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my invention, and being to bring news of them from the sea, I induced Boreas, one of the winds, as my fittest messenger; presenting him thus:

In a robe of russet and white mixt, full and bagg'd; his hair and beard rough and horrid; his wings grey, and full of snow and icicles: his mantle borne from him with wires, and in several puffs; his feet (a) ending in serpents tails; and in his hand a leafless branch, laden with icicles.

But before, in midst of the hall, to keep the state of the feast, and season, I had placed (b) January in

(a) So Pass. in *Eliadis*, reports him to have, as he was carved in *arca Cippelli*. (b) See *Leu log. di Cesare Ripa*.

a throne of silver ; his robe of ash colour, long, fringed with silver ; a white mantle ; his wings white, and his buskins ; in his hand a laurel-bough ; upon his head an anademe of laurel, fronted with the sign Aquarius, and the character. Who, as Boreas blustered forth, discovered himself.

B O R E A S.

Which, among these, is Albion, Neptune's son ?

J A N U A R I U S.

What ignorance dares make that question ?
Would any ask, who Mars were in the wars ?
Or which is Hesperus among the stars ?
Of the bright planets, which is Sol ? or can
A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is man ?
Behold, whose eyes do dart Promethean fire
Throughout this All ; whose precepts do inspire
The rest with duty ; yet commanding, cheer :
And are obeyed more with love, than fear.

B O R E A S.

What pow'r art thou, that thus informest me ?

J A N U A R I U S.

Do'st thou not know me ? I too well know thee
By thy (c) rude voice, that doth so hoarsely blow ;
Thy hair, thy beard, thy wings, o'er hill'd with snow',
Thy serpent feet, to be that rough north-wind,
Boreas, that to my reign art still unkind.
I am the prince of months, call'd January ;
Because by me (d) Janus the year doth vary,

(c) Ovid *Metam.* lib 6. near the end see, — *barridus ira, Quæ solita
illi, nimiumque domestica vento, &c.*

[Thy wings o'er-hill'd with snow.] i. e. covered over with snow: the spelling is varied, but it is the same with the Saxon word *hile*.

(d) See the offices and power of Janus, Ovid. *Fest.* 1.

Shutting up wars, proclaiming peace, and feasts,
Freedom and triumphs; making kings his guests.

B O R E A S.

To thee then thus, and by thee to that king,
That doth thee present honours, do I bring
Present remembrance of twelve Æthiop dames :
Who, guided hither by the moon's bright flames,
To see his brighter light, were to the sea
Enjoin'd again, and (thence assign'd a day
For their return) were in the waves to leave
Their blackness, and true beauty to receive.

J A N U A R I U S.

Which they receiv'd, but broke their day : and yet
Have not return'd a look of grace for it,
Shewing a coarse and most unfit neglect.
Twice have I come in pomp here, to expect
Their presence ; twice deluded, have been fain
With (e) other rites my feasts to entertain :
And now the third time, turn'd about the year,
Since they were look'd for, and yet are not here.

B O R E A S.

It was nor will, nor sloth, that caus'd their stay ;
For they were all prepared by their day,
And with religion, forward on their way :
When Proteus, (f) the grey prophet of the sea,
Met them, and made report, how other four
Of their black kind (whereof their sire had store)
Faithful to that great wonder, so late done
Upon their sisters, by bright Albion,

(e) Two marriages, the one of the earl of Essex, 1606; the other of the lord Hay, 1607.

(f) Read his description, with *Vir. Geor. 4. Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite water, Cæruleus Proteus.*

Had followed them to seek Britannia forth,
 And there to hope like favour, as like worth,
 Which night envy'd, as done (g) in her despite,
 And (mad to see an Æthiop washed white)
 Thought to prevent in these; lest men should deem
 Her colour, if thus chang'd, of small esteem.
 And so, by malice, and her magick, tost
 The nymphs at sea, as they were almost lost,
 Till, on an island, they by chance arriv'd,
 That (b) floated in the main; where, yet, she had gyv'd
 Them so, in chains of darkness, as no might
 Should loose them thence, but their chang'd sisters sight.
 Whereat the twelve (in piety mov'd, and kind)
 Straight put themselves in act, the place to find;
 Which was the night's sole trust they so will do,
 That she with labour might confound them too.
 For ever since with error hath she held
 Them wand'ring in the ocean, and so quell'd
 Their hopes beneath their toil, as (desperate now
 Of any least success unto their vow;
 Nor knowing to return t' express the grace,
 Wherewith they labour to this prince, and place)
 One of them meeting me at sea, did pray,
 That for the love of my (i) Orithya,
 (Whose very name did heat my frosty breast,
 And made me shake my snow-fill'd wings and crest)
 To bear this sad report I would be won,
 And frame their just excuse; which here I've done.

(g) Because they were before of her complexion.

(b) To give authority to this part of our fiction, Pliny hath a
 chap. 95 of the 2. book, *Nat. Hist. de insulis fluctuantibus. Et Card.*
lib. 1. de rerum vari. & cap. 7. reports one to be in his time known,
in the lake of Lomond, in Scotland. To let pass that of Delos,
&c.

(i) The daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens, whom Boreas
 snatched away into Thrace, as she was playing with other virgins
 by the flood Ilissus; or (as some will) by the fountain Cephissus.

JANUARIUS.

Would thou had'st not begun, unlucky wind,
That never yet blew'st goodness to mankind;
But with thy bitter, and too piercing breath,
Strik'st (k) horrors through the air as sharp as death.

Here a second wind came in, Vulturnus, in a blue coloured robe and mantle, puffed as the former, but somewhat sweeter; his face black, and on his (l) head a red sun, shewing he came from the east: his wings of several colours; his buskins white, and wrought with gold.

VULTURNUS.

All horrors vanish, and all name of death,
Be all things here as calm as is my breath.
A gentler wind, Vulturnus, brings you news
The isle is found, and that the nymphs now use
Their rest and joy. The night's black charms are flown.
For being made unto their goddess known,
Bright Æthiopia, the silver moon,
As she was (m) Hecate, she brake them soon:
And now by virtue of their light, and grace,
The glorious isle, wherein they rest, takes place
Of all the earth for beauty. (n) There, their queen
Hath raised them a throne, that still is seen

(k) The violence of Boreas, Ovid excellently describes in the place above quoted. *Hæc nubila pello, Hæc freta concutio, nudosque roboræ vento, Induroque nives, Et terras grandine pulso.*

(l) According to that of Virgil—*Denuntiât igneus Euros.*

(m) She is called *Πρωτογενη* 'Ekaîn, by Eurip. in *Helena*, which is *Locris*, to which name we here presently allude.

(n) For the more full and clear understanding of that which follows, have recourse to the succeeding pages, where the scene presents it self.

To turn unto the motion of the world ;
 Wherein they sit, and are, like heaven, whirl'd
 About the earth ; whilst, to them contrary,
 (Following those nobler torches of the sky)
 A world of little loves, and chaste desires,
 Do light their beauties, with still moving fires.
 And who to heavens consent can better move,
 Than those that are so like it, beauty and love ?
 Hither, as to their new Elysium,
 The spirits of the antique Greeks are come,
 Poets, and singers, Linus, Orpheus, all
 That have excell'd in (o) knowledge musical ;
 Where, set in arbors made of myrtle and gold,
 They live, again, these beauties to behold.
 And thence in flow'ry mazes walking forth,
 Sing hymns in celebration of their worth.
 Whilst, to their songs, two fountains flow, one hight
 Of lasting youth^a, the other chaste delight,
 That at the closes, from their bottoms spring,
 And strike the air to echo what they sing.
 But why do I describe what all must see ?
 By this time, near the coast, they floating be ;
 For so their virtuous goddess, the chaste moon,
 Told them the fate of th' island should, and soon
 Would fix itself unto thy continent,
 As being the place, by destiny fore-meant,
 Where they should flow forth, drest in her attires :
 And that the influence of those holy fires,
 (First rapt from hence) being multiplied upon
 The other four, should make their beauties one.
 Which now expect to see, great Neptune's son,
 And love the miracle, which thy self hast done.

(a) So Terence and the ancients call'd *Po'sie, artem musicam.*

— One NIGHT

Of lasting youth,] One called the fountain of lasting youth,
 which, in our old authors, is called or named.

Here

Here a curtain was drawn, (in which the night was painted) and the scene discovered, which (because the former was marine, and these, yet of necessity, to come from the sea) I devised, should be an island floating on a calm water. In the midst thereof was a seat of state, called the Throne of Beauty, erected: divided into eight squares, and distinguished by so many Ionic pilasters. In these squares, the sixteen masquers were placed by couples: behind them in the centre of the throne was a translucent pillar, shining with several coloured lights, that reflected on their backs. From the top of which pillar went several arches to the pilasters, that sustained the roof of the throne, which was likewise adorned with lights and garlands: and between the pilasters, in front little Cupids in flying posture, waving of wreaths and lights, bore up the cornice: over which were placed eight figures, representing the elements of beauty; which advanced upon the Ionic, and being females had the Corinthian order. The first was

S P L E N D O R,

In a robe of flame-colour, naked breasted; her bright hair loose flowing: she was drawn in a circle of clouds, her face and body breaking through: and in her hand a branch, with two (p) roses, a white, and a red. The next to her was

S E R E N I T A S,

In a garment of bright sky-colour, a long tress, and waved with a veil of divers colours, such as the golden sky sometimes shews: upon her head a clear and fair

(p) The rose is called elegantly, by *Arbil. Tat. lib. 2.* *ῥοσὶς* *ἁλίσκος*, the splendor of plants, and is every where taken for the hieroglyphic of splendor.

sun shining, with rays of gold striking down to the feet of the figure. In her hand a (q) crystal, cut with several angles, and shadowed with divers colours, as caused by refraction. The third,

GERMINATIO,

In green, with a zone of gold about her waste, crowned with myrtle, her hair likewise flowing, but not of so bright a colour: in her hand, a branch of (r) myrtle. Her socks of green and gold. The fourth,

LÆTITIA,

In a vesture of divers colours, and all sorts of flowers embroidered thereon. Her socks so fitted. A (s) garland of flowers in her hand; her eyes turning up, and smiling: her hair flowing, and stuck with flowers. The fifth,

TEMPERIES,

In a garment of gold, silver, and colours, weaved: in one hand she held a (t) burning steel, in the other an urn with water. On her head a garland of flowers, corn, vine-leaves, and olive-branches, interwoven. Her socks, as her garment. The sixth,

VENUSTAS,

In a silver robe, with a thin subtil veil over her hair,

(q) As this of serenity, applying to the opticks reason of the rainbow, and the mythologists making her the daughter of Electra.

(r) So Hor. lib. 1. ed. 4. makes it the ensign of the Spring. *Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt soluta, &c.*

(s) They are every where the tokens of gladness, at all feasts and sports.

(t) The sign of temperature, as also her garland mixed of the

and it : (u) pearl about her neck, and forehead. Her socks wrought with pearl. In her hand she bore several colour'd (x) lilies. The seventh was

DIGNITAS,

In a dressing of state, the hair bound up with fillets of gold, the garments rich, and set with jewels and gold; likewise her buskins; and in her hand a (y) golden rod. The eighth,

PERFECTIO,

In a vesture of pure gold, a wreath of gold upon her head. About her body the (z) the zodiack, with the signs: in her hand a compass of gold, drawing a circle.

On the top of all the throne (as being made out of all these) stood

HARMONIA,

A personage, whose dressing had something of all the others, and had her robe painted full of figures. Her head was compass'd with a crown of gold, having in it (a) seven jewels equally set. In her hand a lyra, whereon she rested.

This was the ornament of the throne. The ascent to which consisting of six steps, was covered with a

(u) Pearls with the ancients, were the special hieroglyphics of loveliness; *in quibus nitor tantum & laus exspectabatur.*

(x) So was the lily, of which the most delicate city of the Persians was called *Suse*: signifying that kind of flower, in their tongue.

(y) The sign of honour and dignity.

(z) Both that, and the compass, are known ensigns of perfection.

(a) She is so described in *Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa*; his reason of seven jewels, in the crown, alludes to Pythagoras's comment, with *Metr. lib. 2. dem. Scip.* of the seven planets and their spheres.

(b) multitude of Cupids (chosen out of the best, and most ingenious youth of the kingdom, noble, and others) that were the torch-bearers; and all armed with bows, quivers, wings, and other ensigns of love. On the sides of the throne were curious and elegant arbors appointed; and behind, in the back-part of the isle, a grove of grown trees laden with golden fruit, which other little Cupids plucked, and threw at each other, whilst on the ground (c) leverets picked up the bruised apples, and left them half eaten. The ground-plat of the whole was a subtle indented maze: and in the two foremost angles were two fountains that ran continually, the one (d) Hebe's, the other (e) Hedone's: in the arbors were plac'd the musicians, who represented the shades of the old poets, and were attir'd in a priest-like habit of crimson and purple, with laurel garlands.

The colours of the masquers were varied; the one half in orange-tawny, and silver: the other in sea-green and silver. The bodies and short skirts on white, and gold, to both.

The habit and dressing (for the fashion) was most curious, and so exceeding in riches, as the throne whereon they sat seem'd to be a mine of light, struck from their jewels and their garments.

This throne (as the whole island mov'd forward on the water) had a circular motion of its own, imitating that which we call *motum mundi*, from the east to the

(b) The inducing of many Cupids wants not defence, with the best and most received of the ancients, besides Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll. especially Phil. in Icon. Amor. whom I have particularly followed in this description.

(c) They were the notes of loveliness, and sacred to Venus. see Phil. in that place mentioned.

(d) Of youth.

(e) Of pleasure.

west, or the right to the left side. For so *Hom. Ilia.* understands by *δεξιά*, *Orientalia Mundi*: by *ἀριστερά*, *Occidental*. The steps whereon the Cupids sat had a motion contrary, with analogy *ad motum planetarum*, from the west to the east: both which turned with their several lights. And with these three varied motions, at once, the whole scene shot itself to the land.

Above which, the moon was seen in a silver chariot, drawn by virgins, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light: with the sign Scorpio, and the character, plac'd before her.

The order of the scene was carefully and ingeniously dispos'd; and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the king's master carpenter. The painters, I must needs say, (not to belie them) lent small colour to any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils. But that must not be imputed a crime, either to the invention or design.

Here the loud musick ceas'd; and the musicians, which were plac'd in the arbors, came forth through the mazes to the other land: singing this full song, iterated in the closes by two echoes, rising out of the fountains.

S O N G.

WHEN Love at first, did move
From (f) out of Chaos, brightned
So was the world, and lightned,
As now: *Ech.* As now! *Ech.* As now!
Yield night, then to the light,
As blackness hath to beauty:
Which is but the same duty.

(f) So is he feigned by Orpheus, to have appeared first of all the gods; awakened by Clotho: and is therefore called Phanes, both by him, and Lactantius.

It was (g) for beauty that the world was made,
And where she reigns, (b) love's lights admit no shade.

Ecb. Loves lights admit no shade.

Ecb. Admit no shade.

Which ended, Vulturnus the wind spake to the river
Thamesis, that lay along between the shores, leaning
upon his urn (that flow'd with water) and crown'd
with flowers; with a blue cloth of silver robe about
him; and was personated by master Thomas Giles,
who made the dances.

V U L T U R N U S.

R ISE, aged Thames, and by the hand
Receive these nymphs, within the land.
And in those curious squares, and rounds,
Wherewith thou flow'st betwixt the grounds
Of fruitful Kent, and Essex fair,
That lend the garlands for thy hair;
Instruct their silver feet to tread,
Whilst we, again, to sea are fled.

With which the winds departed; and the river re-
ceived them into the land, by couples and fours, their
Cupids coming before them.

(g) An agreeing opinion, both with divines and philosophers,
that the great artificer, in love with his own idea, did therefore
frame the world.

(b) Alluding to his name of Himerus, and his signification in
the name, which is *Desiderium post aspectum*: and more than *Eros*,
which is only *Cupido*, *ex aspectu amare*.

Their Persons were,

The QUEEN,
 Lady ARABELLA,
 Countess of ARUNDEL,
 Countess of DERBY,
 Countess of BEDFORD,
 Co. of MONTGOMERY,
 Lady ELIZ. GILFORD,
 Lady KAT. PETER,

Lady ANNE WINTER,
 Lady WINSOR,
 Lady ANNE CLIFFORD,
 Lady MARY NEVILLE,
 Lady ELIZ. HATTON,
 Lady ELIZ. GARRARD,
 Lady CHICHESTER,
 Lady WALSINGHAM.

These dancing forth a most curious dance, full of excellent device and change, ended it in the figure of a diamond, and so, standing still, were by the musicians with a second song (sung by a loud tenor) celebrated.

S O N G.

SO beauty on the waters stood,
 When love had (i) sever'd earth from flood!
 So when he parted air from fire,
 He did with concord all inspire!
 And then a motion he them taught,
 That elder then himself was thought.
 Which thought was, yet, (k) the child of earth,
 For love is elder than his birth.

The song ended; they danced forth their second dance, more subtle and full of change than the former; and exquisitely performed, as the king's majesty (incited first by his own liking, to that which all others there pre-

(i) As, in the creation, he is said by the ancients to have done

(k) That is, born since the world, and out of those duller apprehensions that did not think he was before.

Yes, v
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 Cupidinem
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sent wished) required them both again, after some time of dancing with the lords. Which time to give them respite was intermitted with a song; first, by a treble voice, in this manner.

S O N G.

IF all these Cupids, now were blind,
As is (1) their wanton brother;
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot at on^r another:
What pretty battle they would make,
If they their objects should mistake,
And each one wound his mother!

Which was seconded by another treble; thus,

It was no policy of court,
Albe' the place were charmed,
To let in earnest, or in sport,
So many Loves in, armed.
For say, the dames should, with their eyes,
Upon the hearts, here, mean surprize;
Were not the men like harmed?

To which a tenor answered.

Yes, were the Loves or false, or straying;
Or beauties not their beauty weighing:
But here no such deceit is mix'd,
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fix'd:
They do not war with different darts,
But strike a musick of like hearts.

(1) I make these different from him, which they feign *cacum Cupidinem*, or *petulantem*, as I express beneath in the third song these being chaste loves that attend a more divine beauty than that of love's common parent.

After which songs they danced galliards and coranto's; and with those excellent graces, that the musick appointed to celebrate them, shewed it could be silent no longer; but, by the first tenor, admired them thus:

S O N G.

HAD those that dwell in error foul,
And hold (m) that women have no soul,
But seen these move; they would have then
Said, women were the souls of men.

So they do move each heart and eye,
With the (n) world's soul, true harmony.

Here they danced a third most elegant and curious dance, and not to be described again by any art, but that of their own footing, which ending in the figure that was to produce the fourth, January from his state saluted them thus.

J A N U A R I U S.

YOUR grace is great, as is your beauty, dames;
Enough my feasts have prov'd your thankful flames.
Now use your seat: that seat which was, before,
Thought straying, uncertain, floating to each shore,
And to whose having (o) every clime laid claim,
Each land and nation urged as the aim
Of their ambition, beauty's perfect throne,
Now made peculiar to this place alone;
And that by impulsion of your destinies,
And his attractive beams, that lights these skies:
Who, though with th' ocean compass'd, never wets
His hair therein, nor wears a beam that sets.

(m) There hath been such a profane paradox published.

(n) The Platonick's opinion. See also *Mac. lib. 1.* and 2. *Son. 5.*

(o) For what country is it thinks not her own beauty fairest, yet

Long may his light adorn these happy rites,
As I renew them ; and your gracious sights
Enjoy that happiness, even to envy, as when
Beauty, at large, brake forth, and conquer'd men.

*At which they danced their last dance into their throne
again ; and that turning, the scene closed with this full
song.*

S O N G.

STILL turn and imitate the heav'n
In motion swift and ev'n ;
And as his planets go,
Your brighter lights do so :
May youth and pleasure ever flow.
But let your state, the while,
Be fixed as the isle.

CHORUS.

So all that see your beauties sphere,
May know th' Elysian fields are here.
Ecb. Th' Elysian fields are here.
Ecb. Elysian fields are here.

H Y M E N Æ I:

Or, the Solemnities of

MASQUE and BARRIERS

A T

C O U R T.

On the Marriage between ROBERT Earl of ESSEX,
and the Lady FRANCES, second Daughter to
the Earl of SUFFOLK, 1606.

IT is a noble and just advantage that the things subjected to understanding have of those which are objected to sense; that the one sort are but momentary, and merely taking; the other impressing, and lasting: else the glory of all these solemnies had perished like a blaze, and gone out, in the beholders eyes. So short liv'd are the bodies of all things, in comparison of their souls. And though bodies oftentimes have the ill luck to be sensually preferr'd, they find afterwards the good fortune (when souls live) to be utterly forgotten. This it is hath made the most royal princes, and greatest persons (who are commonly the personators of these actions) not only studious of riches, and magnificence in the outward celebration or shew; (which rightly becomes them) but curious after the most high and hearty inventions, to furnish the inward parts: (and those grounded upon antiquity, and solid learning) which though their voice be taught to sound to present occasions, their sense or doth or should always lay hold on more remov'd mysteries. And howsoever some may squeamishly cry out, that all endeavour of learning and sharpness in these transitory devices, especially where it steps beyond their little, or (let me not wrong 'em) no brain at all, is superfluous; I am contented,

tented, these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers, fittest for such airy tastes; where perhaps a few Italian herbs, pick'd up and made into a sallad, may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats of the world.

For these mens palates, let not me answer, O muses. It is not my fault, if I fill them out nectar, and they run to metheglin.

Vaticana bibant, si delectentur.

All the courtesie I can do them, is to cry again;

Prætereant, si quid non facit ad stomachum.

As I will from the thought of them, to my better subject.

On the night of the masques (which were two, one of men, the other of women) the scene being drawn, there was first discovered an altar; upon which was inscribed, in letters of gold.

I_{oni}. O_{imæ}. M_{imæ}.

U N I O N I.

S A C R.

To this altar entred five pages, attired in white, bearing (a) five tapers of virgin wax; behind them,

* Mystically implying that both it, the place, and all the succeeding ceremonies were sacred to marriage, or union; over which Juno was president: to whom there was the like altar erected, at Rome, as she was called Jugu Juno, in the street, which thence was named Jugarius. See *Fest.* and at which altar, the rite was to join the married pair with bands of silk, in sign of future concord.

(a) Those were the *Quinque Cerci*, which Plutarch in his *Quæst. Roman.* mentions to be used in nuptials.

one representing a bridegroom : his (*b*) hair short, and bound with party-coloured ribbands, and gold twist : his garments purple and white.

On the other hand, entered Hymen (the god of marriage) in a saffron-colour'd robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crown'd with roses and (*c*) marjoram, in his right hand a torch of (*d*) pine-tree.

After him (*e*) a youth attired in white, bearing another light, of white thorn ; under his arm, a little wicker flasket shut : behind him two others in white, the one bearing a distaff, the other a spindle. Betwixt these a personated bride, supported, her hair flowing, and loose, sprinkled with grey ; on her head a garland of roses, like a turret ; her garments white : and on her back, a wether's fleece hanging down : her zone, or girdle about her waist of white wool, fastened with the Herculean knot.

(*b*) The dressing of the bridegroom (with the ancients) was chiefly noted in that, *Quod tonderetur. Juv. sat. 5. Jamque à tonsore magister pelleris.* And Lucan. lib. 2. where he makes Cato negligent of the ceremonies in marriage, saith, *Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore Casariam*

(*c*) See how he is called out, by Catullus in Nup. Jul. & Moul. *Cinge tempora floribus Suave olentis amaraci, &c.*

(*d*) For so I preserve the reading there in Catul. *Pineam quæ tædam*, rather than to change it *Spineam* ; and moved by the authority of Virgil in Ciri. where he says, *Pronuba nec castos incendit Pinus amores.* And Ovid, Fast. lib. 2. *Expectet puras pinea tæda dies.* Though I deny not, there was also *spinea tæda*, &c. which Pliny calls *Nuptiarum facibus auspiciatissimam*, Nat. Hist. lib. 16: cap. 18. and whereof Sextus Pompeius Fest. hath left so particular testimony. For which see the following note.

(*e*) This (by the ancients) was called *Camillus*, quasi minister (for so that signified in the Etrurian tongue) and was one of the three, which by Sex. Pompei were said to be *Patrimi & Matrini Pueri prætextati tres, qui nubentem deducunt : unus, qui facem præfert ex spina alba. Duo qui tenent nubentem.* To which confer that of Varro, lib. 6. de lingua Lat. *Dicitur in nuptiis camillus, qui cumerum ferre.* As also that of Fest. lib. 3. *Cumerum vocabant antiqui vas quoddam quod opertum in nuptiis ferebant, in quo erant nubentis utensilia, quod camillum dicebant : eo quod sacrorum ministrum ad prædæ appellabant.*

In the midst went the (f) auspices ; after them, two that sung, in several coloured silks. Of which one bore the water, the other the fire ; last of all the (g) musicians, diversly attired, all crowned with roses ; and with this song began.

S O N G.

B I D all profane away ;
None here may stay
To view our mysteries,
But who themselves have been,
Or will in time be seen,
The self-same sacrifice.
For union, mistress of these rites,
Will be observ'd with eyes,
As simple as her nights.

CHORUS.

Fly then all profane away,
Fly far off as hath the day ;
Night her curtain doth display,
And this is Hymen's holy-day.

The song being ended, Hymen presented himself foremost, and, after some sign of admiration, began to speak.

H Y M E N.

W H A T more than usual light
(Throughout the place extended)
Makes Juno's fane so bright !
Is there some greater deity descended ?

(f) Auspices were those that handfasted the married couple ; that wished them good luck ; that took care for the dowry ; and heard them profess that they came together, for the cause of children. *Juvén. sat. 10. Veniet cum signatoribus auspex.* And *Lucan. lib. 2. Junguntur taciti, contentique auspice Bruto.* They are also styled *Pronubi, Proenectæ, Paranymphei.*

(g) The custom of musick at nuptials, is clear in all antiquity. *Ter. Adel. act. 5. Verum hoc mihi mora est, Tibicina, et Hymenæum qui cantant.* And *Claud. in epithal. Ducant peragiles carmina tibia, &c.*

Or

Or reign, on earth, those pow'rs
 So rich, as with their beams
 Grace union more than ours ;
 And bound her influence in their happier streams ?

'Tis so : this same is he,
 The king, and priest of peace :
 And that his empress, she,
 That sits so crowned with her own increase !

O you, whose better blisses
 Have prov'd the strict embrace
 Of union, with chaste kisses,
 And seen it flow so in your happy race ;

That know, how well it binds
 The fighting seeds of things,
 Wins natures, sexes, minds,
 And ev'ry discord in true musick brings :

Sit now propitious aids,
 To rites so duly priz'd ;
 And view two noble maids,
 Of different sex, to union sacrific'd.
 In honour of that blest estate,
 Which all good minds should celebrate.

*Here out of a Microcosm, or Globe, (figuring a man) with
 a kind of contentious musick, issued forth the first masque,
 of eight men, whose names as they were then marshalled
 by couples, I have heraldy enough to set down.*

LORD WILLOUGHBY,
 LORD WALDEN,
 SIR JAMES HAY,
 EARL OF MONTGOMERY,

SIR THOMAS HOWARD,
 SIR THOMAS SOMERSET,
 EARL OF ARUNDEL,
 SIR JOHN ASHLEY.

q'by

These represented the four (b) Humours and four Affections, all gloriously attired, distinguished only by their several ensigns and colours; and, dancing out on the stage, in their return at the end of their dance, drew all their swords, offered to encompass the altar, and disturb the ceremonies. At which Hymen troubled, spake:

H Y M E N.

Save, save the virgins; keep your hallow'd lights
Untouch'd; and with their flame defend our rites.
The four untemper'd humours are broke out,
And, with their wild affections, go about
To ravish all religion. If there be
A power, like reason, left in that huge body
Or little world of man, from whence these came,
Look forth, and with thy bright and (i) numerous flame

(b) That they were personated in men hath (already) come under some grammatical exception. But there is more than grammar to release it. For, besides that *humores* and *affectus* are both masculine in *genre*, not one of the *specials* but in some language is known by a masculine word. Again, when their influences are common to both sexes, and more generally impetuous in the male, I see not why they should not, so, be more properly presented. And, for the allegory, though here it be very clear, and such as might well escape a candle, yet because there are some must complain of darkness, that have but thick eyes, I am contented to hold them this light. First, as in natural bodies so likewise in minds, there is no disease or distemperature, but is caused either by some abounding humour, or perverse affection; after the same manner, in politick bodies (where order, ceremony, state, reverence, devotion, are parts of the mind) by the difference or predominant will of what we (metaphorically) call humours and affections, all things are troubled and confused. These therefore, were tropically brought in, before marriage, as disturbers of that mystical body, and the rites, which were soul unto it; that afterwards, in marriage, being dutifully temper'd by her power, they might more fully celebrate the happiness of such as live in that sweet union, to the harmonious laws of nature and reason.

(i) Alluding to that opinion of Pythagoras, who held all reason, all knowledge, all discourse of the soul to be mere number. See *Plat. de Plac. Phil.*

Instruct

Instruct their darkness, make them know, and see,
In wronging these, they have rebell'd 'gainst thee.

Hereat, Reason, seated on the top of the globe (as in the brain, or highest part of man) figured in a venerable personage, her hair white, and trailing to her waist, crowned with light, her garments blue, and semined with stars, girded unto her with a white band filled with arithmetical figures, in one hand bearing a lamp, in the other a bright sword, descended and spake:

R E A S O N.

Forbear your rude attempt; what ignorance
Could yield you so profane, as to advance
One thought in act against these mysteries?
Are Union's (k) orgies of so slender price?
She that makes souls with bodies mix in love,
Contracts the world in one, and therein Jove;
Is (l) spring and end of all things: yet most strange!
Herself nor suffers spring, nor end, nor change.
No wonder they were you, that were so bold;
For none but humours and affections would
Have dar'd so rash a venture. You will say
It was your zeal that gave your powers the sway;
And urge the masqued and disguis'd pretence
Of saving blood, and succouring innocence:
So want of knowledge still begetteth jars,
When humorous earthlings will controul the stars.
Inform your selves, with safer reverence,
To these mysterious rites, whose mystic sense,
Reason (which all things, but itself, confounds)
Shall clear unto you from th'authentick grounds.

(k) *Ogyia*, with the Greeks, value the same that *ceremonia* with the Latins; and imply all sorts of rites: howsoever (abusively) they have been made particular to Bacchus. See *Serw.* to that of *Virg.*
Aenid. 4. *Qualis commotis excita sacris Thyas.*

(l) *Macrob.* in *sem. Scip.* lib. 1.

At this the Humours and Affections sheathed their swords,
and retired amazed to the side of the stage, while Hymen
began to rank the persons, and order the ceremonies:
and Reason proceeded to speak.

R E A S O N.

The pair, which do each other side,
Though (yet) some space doth them divide,
This happy night must both make one;
Blest sacrifice to Union.

Nor is this altar but a sign
Of one more soft, and more divine.
The (m) genial bed, where Hymen keeps
The solemn orgies, void of sleeps:
And wildest Cupid, waking, hovers
With adoration 'twixt the lovers.

The tead of white and blooming thorn,
In token of increase, is born:

As (n) also with the ominous light,
To fright all malice from the night.

Like are the (o) fire and water set;
That, ev'n as moisture, mixt with heat,
Helps every natural birth to life:

So, for their race, join man and wife.

The (p) blushing veil shews shamefac'dness
Th'ingenuous virgin should profess

At meeting with the man: her hair,

That (q) flows so liberal, and so fair,

Is shed with grey, to intimate,

She entreth to a matron's state,

(m) Properly that which was made ready for the new-married
bride, and was called *Genialis*, à *generandis liberis*. See in 6 *Æn.*

(n) See Ovid *Fest. lib. 6.* Sic fatus spinam, quâ tristes pellere posses
A foribus vocat, hæc erat alba, dedit.

(o) Plutar. in *Quest. Rom. and Var. lib. 4. de ling. Lat.*

(p) Plin. *Nat. Hist. lib. 21. cap. 8.*

(q) Pomp. *Fest. Briff. Hætte. de Rit. Nup.*

For which those (r) utensils are born.
 And, that she should not labour scorn,
 Her self a (s) snowy fleece doth wear,
 And these her (t) rock and spindle bear,
 To shew, that nothing which is good
 Gives check unto the highest blood.
 The (u) zone of wool about her waist,
 Which, in contrary circles cast,
 Doth meet in one (x) strong knot, that binds,
 Tells you, so should all married minds.
 And lastly, these five waxen lights,
 Imply perfection in the rites ;
 For (y) five the special number is,
 Whence hallow'd Union claims her blifs.
 As being all the sum that grows
 From the united strength of those
 Which (z) male and female numbers we
 Do style, and are first two and three.
 Which, joined thus, you cannot sever
 In equal parts, but one will ever
 Remain as common ; so we see
 The binding force of unity :
 For which alone the peaceful gods
 In number always love the odds ;
 And even parts as much despise,
 Since out of them all discords rise.

(r) *Var. lib. 6. de ling. Lat. and Fest. in Frag.* (s) *Fest. ib.*

(t) *Plutar. in Quæst. Rom. & in Romul.*

(u) *Plin Nat. Hist. lib. 8. cap 48.*

(x) That was *Nodus Herculeanus*, which the husband at night untied, in sign of good fortune, that he might be happy in propagation of issue, as Hercules was, who left seventy children. *Fest. in voc. Cingul.*

(y) *Plutarch. in Quæst. Rom.*

(z) See *Mart. Capel. lib. 6. de Nupt. Phil. & Mor. in num. ro Pæade.*

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ay Acalt
monia.
(g) So
the spoil

Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered (a) Juno, sitting in a throne, supported by two beautiful (b) peacocks; her attire rich, and like a (c) queen, a (d) white diadem on her head, from whence descended a veil, and that bound with a (e) fascia of several-coloured silks, set with all sorts of jewels, and raised in the top with (f) lilies and roses; in her right-hand she held a sceptre, in the other a timbrel, at her golden feet the (g) hide of a lion was placed: round about her sat the spirits of the air in several colours, making musick: above her the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top (figuring the heaven) brandishing his thunder: beneath her the rainbow, Iris, and on the two sides, eight ladies attired richly,

(a) With the Greeks, Juno was interpreted to be the air itself. And so *Macr. de som. Scipio. l. 1. c. 17.* calls her. *Mar. Cap.* sur-names her *Aeria*, of reigning there.

(b) They were sacred to Juno, in respect of their colours and temper, so like the air. *Ovid. de Arte Amand. Laudatas ostendit equis Junonia pennas.* And *Met. lib. 2. Habili Saturnia curru Ingreditur liquidum parvoniibus Æthera pictis.*

(c) She was called *Regina Juno* with the Latins, because she was *uxor & conjux Jovis, deorum & hominum regis.*

(d) Read *Apul.* describing her, in his 10th of the *Asi.*

(e) After the manner of the antique bend, the varied colours implying the several mutations of the air, as showers, dews, serenity, force of winds, clouds, tempest, snow, hail, lightning, thunder, all which had their noises signified in her timbrel: the faculty of causing these being ascribed to her by *Virg. Æneid. lib. 4.* where he makes her say, *Hic ego nigram tem commissa grandine nimbum Desuper confundam, & tonitru calum omne ciebo.*

(f) Lilies were sacred to Juno, as being made white with her milk that fell upon the earth, when Jove took Hercules away, whom by stealth he had laid to her breast: the rose was also called *Junonia.*

(g) So she was figured at Argos, as a step-mother, insulting on the spoils of her two privigni, Bacchus and Hercules.

and

and alike, in the most celestial colours, who represented her powers, as she is the (b) governess of marriage, and made the second masque. All which, upon the discovery, Reason made narration of.

R E A S O N.

And see where Juno, whose great name
Is Unio in the anagram,
Displays her glittering state and chair,
As she enlightned all the air!
Hark how the charming tunes do beat
In sacred concords 'bout her seat!
And lo! to grace what these intend,
Eight of her noblest powers descend,
Which are (i) enstyl'd her faculties,
That govern nuptial mysteries;
And wear those masques before their faces,
Lest dazling mortals with their graces,
As they approach them, all mankind
Should be, like Cupid, stricken blind.
These Order waits for, on the ground,
To keep, that you should not confound
Their measur'd steps, which only move
About th' harmonious sphere of love.

Their descent was made in two great clouds, that parted forth themselves severally, and (with one measure of time) were seen to stoop, and fall gently down upon the earth. The manner of their habits came after some statues of Juno, no less airy than glorious.

(b) See Virg. *Aeneid*. lib. 4. *Junoni ante omnes cui vincla iuræ*: and in another place, *Dant signum prima & Tellus, & Præ Juno*: and Ovid. in *Phil. Epist.* *Junonemque terris quæ præsidet æ Maritis*.

(i) They were all eight called by particular surnames of Juno ascribed to her for some peculiar property in marriage, as follows where after is more fitly declared.

dressings of their beads, rare ; so likewise of their feet : and all full of splendor, sovereignty, and riches. Whilst they were descending, this song was sung at the altar.

S O N G.

THESE, these are they,
Whom Humour and Affection must obey ;
Who come to deck the genial bow'r,
And bring with them the grateful Hour
That crowns such meetings, and excites
The married pair to fresh delights :
As courtings, kissings, coyings, oaths, and vows,
Soft whisperings, embracements, all the joys
And melting toys,
That chaster love allows.

Chor. Hasten, hasten, for Hesperus his head down bows.

This song ended, they danced forth in pairs, and each pair with a varied and noble grace ; to a rare and full musick of twelve lutes, led on by Order, the servant of Reason, who was there rather a person of ceremony than use. His under garment was blue, his upper white, and painted full of arithmetical and geometrical figures ; his hair and beard long, a star on his forehead, and in his hand a geometrical staff : to whom, after the dance, Reason spake.

R E A S O N.

Convey them, Order, to their places,
And rank them so, in several traces,
As they may set their mixed pow'rs
Unto the musick of the Hours ;
And these, by joining with them, know
In better temper how to flow :
Whilst I (from their abstracted names)
Report the virtues of the dames.

First, (k) Curis comes to deck the bride's fair tress.

Care of the ointments (l) Unxia doth profess.

(m) Juga, her office to make one of twain :

(n) Gamelia sees that they should so remain.

Fair (o) Iterduca leads the bride her way ;

And (p) Domiduca home her steps doth stay :

(k) This surname Juno received of the Sabines ; from them the Romans gave it her : of the spear, which (in the Sabine tongue) was called *curis*, and was that which they named *hasta celibaris*, which had stuck in the body of a slain sword-player, and where-with the bride's head was drest, whereof *Fest. in voce Celibar.* gives these reasons : *Ut quemadmodum illa conjuncta fuerit cum corpore gladiatoris, sic ipsa cum viro sit ; vel quia matronæ Junonis curitis in tutela sit, quæ ita appellabatur à serenda hasta : vel quod fortes viri genituras ominetur ; vel quod nuptiali jure imperio viri subjicitur nubens, quia hasta summa armorum, & imperii est, &c.* To most of which Plutarch, in his *Quæst. Rom.* consents, but adds a better in *Romul.* That when they divided the bride's hair with the point of the spear, *συμμετρῶν ἑκάς τὴν μέσην μάχης ἢ πολεμικῆς τὸν πρῶτον γάμον γινέσθαι*, it noted their first nuptials (with the Sabines) were contracted by force, and as with enemies. Howsoever, that it was a custom with them, this of *Ovid. Fast. lib. 2.* confirms. *Comat virgineas hasta recurva comas.*

(l) For the surname of Unxia, we have *Mart. Capel.* his testimony, *De Nup. Phil. & Mercur. lib. 2* *quod unktionibus præst :* as also *Servius, libro quarto Æneid.* where they both report it a fashion with the Romans, that before the new-married brides entered the houses of their husbands, they adorned the posts of the gates with woollen tawdries, or fillets, and anointed them with oils, or the fat of wolves and boars ; being superstitiously possess that such ointments had the virtue of expelling evils from the family : and thence were they called *Uxores, quasi Unxores.*

(m) She was named *Juga*, *propter Jugum*, (as *Servius* says) for the yoke which was imposed, in matrimony, on those that were married, or (with *Sex. Pomp. Fest.*) *quod Juges sunt ejusdem Jugi Pares, unde & Conjuges*, or in respect of the altar (which I have declared before) sacred to Juno, in *Vico Jugario.*

(n) As she was *Gamelia*, in sacrificing to her, they took away the gull, and threw it behind the altar ; intimating, that (after marriage) there should be known no bitterness, nor hatred between the joined couple, which might divide or separate them. See *Plutarch. Connub. Præ.* This rite I have somewhere following touched at.

(o) The title of *Iterduca* she had amongst them, *quod ad sponsæ desponsas comitabatur*, or was a protectress of their journey. *Mart. Capel. de Nup. Philol. & Mercur. libro secundo.*

(p) The like of *Domiduca*, *quod ad optatas domus duceret.* *Mart. ibid.*

Cinxia

- (g) Cinxia the maid, quit of her zone, defends.
(r) Telia (for Hymen) perfects all, and ends.

By this time the ladies were paired with the men, and the whole sixteen ranked forth, in order, to dance: and were with this song provoked.

SONG.

NOW, now, begin to set
Your spirits in active heat;
And, since your hands are met,
Instruct your nimble feet,
In motions swift and meet,
The happy ground to beat¹:

CHORUS.

(g) Cinxia, the same author gives unto her, as the defendress of maids, when they had put off their girdle, in the bridal chamber; to which Festus, *Cinxia Junonis nomen sanctum habebatur in nuptiis, quod initio conjugis solutio erat cinguli, quo nova nupta erat cincta.* And Arnobius, a man most learned in their ceremonies, lib. 3. *advers. Gent. saith, Unctionibus superest Unxia. Cingulorum Cinxia replicationi.*

(r) Telia signifies *Perfecta*, or, as some translate it, *Perfetrrix*; with Jul. Pol. lib. 3. *Onomast. ἡ τε τῆς τελεῆς values Juno! Præses Nep-tiarum: who saith, the attribute depends of τῆς τελεῆς, which (with the ancients) signified marriage, and thence were they called τελεῆς that entered into that state. Servius interprets it the same with Ga-melia, Aeneid 4. ad verb. Et Junone secunda. But it implies much more, as including the faculty, too, mature and perfect. See the Greek Scholiast on Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thyæum Uliæ filium Argi. τῆς τελεῆς δὲ ἡ γάμος διὰ τὸ καλεσθῆναι τὴν τελεῆς τὴν τῆς; that is, Nuptials are therefore called τῆς τελεῆς, because they affect perfection of life, and do note that maturity which should be in matrimony. For before nuptials, she is called Juno *ωᾶς*, that is, *Virgo*; after nuptials, *τελεῆς*, which is *Adulta*, or *Perfecta*.*

¹ The happy ground to BEAT.] This reminds me of an expression in Shakespear, which appears to be corrupted; a correction of which I shall here propose, with the leave, and to the judgment of my reader.

"Ob. Come, my queen, take hand with me,

"And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be."

Midsum. Dream, act 4. scene 1.

One would not imagine the dancing of these dapper elves should shake or rock the ground; it seems therefore an easier expression to read,

"And knock the ground whereon these sleepers be."

And this too is a phrase of Classical purity:

Gaudet invisam populisse fossor

Ter pede tersam

Hor. Od. 1. 3. 18.

And

CHORUS.

Whilst all this roof doth ring,
And each discording string,
With every varied voice,
In union doth rejoice.

Here they danced forth a most neat and curious measure, full of subtilty and device; which was so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that spirit from the invention, which the invention gave to it: and left it doubtful, whether the forms flowed more perfectly from the author's brain, or their feet. The strains were all notably different, some of them formed into letters, very signifying to the name of the Bridegroom, and ended in the manner of a chain, linking hands: to which this was spoken.

REASON.

Such was (s) the golden chain let down from hea-
And not those links more even, [ven;

And we may add one authority from Spenser:

“ ——— The merry sound

“ Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on high,

“ And many feet fast thumping th' hollow ground.”

Fairy Queen, l. 6. c. 10. sta. 10.

(s) Mentioned by Homer, *Iliad* 6. which many have interpreted diversly, all allegorically. *Plato* in *Thaeteto*, understands it to be the Sun, which while he circles the world in his course, all things are safe, and preserved: others vary it. *Macrobius* (to whose interpretation I am specially affected in my allusion) considers it thus: in *Som. Scip. libr. 1. cap. 14. Ergo cum ex summo Deo mens, ex mens animo fit; anima vero & condatur, & vita compleat omnia quae sequuntur, cunctaque hic unus fulgor illuminet, & in universis appareat, ut in multis speculis, per ordinem positis, cultus unus; cumque omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad imum mundi conveniatur pressius intuenti à summo Deo usque ad ultimam rerum facta una mutuis se vinculis religans, & nusquam interrupta connexis. Haec est Homeri Catena aurea, quam pendere de caelo in terras Deus jussisse commemorat.* To which strength and evenness of connexion I have not absurdly likened this uniting of humours and affections by the sacred powers of marriage.

Than

Than these: so sweetly temper'd, so combin'd
 By union and refin'd.
 Here no contention, envy, grief, deceit,
 Fear, jealousy have weight;
 But all is peace, and love, and faith, and bliss:
 What harmony like this?
 The gall behind the altar quite is thrown;
 This sacrifice hath none.
 Now no affections rage, nor humours swell;
 But all compos'd dwell.
 O Juno, Hymen, Hymen, Juno! who
 Can merit with you two?
 Without your presence, Venus can do nought,
 Save what with shame is bought;
 No father can himself a parent show,
 Nor any house with prosp'rous issue grow.
 O then! what deities will dare
 With Hymen, or with Juno to compare?

*This speech being ended, they dissolved: and all took forth
 other persons (men and women) to dance other measures,
 galliards, and corrantos; the whilst this song impor-
 tuned them to a fit remembrance of the time.*

S O N G.

THINK, yet, how night doth waste,
 How much of time is past,
 What more than winged haste
 Your selves would take,
 If you were but to taste
 The joy the night doth cast
 (O might it ever last)
 On this bright virgin, and her happy make*.

* On this bright virgin, and her happy MAKE.] i. e. mate, or
 husband. We shall give an authority for this sense of it in another
 place, where it is so used by our poet.

Their dances yet lasting, they were the second time importuned by speech.

R E A S O N.

See, see! the bright (t) Idalian star,
That lighteth lovers to their war,
Complains that you her influence lose;
While thus the night-sports you abuse.

H Y M E N.

The longing bridegroom, (u) in the porch,
Shews you again the bated torch;
And thrice hath Juno (x) mixt her air
With fire, to summon your repair.

R E A S O N.

See, now she clean withdraws her light;
And (as you should) gives place to night,
That spreads her broad and blackest wing
Upon the world, and comes to bring
A (y) thousand several-colour'd loves,
Some like sparrows, some like doves,
That hop about the nuptial-room,
And flutt'ring there (against you come)

(t) *Stella Veneris*, or *Venus*, which when it goes before the sun, is called *Phosphorus*, or *Lucifer*; when it follows, *Hesperus*, or *Noctifer* (as *Cat.* translates it.) See *Cic.* 2. *de Nat. Deor.* *Mar. Cap. de Nup. Phil. & Mer.* l. 8. The nature of this star *Pythagoras* first found out: and the present office *Clau.* expresseth in *Fescen. Attileus thalamis Idalium jubar Dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus.*

(u) It was a custom for the man to stand there, expecting the approach of his bride. See *Hotto. de Rit. Nupt.*

(x) Alluding to that of *Virg. Æneid.* 4. *Prima & Tellus, & Pro-nuba Juno Dant signum: fulsere ignes, & conscius æther Connubii, &c.*

(y) *Stat. in Epit. Fulcra, torosque deæ, tenerum premit agnus Amorum.* And *Claud. in Epith. Pennati passim pueri, quo quemque occavit Umbra, jacent.* Both which prove the ancients feigned many *Cupids*. Read also *Prop. eleg.* 29. l. 2.

Warm the chaste bow'r, which (x) Cypria strows,
With many a lily, many a rose.

H Y M E N.

Haste, therefore, haste, and call, away:
The gentle night is prest to pay
The usury of long delights,
She owes to these protracted rites.

At this (the whole scene being drawn again, and all covered with clouds, as at night) they left off their intermixed dances, and returned to their first places; where, as they were but beginning to move, this song, the third time, urged them.

S O N G.

O Know to end, as to begin:
A minute's loss, in love, is sin.
These humours will the night out-wear
In their own pastimes here;
You do our rites much wrong,
In seeking to prolong
These outward pleasures:
The night hath other treasures
Than these (though long conceal'd)
E're day to be reveal'd.
Then, know to end, as to begin;
A minute's loss, in love, is sin.

Here they danced their last dances, full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter strain, fell into a fair orb or circle; Reason standing in the midst, and speaking.

(x) Venus is so induced by Stat. Claud. and others, to celebrate nuptials.

R E A S O N.

Here stay, and let your sports be crown'd :
 The perfect'st figure is the round.
 Nor tell you in it by adventure,
 When reason was your guide and centre.
 This, this that beauteous (a) ceston is
 Of lovers many-colour'd bliss.
 Come, Hymen, make an inner ring,
 And let the sacrificers sing ;
 Chear up the faint and trembling bride,
 That quakes to touch her bridegroom's side :
 Tell her what Juno is to Jove,
 The same shall she be to her love ;
 His wife : which we do rather measure
 A (b) name of dignity than pleasure.
 Up, youths, hold up your lights in air,
 And shake abroad (c) their flaming hair.
 Now move united, and in gait,
 As you (in pairs) do front the state,
 With grateful honours thank his grace
 That hath so glorify'd the place :
 And as, in circle, you depart
 Link'd hand in hand ; so, heart in heart,
 May all those bodies still remain

(a) Venus's girdle, mentioned by Homer, *lli.* 8. which was feigned to be variously wrought with the needle, and in it wove love, desire, sweetness, soft parlee, gracefulness, persuasion, and all the powers of Venus.

(b) See the words of *Ælius Verus* in *Spartian*.

And shake abroad their flaming hair. The poet, in the following note has given us the authority of *Catullus* for this classical phrase: my friend Mr. Symphon remarks a parallel expression in *Spenser*, *l. 1. c. 12. st. 37.*

"A bushy head a groom did light."

(c) So *Cat.* in *Nupt. Jul. & Manlii* hath it. *Viden' ut jam splendidas quatunt comas?* and by and by after, *aureas quatunt comas.*

Whom

Whom he (with so much sacred pain)
 No less hath bound within his realms
 Than they are with the oceans streams.
 Long may his union find increase,
 As he, to ours, hath deign'd his peace.

With this, to a soft strain of musick, they paced once about, in their ring, every pair making their honours, as they came before the state : and then dissolving, went down in couples, led on by Hymen, the Bride, and Auspices following, as to the nuptial bower. After them, the musicians with this song, of which, then, only one staff was sung ; but because I made it both in form and matter to emulate that kind of poem, which was called (d) Epithalamium, and (by the ancients) used to be sung when the bride was led into her chamber, I have here set it down whole : and do heartily forgive their ignorance whom it chanceth not to please. Hoping that nemo doctus me jubeat Thalassionem verbis dicere non Thalassionis.

E P I T H A L A M I O N.

GLAD time is at his point arriv'd,
 For which love's hopes were so long liv'd.
 Lead, Hymen, lead away ;
 And let no object stay,
 Nor banquets (but sweet kisses)
 The turtles from their blisses.
 (e) 'Tis Cupid calls to arm ;
 And this his last alarm.

(d) It had the name à Thalamo ; dictum est autem θάλαμος cubiculum Nuptiale primo suo significatu, ὡς αὐτὸ τὸ θάλαμον ἄμα, quod est simul genialem vitam agere. Scal. in Poet.

(e) This poem had for the most part versum intercalarem, or carmen amabilem : yet that not always one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same song, as in ours you shall find observed.

Shrink not, soft virgin, you will love,
Anon, what you so fear to prove.

This is no killing war,
To which you pressed are;
But fair and gentle strife,
Which lovers call their life.
'Tis Cupid cries, to arm;
And this his last alarm.

Help, youths and virgins, help to sing
The prize, which Hymen here doth bring,
And did so lately (f) rap
From forth the mother's lap,
To place her by that side
Where she must long abide.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

See, Hesperus is yet in view!
What star can so deserve of you?
Whose light doth still adorn
Your bride, that, e'er the morn,
Shall far more perfect be,
And rise as bright as he;
When, (g) like to him, her name
Is chang'd, but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and adventure;
The covetous house would have you enter,
That it might wealthy be,
And you, her (h) mistress see:

(f) The bride was always feigned to be ravished *ex gremio matris*: or (if she were wanting) *ex proximâ necessitudine*, because that had succeeded well to Romulus, who, by force, got wives for him and his, from the Sabines. See *Fest.* and that of *Catul.* *Qui rapta teneram ad virum virginem.*

(g) When he is Phosphorus, yet the same star, as I have noted before.

(h) At the entrance of the bride, the custom was to give her the keys, to signify that she was absolutely mistress of the place, and the whole disposition of the family at her care. *Fest.*

Haste your own good to meet ;
And (i) lift your golden feet
Above the threshold high,
With prosperous augury.

Now, youths, let go your pretty arms ;
The place within chants other charms.

Whole showers of roses flow ;
And violets seem to grow,
Strew'd in the chamber there,
As Venus' mead it were.

On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Good matrons, that so well are known

To aged husbands of your own,
Place you our bride to night ;
And (k) snatch away the light :

That (l) she not hide it dead
Beneath her spouse's bed ;

Nor (m) he reserve the same
To help the funeral flame.

So, now you may admit him in ;

The act he covets is no sin,

But chaste and holy love,
Which Hymen doth approve :
Without whose hallowing fires
All aims are base desires.

On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

(i) This was also another rite : that she might not touch the threshold as she entered, but was lifted over it. Servius saith, because it was sacred to Vesta. *Plut. in Quæst. Rom.* remembers divers causes. But that, which I take to come nearest the truth, was only the avoiding of forcereous drugs, used by witches to be buried under that place, to the destroying of marriage amity, or the power of generation. See *Alexand. in Genialibus*, and *Christ. Landus upon Catul.*

(k) For this, look *Fest. in Voc. Rapi.*

(lm) *Quo utroque mors propinqua alterius alterius captari putatur.* *Fest. ib.*

Now

Now free from vulgar spite or noise,
 May you enjoy your mutual joys ;
 Now, you no fear controuls,
 But lips may mingle souls ;
 And soft embraces bind
 To each the other's mind,
 Which may no power untie,
 Till one or both must die.
 And look, before you yield to slumber,
 That your delights be drawn past number ;
 Joys, got with strife, increase.
 Affect no sleepy peace ;
 But keep the bride's fair eyes
 Awake with her own cries,
 Which are but maiden fears :
 And kisses dry such tears.
 Then coin them 'twixt your lips so sweet,
 And let not cockles closer meet ;
 Nor may your murmuring loves
 Be drown'd by (n) Cypris' doves :
 Let ivy not so bind
 As when your arms are twin'd :
 That you may both, e'er day,
 Rise perfect ev'ry way.
 And, Juno, whose great powers protect
 The marriage-bed, with good effect
 The labour of this night
 Bless thou, for future light :
 And thou, thy happy charge,
 Glad (o) Genius, enlarge ;
 That they may both, e're day,
 Rise perfect ev'ry way.

(n) A frequent surname of Venus, not of the place, as Cypris, but *quod parere faciat*, à τὴν αὐτὴν μαρτυροῦσα, Theoph. Phurnut. and the grammarians upon Homer, see them.

(o) *Deus Naturæ, sive gignendi*. And is the same in the male, as Juno in the female. Hence *Genialis Lætus*, qui nuptiis stervitur, et bonorum Genit. Fest. *Genius meus*, quia me genuit.

And (p) Venus, thou, with timely seed
(Which may their after-comforts breed)

Inform the gentle womb ;
Nor let it prove a tomb :
But, e'er ten moons be wasted,
The birth, by Cynthia hasted.
So may they both, e'er day,
Rise perfect ev'ry way.

And, when the babe to light is shewn*.

Let it be like each parent known ;
Much of the father's face,
More of the mother's grace ;
And either grandfire's spirit,
And fame let it inherit.
That men may bless th'embraces,
That joined two such races.

Cease, youths and virgins, you have done ;
Shut fast the door : and as they soon

To their perfection haste,
So may their ardours last.
So either's strength out-live
All loss that age can give :
And, though full years be told,
Their forms grow slowly old.

(p) She hath this faculty given her by all the ancients. See *Hom.*
Iliad. 6. *Lucret.* in *prim. Virg.* in 2. *Georg.* &c.

* And when the babe to light is shewn,

Let it be like each parent known.] This epithalamium is an
imitation of Catullus's poem upon the marriage of Julia and Man-
lius : the sentiments in general are Jonson's, though the above
verses are evidently borrowed from the Latin ;

*Sit suo similis patri
Manlio, & facile inscius
Noscitur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam sua
Matris indicet ore.*

Hitherto

Hitherto extended the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution, left not where to add unto it, with wishing: I mean, (nor do I court them) in those, that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance, as (beside the pomp, splendor, or what we may call apparelling of such presentments) that alone (had all else been absent) was of power to surprize with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give to the furnitute or complement; either in riches, or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of musick. Only the envy was, that it lasted not still, or (now it is past) cannot by imagination, much less description, be recovered to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.

Yet, that I may not utterly defraud the reader of his hope, I am drawn to give it those brief touches, which may leave behind some shadow of what it was: and first of the attires.

That of the lords, had part of it (for the fashion) taken from the antique Greek statues, mixed with some modern additions: which made it both graceful and strange. On their heads they wore Persick crowns, that were with scroles of gold plate turned outward, and wreathed about with a carnation and silver net-lawn; the one end of which hung carelessly on the left shoulder; the other was tricked up before, in several degrees of folds, between the plaits, and set with rich jewels and great pearl. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of silver, richly wrought, and cut to express the naked, in manner of the Greek thorax; girt under the breasts with a broad belt of cloth of gold, embroidered, and fastened before with jewels: their labels were of white cloth of silver, laced, and wrought curiously between, suitable to the upper half of their sleeves;

sleeves; whose nether parts with their bases, were of watchet cloth of silver, cheveroned all over with lace. Their mantles were of several-coloured silks, distinguishing their qualities, as they were coupled in pairs; the first, sky-colour; the second, pearl-colour; the third, flame-colour; the fourth, tawny; and these cut in leaves, which were subtilly tacked up, and embroidered with O's, and between every rank of leaves a broad silver lace. They were fastened on the right shoulder, and fell compass down the back in gracious folds, and were again tied with a round knot to the fastening of their swords. Upon their legs they wore silver greaves, answering in work to their labels. And these were their accoutrements.

The ladies attire was wholly new, for the invention, and full of glory; as having in it the most true impression of a celestial figure: the upper part of white cloth of silver, wrought with Juno's birds and fruits; a loose under garment, full gathered, of carnation, striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone; Beneath that, another flowing garment, of watchet cloth of silver, laced with gold; through all which, though they were round, and swelling, there yet appeared some touch of their delicate lineaments, preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression. The attire of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their hair being carelessly (but yet with more art than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich coronet, adorned with all variety, and choice of jewels; from the top of which flowed a transparent veil, down to the ground; whose verge returning up, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds; so were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament.

No less to be admired, for the grace and greatness, was the whole machine of the spectacle from whence they came : the first part of which was a ΜΙΚΡΟΚΟΣΜΟΣ, or globe, filled with countries, and those gilded; where the sea was exprest, heightened with silver waves. This stood, or rather hung (for no axle was seen to support it) and turning softly, discovered the first masque (as we have before, but too runningly, declared) which was of the men, sitting in fair composition, within a mine of several metals : to which the lights were so plac'd, as no one was seen; but seem'd as if only Reason, with the splendor of her crown, illumined the whole grot.

On the sides of this (which began the other part) were plac'd two great statues, feigned of gold, one of Atlas, the other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing up the clouds, which were of relievo, embossed, and tralucet as naturals : to these a cortine of painted clouds joined, which reached to the utmost roof of the hall; and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air : in the highest of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets, and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest : where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring airy spirits, their habits various, and resembling the several colours caus'd in that part of the air by reflection. The midst was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves (in nature of those Nimbi, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c. the gods are feigned to descend) and these carried the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms; (g) who (as the engine moved, seem'd also to bow themselves

(g) Atlas and Hercules, the figures mentioned before.

(by virtue of their shadows) and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden: when having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders.

But that, which (as above in place, so in the beauty) was most taking in the spectacle, was the sphere of fire, in the top of all, encompassing the air, and imitated with such art and industry, as the spectators might discern the motion (all the time the shews lasted) without any mover; and that so swift, as no eye could distinguish any colour of the light, but might form to itself five hundred several hues out of the translucent body of the air, objected betwixt it and them.

And this was crowned with a statue of Jupiter the thunderer.

ON the next night, whose solemnity was of Barriers, (all mention of the former being utterly removed and taken away) there appeared, at the lower end of the hall, a mist made of delicate perfumes; out of which (a battle being sounded under the stage) did seem to break forth two ladies, the one representing Truth, the other Opinion; but both so alike attired, as they could by no note be distinguished. The colour of their garments was blue, their socks white; they were crowned with wreaths of palm, and in their hand each of them sustained a palm-bough. These, after the mist was vanished, began to examine each other curiously with their eyes, and approaching the state, the one expostulated the other in this manner:

T R U T H.

Who art thou, thus that imitat'st my grace,
In steps, in habit, and resembled face?

O P I N I O N.

Grave (r) Time and Industry my parents are ;
My name is Truth, whot through these sounds of war
(Which figure the wise mind's discursive fight)
In mists by nature wrapt, salute the light.

T R U T H

I am that Truth, thou some illusive spright ;
Whom to my likeness, the black sorceress Night
Hath of these dry, and empty fumes created.

O P I N I O N.

Best herald of thine own birth, well related :
Put me and mine to proof of words, and facts,
In any question this fair hour exacts.

T R U T H.

I challenge thee, and fit this time of love,
With this position, which Truth comes to prove ;
That the most honour'd state of man and wife,
Doth far exceed th'insociate virgin-life.

O P I N I O N.

I take the adverse part ; and she that best
Defends her side, be Truth by all confest.

T R U T H.

It is confirm'd. With what an equal brow
To Truth, (s) Opinion's confident ! and how,

(r) Truth is feigned to be the daughter of Saturn ; who indeed, with the ancients, was no other than time, and so his name alludes, *Κηρος*. *Pant. in Quest.* To which confer the Greek Adage, *ἀνὴρ ὁ αἰὼς πατὴρ τῆς ἀληθείας*.

(s) Hippocrat. in a certain epistle to Philopœm. describeth her, *Mulierem, quæ non mala videatur, sed audacior aspectu & concitatio.* To which Cesare Ripa, in his *Iconolog.* alludeth in these words, *Faccia, ne bella, ne dispiacevole, &c.*

Like Truth, her habit shews to sensual eyes !
But whosoe'er thou be, in this disguise,
Clear Truth, anon, shall strip thee to the heart ;
And shew how mere phantastical thou art.

Know, then, the first production of things
Required two ; from mere one nothing springs :
Without that knot, the theme thou gloriest in,
(Th'unprofitable virgin) had not been.
The golden tree of marriage began
In Paradise, and bore the fruit of man ;
On whose sweet branches angels sat and sung,
And from whose firm root all society sprung.
Love (whose strong virtue wrapt heav'n's soul in earth,
And made a woman glory in his birth)
In marriage opens his inflamed breast ;
And lest in him nature should stifled rest,
His genial fire about the world he darts ;
Which lips with lips combines, and hearts with hearts.
Marriage love's object is ; at whose bright eyes
He lights his torches, and calls them his skies.
For her he wings his shoulders ; and doth flie
To her white bosom, as his sanctuary :
In which no lustful finger can profane him,
Nor any earth with black eclipses wane him.
She makes him smile in sorrows, and doth stand
'Twixt him and all wants, with her silver hand.
In her soft locks his tender feet are ty'd ;
And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.
And as geometricians have approv'd
That lines and superficies are not mov'd
By their own forces, but do follow still
Their bodies motions ; so the self-lov'd will
Of man or woman should not rule in them,
But each with other wear the anademe.
Mirrors, tho' deck'd with diamonds, are naught worth,
If the like forms of things they set not forth ;

So men or women are worth nothing neither,
If either eyes and hearts present not either.

O P I N I O N.

Untouch'd virginity, laugh out ; to see
Freedom in fetters plac'd, and urg'd 'gainst thee.
What griefs lie groaning on the nuptial bed ?
What dull society ? in what sheets of lead
Tumble and toss the restless married pair,
Each, oft, offended with the other's air ?
From whence springs all-devouring avarice,
But from the cares which out of wedlock rise ?
And, where there is in life's best-temper'd fires
An end, set in it self to all desires,
A settled quiet, freedom never check'd ;
How far are married lives from this effect ?
Euripus (1) that bears ships in all their pride,
'Gainst roughest winds, with violence of his tide,
And ebbs and flows seven times in ev'ry day,
Toils not more turbulent, or fierce than they.
And then what rules husbands prescribe their wives ?
In their eyes circles, they must bound their lives.
The moon, when farthest from the sun she shines,
Is most refulgent ; nearest, most declines :
But your poor wives far off must never come,
But waste their beauties near their lords at home :
And when their lords range out, at home must hide
(Like to begg'd monopolies) all their pride.
When their lords list to feed a serious fit,
They must be serious ; when to shew their wit
In jests and laughter, they must laugh and jest ;
When they wake, wake ; and when they rest, must rest.
And to their wives men give such narrow scopes,
As if they meant to make them walk on ropes :

(1) A narrow sea, between Aulis, a port of Boeotia, and the isle
Eubœa. See *Pomp. Meia*, lib. 2.

No tumblers bide more peril of their necks
In all their tricks, than wives in husbands checks.
Where virgins, in their sweet and peaceful state,
Have all things perfect; spin their own free fate;
Depend on no proud second; are their own
Centre and circle; now, and always one.
To whose example we do still hear nam'd
One God, one nature, and but one world fram'd,
One sun, one moon, one element of fire,
So of the rest; one king, that doth inspire
Soul to all bodies, in their royal sphere.

T R U T H.

And where is marriage more declar'd than there?
Is there a band more strict than that doth tie
The soul and body in such unity?
Subjects to sovereigns? doth one mind display
In th' one's obedience, and the other's sway?
Believe it, marriage suffers no compare,
When both estates are valu'd, as they are.
The virgin were a strange, and stubborn thing,
Would longer stay a virgin, than to bring
Herself fit use and profit in a make.

O P I N I O N.

How she doth err! and the whole heav'n mistake!
Look, how a flower that close in closes grows,*
Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no ploughs,
Which

* Look, how a flower that close in closes grows,

Hid from rude cattle, bruised with no ploughs,] Catullus has again furnished our poet with this and the following speech; I could wish he had consulted the ear a little more in the flow of his numbers, that the translation, if possible, might have equalled the delicacy and sweetness of the original: but the closeness of the version must atone for the want of grace.

*Ut flos in sepiis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo concussus aratro,*

Which th' air doth stroke, sun strengthen, showers shoot
 It many youths, and many maids desire ; [higher,
 The same, when cropt by cruel hand is wither'd,
 No youths at all, no maidens have desir'd :
 So a virgin, while untouch'd she doth remain,
 Is dear to hers ; but when with bodies stain
 Her chaster flower is lost, she leaves to appear
 Or sweet to young-men, or to maidens dear.
 That conquest then may crown me in this war,
 Virgins, O virgins, fly from Hymen far.

T R U T H.

Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield,
 For as a lone vine, in a naked field,
 Never extols her branches, never bears
 Ripe grapes, but with a headlong heaviness wears
 Her tender body, and her highest sprout
 Is quickly level'd with her fading root ;
 By whom no husbandman, no youths will dwell ;
 But if by fortune, she be married well
 To th' elm her husband, many husbandmen
 And many youths inhabit by her, then :
 So whilst a virgin doth, untouch'd, abide,
 All unmanur'd, she grows old, with her pride ;
 But when to equal wedlock, in fit time,
 Her fortune, and endeavour lets her climb,
 Dear to her love, and parents she is held.
 Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield.

*Quem nulent aura, firmat sol, educat imber,
 Multi illum queri, multæ ostendere puellæ :
 Idem quem tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
 Nulli illum queri, nullæ ostendere puellæ :
 Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est ;
 Quam casum amisit polluto corpore florem,
 Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.*

The comparison that follows in the speech of Truth, is also as close a copy from the Latin, and is there put into the mouth of the young men.

O P I N I O N.

These are but words; hast thou a knight will try
(By stroke of arms) the simple verity?

T R U T H.

To that high proof I would have dared thee.
I'll straight fetch champions for the bride and me.

O P I N I O N.

The like will I do for virginity.

Here, they both descended the hall, where at the lower end, a march being sounded with drums and fifes, there entred (led forth by the Earl of Nottingham, who was Lord High Constable for that night, and the Earl of Worcester, Earl Marshal) sixteen knights armed with pikes, and swords; their plumes, and colours, carnation and white; all richly accoutred, and making their honours to the state, as they marched by in pairs, were all ranked on one side of the hall. They placed sixteen others like accoutred for riches, and arms, only that their colours were varied to watchet and white; who were by the same Earls led up, and passing in like manner, by the state, placed on the opposite side.

By this time, the bar being brought up, Truth proceeded.

T R U T H.

Now join; and if this varied trial fail,
To make my truth in wedlock's praise prevail,
I will retire, and in more power appear,
To cease this strife, and make our question clear.
Whereat Op nion insulting, followed her with this speech.

O P I N I O N.

I, do: it were not safe thou shouldst abide:
This speaks thy name, with shame to quit thy side.

Here the champions on both sides address themselves for fight, first single; after, three to three: and performed it with that alacrity, and vigour, as if Mars himself had been to triumph before Venus, and invented a new masque. When on a sudden, (the last six having scarcely ended) a striking light seem'd to fill all the hall, and out of it an Angel or messenger of glory appearing.

A N G E L.

Princes, attend a tale of height, and wonder,
Truth is descended in a second thunder,
And now will greet you, with judicial state,
To grace the nuptial part in this debate;
And end with reconciled hands these wars.

Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,
Through which her orient hair waves to her waste,
By which believing mortals hold her fast,
And in those golden cords are carried even,
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.
She wears a robe enchas'd with eagles eyes,
To signify her sight in mysteries;
Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,
And at her feet do witty serpents move:
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,
And you may see her heart shine through her breast.
Her right-hand holds a sun with burning rays,
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,
With which heaven's gates she locketh and displays. }
A crystal mirror hangeth at her breast,
By which mens consciences are search'd, and drest:
On her coach-wheels hypocrisy lies rack'd;
And squint-ey'd slander, with vain-glory back'd
Her bright eyes burn to dust: in which shines fate,
An angel ushers her triumphant gate,
Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she twists,
And with them beats back error, clad in mists.

External

Eternal unity behind her shines,
That fire, and water, earth, and air combines.
Her voice is like a trumpet loud and shrill,
Which bids all sounds in earth, and heav'n be still.
And see ! descended from her chariot now,
In this related pomp she visits you.

T R U T H.

Honour to all that honour nuptials,
To whose fair lot, in justice, now it falls,
That this my counterfeit be here disclos'd,
Who, for virginity, hath herself oppos'd.
Nor though my brightness do undo her charms,
Let these her knights think, that their equal arms
Are wrong'd therein. " For valour wins applause,
" That dares ' but to maintain the weaker cause."
And princes, see, 'tis mere Opinion
That in Truth's forced robe, for Truth hath gone !
Her gaudy colours, piec'd with many folds,
Shew what uncertainties she ever holds :
Vanish adult'rate truth, and never dare
With proud maids praise, to press where nuptials are.
And champions, since you see the truth I held,
To sacred Hymen, reconciled, yield :
Nor (so to yield) think it the least despight.
" It is a conquest to submit to right."
This royal judge of our contention
Will prop, I know, what I have undergone ;

————— *Valour wins applause,*
That dares but to MENTION the weaker cause.] The last verse, by the
introduction of a wrong word, has suffered both in the easiness of the
measure, and the justness of the sense. No great applause of va-
lour can be due to any one, merely for mentioning the weaker side :
the man who supports it may indeed be reckoned a brave man,
even though he should happen not to succeed. This led me to con-
sider that *maintain* was the word designed by the poet, and consult-
ing the first folio, I found it was so to be read.

To

To whose right sacred highness I resign
 Low at his feet, this starry crown of mine,
 To shew, his rule, and judgment is divine;
 These doves to him I consecrate withal,
 To note his innocence, without spot, or gall;
 These serpents, for his wisdom: and these rays,
 To shew, his piercing splendor: these bright keys,
 Designing power to ope the ported skies,
 And speak their glories to his subjects eyes.

Lastly, this heart, with which all hearts be true:
 And truth in him make treason ever rue.

*With this they were led forth, hand in hand, reconciled,
 as in triumph; and thus the solemnities ended.*

Vivite concordēs, & nostrum discite munus.

THE
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
MASQUE,
WITH THE
NUPTIAL SONGS,
AT

The Lord Viscount HADDINGTON's
Marriage at Court.

On the Shrove-Tuesday at Night, 1608.

THE worthy custom of honouring worthy marriages, with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our court, than nobles: expressing besides (through the difficulties of expence and travel, with the cheartfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personaters, to those, for whose sake they would sustain these persons. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their honour in these celebrations, to do nothing in them beneath the dignity of either. With this preposed part of judgment, adventure to give that abroad, which in my first conception I intended honourably fit: and (though it hath labour'd since, under censure) I, that know truth to be always of one stature, and so like a rule, as who bends it the least way, must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to slight me (in these things being an artificer)

tificer) and give themselves a peremptory licence to judge who have never touch'd so much as to the bark, or utter shell of any knowledge. But their daring dwell with them. They have found a place to pour out their follies; and I a seat, to sleep out the passage.

The scene to this masque, was a high, steep, red cliff, advancing itself into the clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informed) the honourable family of the Radcliffs first took their name, (*a clivo rubro*) and is to be written with that orthography; as I have observ'd out of M. Camden, in his mention of the earls of Suffex. This cliff was also a note of height, greatness and antiquity. Before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, charged with spoils and trophies of Love, and his mother, consecrate to marriage: amongst which, were old and young persons figur'd, bound with roses, the wedding garments, rocks and spindles, hearts transfix'd with arrows, others flaming, virgins girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like; all wrought round and bold: and over head two personages, Triumph and Victory, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a garland of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seem'd to be of burnish'd gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick, and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn musick, a bright sky breaking forth; there were discovered first two (*a*) doves, then two (*b*) swans with silver geers, drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their

(*a b*) Both doves and swans were sacred to this goddess, and as well with the one as the other, her chariot is induced by Ovid lib. 10 & 11 *Metamor.*

chariot, alighted on the top of the cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, Venus having left her star only flaming in her seat, came to the earth, the Graces throwing garlands all the way, and began to speak.

V E N U S.

IT is no common cause, ye will conceive,
My lovely Graces, makes your goddess leave
Her state in heaven, to night, to visit earth.
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son;
And, whom long absent, Venus is undone.

Spy, if you can, his footsteps on this green;
For here (as I am told) he late hath been,
With (c) divers of his brethren, lending light
From their best flames, to gild a glorious night;
Which I not grudge at, being done for her,
Whose honours, to mine own, I still prefer.
But he, not yet returning, I'm in fear,
Some gentle Grace, or innocent beauty here,
Be taken with him: or he hath surpriz'd
A second Psyche, and lives here disguis'd.
Find ye not track of his stray'd feet? *Gr. 1.* Not I.
Gr. 2. Nor I. *Gr. 3.* Nor I. *Venus.* Stay nymphs, we
[then will try

A nearer way. Look all these ladies eyes,
And see if there he not concealed lies;
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling breasts:
(The wag affects to make himself such nests)
Perchance he hath got some simple heart, to hide
His subtle shape in: I will have him cry'd,
And all his virtues told. That, when they know
What spright he is, she soon may let him go,

(c) Alluding to the Loves in the Queen's masque before.

That

That guards him now ; and think herself right blest,
 To be so timely rid of such a guest.
 Begin, soft Graces, and proclaim reward
 To her that brings him in. Speak to be heard.

1 *GRACE.*

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
 Called (c) Love, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blind ;
 Cruel now, and then as kind ?
 If he be amongst ye, say ;
 He is Venus' run-away.

2 *GRACE.*

She that will but now discover
 Where the winged wag doth hover,
 Shall to-night receive a kiss,
 How, or where herself would wish :
 But, who brings him to his mother,
 Shall have that kiss, and another'.

3 *GRACE.*

He hath of marks about him plenty :
 You shall know him among twenty.

(c) In this Love, I express Cupid, as he is *Veneris filius*, and owner of the following qualities, ascrib'd him by the antique and later poets.

^a But who brings him to his mother,

Shall have that kiss, and another.] This description of Cupid, given by the several Graces, is a translation from the *Idyllium* of the Greek poet Moschus, called *Amor Fugitivus* : some little additions are made to it by Jonson, but in the same spirit and delicacy as the original itself.

Ἀγαπῶντας ἑμὸς ἄν' ἑ μανίας γυναικὸς ἐστὶ
 Μισθὸς τοῖς Φιδάμα τοῖς Κανθιδος' αἱ δ' ἀγῶναι αἱ,
 Οὐ γὰρ ποτὶ Φιδάμα, τοῖς δ' αἱ ἐστὶν αἱ ἀγῶναι αἱ.

Mosch. Idyl. 1.

All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

1 *GRACE.*

At his sight, the (*d*) sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned ;
(*e*) Hell hath felt a greater heat :
Jove himself forsook his seat :
From the centre to the sky,
Are his (*f*) trophies reared high.

2 *GRACE.*

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights and heart,
But not stay in any part ;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

3 *GRACE.*

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that out-brave
Dian's shafts : where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

(*d*) See Lucian. *Dial. Deor.*

(*e*) And Claud. *in raptu Proserp.*

(*f*) Such was the power ascrib'd him, by all the ancients : where
there is extant an elegant Greek epigram. *Phil. Pœ.* wherein he
makes all the other deities despoiled by him, of their ensigns ; Jove
of his thunder, Phœbus of his arrows, Hercules of his club, &c.

1 *GRACE.*

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers hearts are all his food ;
And his baths their warmest blood :
Nought but wounds his hand doth season.
And he hates none like to reason.

2 *GRACE.*

Trust him not : his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit ;
Every gift it is a bait ;
Not a kiss but poison bears ;
And most treason in his tears.

3 *GRACE.*

Idle minutes are his reign ;
Then, the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em joys :
'Tis th' ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

1 *GRACE.*

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

2 *GRACE.*

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3 *GRACE.*

Since you hear his falser play ;
And that he's Venus' run-away.

At this, from behind the trophies, Cupid discovered himself, and came forth armed; attended with twelve boys, most antickly attired, that represented the sports, and pretty lightnesses that accompany Love, under the titles of Joci and Risus; and are said to wait on Venus, as she is Præfēt of Marriage. Which Horat. consents to (g) Car. lib. 1. ode 2.

C U P I D.

Come, my little jocund sports,
Come away; the time now sorts
With your pastime: this same night
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light.
With your revel fill the room,
That our triumphs be not dumb.

Wherewith they fell into a subtilec apricious dance, to as odd a musick, each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antick faces, with other variety of ridiculous gesture, which gave much occasion of mirth and delight to the spectators. The dance ended, Cupid went forward.

C U P I D.

Well done, antiques: now my bow,
And my quiver bear to show;
That these beauties, here, may know,
By what arms this feat was done,
That hath so much honour won
Unto Venus, and her son.

At which, his mother apprehended him: and circling him in, with the Graces, began to demand.

(g) — *Erycina ridens, quam Jocus circumvolat, & Cupido.*

V E N U S.

What feat, what honour is it, that you boast,
 My little straggler? I had given you lost,
 With all your games, here. *Cup.* Mother? *Ven.* Yes, sir,
 What might your glorious cause of triumph be? [*she.*
 Ha' you shot (*b*) Minerva, or the Thespian dames?
 Heat aged (*i*) Ops again, with youthful flames?
 Or have you made the colder Moon to visit
 Once more, a sheepcote? Say, what conquest is it
 Can make you hope such a renown to win?
 Is there a second Hercules brought to spin?
 Or for some new disguise, leaves Jove his thunder?

C U P I D.

Nor that, nor those, and yet no less a wonder;
 Which to tell, I may not stay:

[*And there slips from her.*

(*k*) Hymen's presence bids away;
 'Tis, already, at his night,
 He can give you further light.
 You my sports may here abide,
 Till I call to light the bride.

H Y M E N.

Venus, is this a time to quit your car?
 To stoop to earth? to leave alone your star,
 Without your influence? and, (*l*) on such a night,
 Which should be crown'd with your most chearing sight?

(*b*) She urges these as miracles, because Pallas, and the Muses, are most contrary to Cupid. See *Luc. Dial Ven. & Cupid.*

(*i*) Rhea, the mother of the gods, whom Lucian, in that place makes to have fallen frantically in love by Cupid's means, with Atys. So of the moon, with Endymion, Hercules, &c.

(*k*) Here Hymen, the god of marriage, entered; and was so introduced here, as you have him described in my *Hymenæi*.

(*l*) When she is *nuptiis profecta*, with Juno, Suadela, Diana, and Jupiter himself. *Paus. in Messeniac. & Plut. in problem.*

As you were ignorant of what were done
 By Cupid's hand, your all-triumphing son?
 Look on this state; and if you yet not know,
 What crown there shines, whose sceptre here doth grow;
 Think on thy lov'd (m) Æneas, and what name,
 Maro the golden trumpet of his fame,
 Gave him, read thou in this. A prince that draws
 B' example more, than others do by laws:
 That is so just to his great act, and thought,
 To do, not what kings may, but what kings ought.
 Who out of piety unto peace is vow'd,
 To spare his subjects, yet to quell the proud;
 And dares esteem it the first fortitude,
 To have his passions, foes at home, subdu'd.
 That was reserv'd, untill the Parcæ spun
 Their whitest wool; and then his thread begun,
 Which thread, when (n) treason would have burst, a soul
 (To-day renown'd, and added to my roll)
 Oppos'd; and, by that act, to his name did bring
 'The honour to (o) be savor of his king.
 This king whose worth (if gods for virtue love)
 Should Venus with the same affections move,

(m) Æneas, the son of Venus, Virgil makes throughout, the most exquisite pattern of piety, justice, prudence, and all other princely virtues, with whom (in way of that excellence) I confer my sovereign, applying in his description his own word usurped of that poet, *Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbis*.

(n) In that monstrous conspiracy of E. Gowry,

And by that act, to his name did bring

[The honour to be savor of his king.] In the Gowry conspiracy the Earl was slain by John Ramsay, who was at that time hunting with the king: as a reward for his loyalty and courage, he had the honour of knighthood, with an additional bearing to his coat of arms, a hand holding forth a dagger, reversed proper, piercing a bloody heart, the point crowned imperial, with this motto, *Hic dextra vincit principis & patriæ*: afterwards he was created lord Haddington, and Earl of Holderness.

(o) *Titulus tunc crescere posses, nunc per te titulus.*

As her Æneas ; and no less endear
Her love to his safety, than when she did chear,
(After (p) a tempest) long-afflicted Troy,
Upon the Lybian shore ; and brought them joy :

V E N U S.

I love, and know his virtues, and do boast
Mine own renown, when I renown him most.
My Cupid's absence I forgive, and praise,
That me to such a present grace could raise.
His champion shall, hereafter, be my care :
But speak his bride, and what her virtues are.

H Y M E N.

She is a noble virgin, styl'd, The Maid
Of the Red-cliff, and hath her dowry weigh'd
No less in virtue, blood, and form, than gold,
Thence, where my pillar's rear'd, you may behold,
(Fill'd with love's trophies) doth she take her name.
Those pillars did uxorious (q) Vulcan frame,
Against this day, and underneath that hill,
He, and his Cyclopes, are forging still
Some strange and curious piece, t'adorn the night,
And give these graced nuptials greater light.

*Here Vulcan presented himself, (as overhearing Hymen)
attired in a cassock girt to him, with bare arms, his
hair and beard rough ; his hat of blue, and ending in*

(p) *Virg. Æneid. lib. 1.*

(q) The ancient poets, whensoever they would intend any thing to be done with great mastery, or excellent art, made Vulcan the artificer, as *Hom. II. 2.* in the forging of Achilles's armour, and *Virg.* for Æneas, *Æneid. 8.* He is also said to be the god of fire and light. Sometime taken for the purest beam : and by *Orph.* is *Hym* celebrated for the sun and moon. But more especially by *Eurip.* in *Troad.* he is made *Pacifer in Nuptiis.* Which present office we give him here, as being *Calor Naturæ,* and *Præses Luminis.* See *Plat.* in *Cratyl.* For his description, read *Pausan.* in *Eliac.*

a cone; in his hand a hammer and tongs, as coming from the forge.

VULCAN.

Which I have done; the best of all my life:
And have my end, if it but please my wife,
And she commend it, to the labour'd worth.
Cleave, solid rock, and bring the wonder forth.

At which, with a loud and full musick, the c'iff parted in the midst, and discovered an illustrious concave, filled with an ample and glistering light, in which an artificial sphere was made of silver, eighteen foot in the diameter, that turned perpetually: the coluri were heightened with gold; so were the arctick and antarctick circles, the tropicks, the equinoctial, the meridian and horizon; only the zodiack was of pure gold: in which the masquers, under the characters of the twelve signs, were placed, answering them in number; whose offices, with the whole frame, as it turned, Vulcan went forward, to describe.

VULCAN.

It is a sphere, I've formed round and even,
In due proportion to the sphere of heaven,
With all his lines and circles; that compose
The perfect'st form, and aptly do disclose
The heav'n of marriage: which I title it.
Within whose zodiack, I have made to sit,
In order of the signs, twelve sacred pow'rs,
That are presiding at all nuptial hours:

1. The first, in Aries' place, respecteth pride
Of youth, and beauty; graces in the bride.
2. In Taurus, he loves strength and manliness;
The virtues which the bridegroom should profess.
3. In Gemini, that noble power is shown,
That twins their hearts, and doth of two make one.

4. In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way
With backward yielding to her husband's sway.
5. In Leo, he that doth instil the heat
Into the man : which from the following feat
6. Is temper'd so, as he that looks from thence
Sees yet they keep a Virgin innocence.
7. In Libra's room, rules he that doth supply
All happy beds with sweet equality.
8. The Scorpion's place he fills, that makes the jars,
And stings in wedlock ; little strifes and wars :
9. Which he, in th'Archer's throne, doth soon remove,
By making, with his shafts, new wounds of love.
10. And those the follower with more heat inspires,
As, in the Goat, the sun renews his fires.
11. In wet Aquarius' stead, reigns he that show'rs
Fertility upon the genial bow'rs.
12. Last, in the fishes place, sits he doth say,
In married joys, all should be dumb as they.

And this hath Vulcan for his Venus done,
To grace the chaster triumph of her son.

V E N U S.

And for this gift, will I to heaven return,
And vow for ever, that my lamp shall burn
With pure and chastest fire ; or (r) never shine,
But when it mixeth with thy sphere and mine.

*Here Venus returned to her chariot, with the Graces ; while
Vulcan calling out the priests of Hymen, who were the
musicians, was interrupted by Pyracmon, one of the
Cyclops ; of whom, with the other two, Brontes and
Steropes, see (s) Virg. Æneid.*

(r) As Catul. hath it in *nup. Jul. & Manl.* without Hymen,
which is marriage, *Nil potest Venus, sama quod bona comprobet, &c.*

(s) *Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro, Brontesque, Steropesque
& vados membra Pyracmon, &c.*

VULCAN.

Sing then, ye priests.

PYRACMON.

—— Stay, Vulcan, shall not these
Come forth and dance?

VULCAN.

Yes, my Pyracmon, please
The eyes of these spectators with (t) our art.

PYRACMON.

Come here then, Brontes, bear a Cyclops' part,
And Steropes, both with your sledges stand,
And strike a time unto them as they land;
And as they forwards come, still guide their paces
In musical and sweet proportion'd graces;
While I upon the work and frame attend,
And Hymen's priests forth at their seasons send
To chaunt their hymns; and make this square admire
Our great artificer, the god of fire.

Here the musicians, attired in yellow, with wreaths of marjoram, and veils like Hymen's priests, sung the first staff of the following Epithalamion: which, because it was sung in pieces between the dances, shewed to be so many several songs; but was made to be read an entire poem. After the song, they came (descending in an oblique motion) from the Zodiack, and danced their first dance; then musick interposed, (but varied with voices,

(t) As when *Hom. Iliad.* Σ , makes Thetis for her son Achilles, to visit Vulcan's house, he feigns that Vulcan had made twenty tripods, or stools with golden wheels, to move of themselves miraculously, and go out and return sily. To which the invention of our dance alludes, and is in the poet a most elegant place, and worthy the tenth reading.

only keeping the same chorus) they danced their second dance. So after, their third and fourth dances, which were all full of elegance and curious device. The two latter were made by M. Thomas Giles, the two first by M. Hier. Herne: who, in the persons of the two Cyclopes, beat a time to them with their hammers. The tunes were M. Alphonso Ferrabosco's. The device and act of the scene M. Inigo Jones's, with addition of the trophies. For the invention of the whole, and the verses, *Affertor qui dicat esse meos, imponet plagiaro pudorem.*

The attire of the masquers throughout was most graceful and noble; partaking of the best both ancient and later figure. The colours carnation and silver, enriched both with embroidery and lace. The dressing of their heads, feathers and jewels; and so excellently ordered to the rest of the habit, as all would suffer under any description, after the shew. Their performance of all, so magnificent and illustrious, that nothing can add to the seal of it, but the subscription of their names.

The Duke of LENOX,	Lord of WALDEN,
Earl of ARUNDELL,	Lord HAY,
Earl of PEMBROKE,	Lord SANKRE,
Earl of MONTGOMERY,	Sir RO. RICHEL,
Lord D'AUBIGNY,	Sir JO. KENNETHIE,
Mr. ERSKINS.	

E P I T H A L A M I O N.

UP youths and virgins, up, and praise
 The god, whose nights out-shine his days;
 Hymen, whose hallowed rites
 Could never boast of brighter lights;
 Whose bands pass liberty.
 Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
 Are now wag'd to his war.
 And what they are,

If you'll perfection see,
Your selves must be.

Shine Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

What joy or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts?
When in the happy choice,
The spouse and spoused have the foremost voice!
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are,
And long perfection see:
And such ours be.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

The solemn state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light;
But there are rites behind
Have less of state, but more of kind:
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's war:
That what these are,
Who will perfection see,
May hast to be.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

Love's commonwealth consists of toys;
His council are those antique boys,
Games, laughter, sports, delights,
That triumph with him on these nights:
To whom we must give way,
For now their reign begins, and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's war,
And, in that jar,

Make

Make all, that married be,
Perfection see.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
Her, that would be a matron made ?

Good-night, whilst yet we may
Good-night, to you a virgin, say :

To-morrow rise the same

Your (*u*) mother is, and use a nobler name.

Speed well in Hymen's war,

That, what you are,

By your perfection, we

And all may see.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.

This night no bridegroom ever slept ;

And if the fair bride do,

The married say, 'tis his fault, too.

Wake then, and let your lights

Wake too : for they'll tell nothing of your nights.

But, that in Hymen's war,

You perfect are.

And such perfection, we

Do pray should be.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

That, e're the rosy-finger'd morn

Behold nine moons, there may be born

A babe, t'uphold the same

Of Ratcliffe's blood, and Ramsey's name :

(*u*) A wife or matron : which is a name of more dignity than Virgin. *D. Heinf. in Nap. Ottonis Hearnii. Cras matri similis tibi redibis.*

That may, in his great seed,
Wear the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are ;
And all perfection, we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.

T H E

THE
M A S Q U E
O F
Q U E E N S,

Celebrated from the House of FAME:

BY THE

QUEEN of GREAT BRITAIN, with her LADIES,
at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

IT increasing now to the third time of my being used in these services to her majesty's personal presentations, with the ladies whom she pleaseth to honour; it was my first and special regard, to see that the nobility of the invention should be answerable to the dignity of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument to be, "A celebration of honourable and true Fame, bred out of Virtue:" observing that rule (a) of the best artist, to suffer no object of delight to pass without his mixture of profit and example. And because her majesty (best knowing that a principal part of life, in these spectacles, lay in their variety) had commanded me to think on some dance, or shew, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil, or false masque; I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own steps in that kind,

(a) *Hor. in Art. Poetic.*

since the (b) last year, I had an antimasque of boys: and therefore now devised, that twelve women, in the habit of hags, or witches, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Suspicion, Credulity, &c. the opposites to good fame, should fill that part; not as a masque, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of gesture, and not unaptly sorting with the current, and whole fall of the device.

His majesty then being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly hell: which flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. And in respect all evils are morally said to come from hell; as also from that observation of Torrentius upon Horace's *Canidia*, (c) *quæ tot instructa venenis, ex Orci faucibus profecta videri possit*: these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal musick, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increased to eleven; all differently attired: some with rats on their head, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was master Jones's, with the invention, and architecture of the whole scene, and machine. Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magick, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them.

(b) In the masque at my lord Haddington's wedding.

(That part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly hell.) It has been said traditionally, that Milton conceived the first idea of that hell which he has drawn in *Paradise Lost* from some theatrical representations, which were invented by Inigo Jones: I know of none more likely to furnish him with a hint of that kind than what is exhibited in the scenery of this masque.

(c) *Vide Lævin. Ter. comment. in Hor. Epod. lib. v. v. 5.*

These

These eleven witches beginning to dance, (which is an usual (*d*) ceremony at their convents or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded and masqu'd) on the sudden one of them missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech.

Sisters, stay, we want our (*e*) dame ;
 Call upon her by her name,
 And the charm we use to say ;
 That she quickly (*f*) anoint, and come away.

CHARM.

Dame, dame, the watch is set :
 Quickly come, we all are met.
 (*g*) From the lakes, and from the fens,
 From the rocks, and from the dens,

From

(*d*) See the king's majesty's book (our sovereign) of *Demonology*, Bodin. *Remig. Delrio. Mal. Malefi.* and a world of others in the general : but let us follow particulars.

(*e*) Amongst our vulgar witches, the honour of dame (for so I translate it) is given with a kind of pre-eminence to some special one at their meetings : which Delrio insinuates, *Disquis. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 9.* quoting that of *Apuleius, lib. de Asin. aureo. de quadam cupona, regina Sagarum.* And adds, *ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab illo hoc titulo honoratas.* Which title M. Philipp. Ludwicus Elich. *Demonomachie quæst. 10.* doth also remember.

(*f*) When they are to be transported from place to place, they use to anoint themselves, and sometimes the things they ride on. Beside Apul. testimony, see these later, *Remig. Dæmonolatria lib. 1. cap. 14. Delrio, Disquis. Mag. l. 2. quæst. 16. Bodin Dæmonoman l. 2. c. 4. Barthol. de Spina. quæst. de Strigib. Philippo Ludwicus Elich. quæst. 10. Paracelsus in magn. & occult. Philosophia, teacheth the confection. Unguentum ex carne recens natorum infantium, in pulmenti forma coctum, & cum herbis somniferis, quales sunt Papaver, Solanum, Cicuta, &c. And Giov. Bapti. Porta, lib. 2. Mag. Natur. cap. 16.*

(*g*) These places, in their own nature dire and dismal, are reckoned up as the fittest from whence such persons should come, and were notably observed by that excellent Lucan in the description of his *Erichtho, lib. 6.* To which we may add this corollary out of *Agrip. de occult. philosoph. l. 1. c. 48. Saturno correspondent loca*

quæst.

From the woods, and from the caves,
From the church-yards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we.

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

2 C H A R M.

The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, o' your (b) horse of wood :
Or else tuck up your grey frock,
And saddle your (i) goat, or your green (k) cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thread,
To roul up how many miles you have rid.

parvis fatida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa & funesta, ut cæmeteria, busta, & hominibus deserta habitacula, & vetustate caduca, sua obscura, & horrenda, & solitaria antra, cavernæ, putei: præterea piscinæ, stagna, paludes, & ejusmodi. And in lib. 3. c. 42. speaking of the like, and in lib. 4. about the end, Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionum, nocturnarumque incurfionum & consimilium phantasmatum, ut cæmeteria, & in quibus fieri solent executiones criminis judicii, in quibus recentibus annis publicæ strages factæ sunt, vel ubi occisorum cadavera, necdum expiata, nec ritè sepulta, recentioribus annis subhumata sunt.

(b) *Delrio, Disq. Mag. lib. 2. quæst. 6.* has a story out of Tricizius of this horse of wood: but that which our witches call so, is sometimes a broom-staff, sometimes a reed, sometimes a distaff. See *Mag. Daemonol. lib. 1. cap. 14. Dodin. l. 2. cap. 4. &c.*

(i) The goat is the Devil himself, upon whom they ride often to their solemnity, as appears by their confessions in Rem. and Dodin. *ibid.* His majesty also remembers the story of the devil's appearance to those of Calicut, in that form, *Daemonol. lib. 2. cap. 3.*

(k) Of the green cock we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of that colour, and a bottom of blue thread, would transport herself through the air; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school; and somewhat there is like it in *Mart. Delr. Disq. Mag. l. 2. quæst. 6.* of one Zari, a Bohemian, that, among other his antics, aliquoties equis rhexariis æctum, gallis gallinaceis ad theatrum suum alligatis, subsequabatur.

Quickly

Quickly come away ;
For we all stay.

Nor yet ? nay, then
We'll try her again.

3 C H A R M.

The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain,
The ant and the mole, sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o'the fountain ;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now (*l*) a turning ;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning :
The (*m*) ditch is made, and our nails the spade,

With

(*l*) All this is but a periphrasis of the night, in their charm, and their applying themselves to it with their instruments, whereof the spindle in antiquity was the chief : and beside the testimony of Theocritus, in *Pharmaceutria* (who only used it in amorous affairs) was of special act to the troubling of the moon. To which Martial alludes, *lib. 9. ep. 30. Quæ nunc Thessalico Lunam deductum rhombo, &c.* And *lib. 12. ep. 57. Cum festis Colcho Luna vapulat rhombo.*

(*m*) This rite also of making a ditch with their nails is frequent with our witches, whereof see *Bodin. Remig. Delr. Malleus Mal. Godelman, l. 2. de Lamiis*, as also the antiquity of it most lively expressed by *Hor. Satyr. 8. lib. 1.* where he mentions the pictures, and the blood of a black lamb. All which are yet in use with our modern witchcraft. *Scalpere terram* (speaking of Canidia and Sagana) *Unguibus, & pullam diuelleræ mordicus agnam Caperunt : cruor jussu confusus, ut inde manebat elicerent animas responsa daturas. Laniæ effigies erat, altera cerea, &c.* And then by and by, *Serpentes atque viduas Infernas errare canes, Lunamque rubentem, Ne foret his testis post magna latere sepulchra.* Of this ditch Homer makes mention in Circe's speech to Ulysses, *Odys. K.* about the end, *Βόθρον ἑστῶτα, &c.* And Ovid. *Metam. lib. 7.* in Medea's magick, *Haud procul egredi scrobibus tellure duabus sacra facit, cultrosque in gutture velleris æ Conjicit, & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.* And of the wax images, in Hyppipyle's epistle to Jason, where he expresseth the mischief also of the needles. *Deuoret absentes, simulacraque creant*

With pictures full, of wax and of wool;
 Their livers I stick, with needles quick;
 There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
 Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
 Spur, spur upon little (n) Martin,
 Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
 A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in's tail,
 Fire above, and fire below,
 With a whip i' your hand, to make him go.

O, now she's come!
 Let all be dumb.

At this the (o) dame entered to them, naked-armed, bare-footed, her frock tucked, her hair knotted, and folded with

fugit; Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus. Rodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 8. hath (beside the known story of king Duffe out of Hector Boëtius) much of the witches later practice in that kind, and reports a relation of a French ambassador's, out of England, of certain pictures of wax, found in a dunghill near Islington, of our late queen's; which rumour I myself (being then very young) can yet remember to have been current.

² Their LIVES I stick.] So edit. 8vo. 1716, corruptly for livers.

(n) Their little Martin is he that calls them to their conventicles, which is done in a human voice, but coming forth, they find him in the shape of a great buck goat, upon whom they ride to their meetings, Delr. Dissq. Mag. quæst. 16. lib. 2. And Rod. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 4. have both the same relation from Paulus Grillandus, of a witch. Adveniente nocte & hora evocabatur voce quadam velut humana ab ipso Dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem, sed Magisterulum, sive Magistrum Martinetum sive Martinellum. Quæ sic evocata, mox fovebat pyxidem unctionis & linebat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus & membris, quo linito exibat ex domo, & inveniebat Magisterulum suum in forma hirci illam expectantem apud ostium, super quo mulier equitabat, & applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crines, & statim hircus ille adscendebat per aerem, & brevissimo tempore deferrebat ipsam, &c.

(o) This dame I make to bear the person of Ate, or Mischief, (for so I interpret it) out of Homer's description of her, Il. A. where he makes her swift to hurt mankind, strong, and sound of her feet; and Iliad. T. walking upon mens heads; in both places using one and the same phrase to signify her power, Ελαυνει αλκυοντι, La dæmon.

with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arm, lighted, girded with a snake. To whom they all did reverence, and she spake, uttering, by way of question, the end wherefore they came: which if it had been done either before, or otherwise, had not been so natural. For to have made themselves their own decyphers, and each one to have told upon their entrance what they were, and whether they would, had been a most piteous bearing, and utterly unworthy any quality of a poem: wherein a writer should always trust somewhat to the capacity of the spectator, especially at these spectacles; where men, beside inquiring eyes, are understood to bring quick ears, and not those sluggish ones of porters and mechanicks, that must be bored through at every act with narrations.

D A M E, H A G S.

Well done, my Hags. And come we fraught with
To overthrow the glory of this night? [spite,

Holds our great purpose? Hag Yes. Dam. But wants
[there none

Of our just number? Hags. Call us one by one,
And then our Dame shall see. Dam. (p) First, then,

My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance, [advance
Known

Lædens homines. I present her bare footed, and her frock tucked, to make her seem more expedite, by Horace's authority, *sat. 8. lib. 1. Succinctam vadere passa Canidiam pedibus nudis, passoque capillo.* But for her hair, I rather respect another place of his, *Epid. lib. ode 5. where she appears, Canidia breuib. implicata viperis Crinibus, & incompertum caput.* And that of Lucan, *lib. 6. speaking of Erichtho's attire, Discolor, Et vario Furialis cultus amictu Induitur, autusq; aperitur crino remoto, Et coma viperis substringitur horrida fertis.* For her torch, see *Remig. lib. 2. cap. 3.*

(p) In the chaining of these vices, I make as if one link produced another, and the Dame were born out of them all, so as they might say to her, *Sola tenes scelorum quicquid possedimus omnes.* Nor will it appear much violenced, if their series be considered, when the opposition to all virtue begins out of Ignorance, that Ignorance begets

Known by thy scaly vesture ; and bring on
 Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,
 Whose eyes do never sleep ; let her knit hands
 With quick Credulity, that next her stands,
 Who hath but one ear, and that always ope ;
 Two faced Falsehood follow in the rope ;
 And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung ;
 She, Malice, whetting of her forked tongue ;
 And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost ;
 Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
 Her oblique look ; and to her subtle side,
 Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand apply'd ;
 Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall ; [all.
 She, flame-ey'd Rage, Rage, Mischief. *Hag.* Here we are
Dam. (q) Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites
 To fame and glory. Let not these bright nights

begets Suspicion, (for Knowledge is ever open and charitable) that
 Suspicion, Credulity, as it is a vice ; for being a virtue, and free,
 it is opposite to it : but such as are jealous of themselves, do easily
 credit any thing of others whom they hate. Out of this Credulity
 springs Falshood, which begets Murmur : and that of Murmur
 presently grows Malice, which begets Impudence : and that Impu-
 dence, Slander : that Slander, Execration : Execration, Bitterness :
 Bitterness, Fury : and Fury, Mischief. Now for the personal pre-
 sentation of them, the authority in poetry is universal. But in the
 absolute Claudian, there is a particular and eminent place, where
 the poet not only produceth such persons, but almost to a like pur-
 pose, in *Ruf. lib. 1.* where Aleſto, envious of the times, *infernal ad
 imina tetra sorores, Concilium deformis vocat, glomerantur in unum lunn-
 ara pestes Erebi, quasunque sinistro Nox genuit fatus : nutrix discordia
 belli, Imperiosa fames, leto vicina senectus, Impatiensque sui morbus, lior-
 que secundis Ausius, & scisso mærens velamine luctus, Et timor, & cæco
 præceps audacia vultu :* with many others, fit to disturb the world, as
 ours the night.

(q) Here again by way of irritation, I make the dame pursue
 the purpose of their coming, and discover their natures more large-
 ly : which had been nothing, if not done as doing another thing.
but moratio circa vilem patulumque orbem ; than which, the poet can-
 not know a greater vice ; he being that kind of artificer, to whose
 work is required so much exactness, as indifferency is not tol-
 erable.

Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes ;
 Shew our selves truly envious, and let rise
 Our wonted rages : do what may beseem
 Such names, and natures ; virtue else will deem
 Our powers decreas'd, and think us banish'd earth,
 No less than heaven. All her antique birth,
 As justice, faith, she will restore ; and, bold
 Upon our sloth, retrieve her age of gold.
 We must not let our native manners, thus,
 Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not but in us.
 I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
 And curse the piety gives it such increase.
 Let us disturb it then, (r) and blast the light ;
 Mix hell with heaven, and make nature fight
 Within herself ; loose the whole hinge of things ;
 And cause the ends run back into their springs.

Hag. What our Dame bids us do,
 We are ready for. *Dam.* Then fall too.
 (s) But first relate me, what you have sought,
 Where you have been, and what you have brought.

HAGS.

(r) These powers of troubling nature, frequently ascribed to witches, and challeng'd by themselves wherever they are induced, by Homer, Ovid, Tibullus, Pet. Arbiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian, to whose authorities I shall refer more anon. For the present, hear *Socrat. in Apul. de Asin. aureo, l. 1.* describing Meroe the witch. *Saga & divinipotens cælum deponere, terram suspendere, fontes durare, montes diluere, manes sublimare, deos infimare, sidera extinguere, tartarum ipsum illuminare :* and *l. 2.* Byrrhena to Lucius of Pamphile. *Maga primi nominis, & omnis carminis sepulchralis magistra creditur, quæ furculis & lapillis, & id genus frivolis inbalatis, omnem istam lucem mundi fideralis, imis tartari & in vetustum chaos mergit :* as also this latter of Remigius, in his most elegant arguments before his *Demonolatria. Quæ possint evertere funditus orbem, & manes superis miscere, hæc unica cura est.* And Lucan. *Quarum quicquid non creditur, ar-*

(s) This is also solemn in their witchcraft, to be examined, either by the devil or their dame, at their meetings, of what mischief they have done : and what they can confer to a future hurt. See *M. Philippo Ludwicus Elich, Demonomagia lib. quæst. 10.* But Remigius

H A G S.

I.

I have been all day, looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter ;
And, soon, as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

Remigius, in the very form, *lib. 1. Dæmonolat. c. 22. Quemadmodum solent heri in villicis procuratoribus, cum eorum rationes expendunt, segnitiam negligentiamque durius castigare; ita Dæmon, in suis comitiis, quod tempus examinandis cujusque rebus atque actionibus ipse constituit, in pessimè habere consuevit, qui nihil afferunt quo se nequiores ac flagitiosius cumulatiores doceant. Nec cuiquam adeo impune est, si à superiore conventu nullo se scelere novo obstrinxerit; sed semper oportet, qui gratus esse volet in alium, novum aliquod facinus fecisse: And this doth exceedingly solicit them all, at such times, lest they should come unprepared. But we apply this examination of ours to the particular use; whereby, also, we take occasion, not only to express the things (as vapours, liquors, herbs, bones, flesh, blood, fat, and such like, which are called *Media magica*) but the rites of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling (as near as we can) the practice of antiquity to the neoterick, and making it familiar with our popular withcraft.*

1. For the gathering pieces of dead flesh, *Cornel. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. lib. 3. cap. 42. and lib. 4. cap. ult.* observes, that the use was to call up ghosts and spirits, with a fumigation made of that (and bones of carcasses) which I make my witch here, not to cut her self, but to watch the raven, as *Lucan's Erichtho, lib. 6. Et quodcumque jacet nuda tellure cadaver, Ante feras volucresque sedet: nec carperet membra Vult ferro manibusque suis, morsusque luporum Expectat facis raptura à faucibus artus.* As if that piece were sweeter which the wolf had bitten, or the raven had pick'd, and more effectuous; and to do it, at her turning to the south, as with the prediction of a storm. Which, though they be but minutes in ceremony, being observed, make the act more dark and full of horror.

X 3

2. I have

2.

I have been gathering wolves hairs,
The mad dogs foam, and the adders ears;
The spurning of a dead-man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3.

I last night lay all alone
O'the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4. And

2. *Spuma canum, lupi crines, nodus hyenæ, oculi draconum, serpentis membrana, aspidis aures*, are all mentioned by the ancients in witchcraft. And Lucan particularly, *lib. 6. Huc quicquid factu genuit natura sinistro Miscetur, non spuma canum, quibus unda timori est, Viscera non lyncis, non duræ nodus hyenæ Desuit, &c.* And Ovid. *Metamorph. lib. 7.* reckons up others. But for the spurning of the eyes, let us return to Lucan, in the same book, which piece (as all the rest) is written with an admirable height. *At ubi servantur saxis, quibus intus humor Ducitur, & tracta durefcunt stabe medullæ Corpora, tunc omnis avidè desavit in artus, Immergitque manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos Effodisse orbis, & sicca pallidâ rodit Excrementa manu.*

3. Pliny writing of the mandrake, *Nat. Hist. l. 25 c. 13.* and of the digging it up, hath this ceremony, *Cavent effossuri contrarium ventum, & tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt, postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes.* But we have later tradition, that the forcing of it up is so fatally dangerous, as the groan kills, and therefore they do it with dogs, which I think but borrowed from Josephus's report of the root Baaras, *lib. 7. de Bel. Judaic.* Howsoever, it being so principal an ingredient in their magick, it was fit she should boast, to be the plucker up of it her self. And, that the cock did crow, alludes to a prime circumstance in their work: for they all confess, that nothing is so cross, or baleful to them in their nights, as that the cock should crow before they have done. Which makes that their little masters or martinets, whom I have mentioned before, use this form in dismissing their conventions. *Eja, facessite properè hinc omnes, nam jam galli canere incipiunt.* Which I interpret to be, because that bird is the messenger of light, and so, contrary

4.

And I ha' been chusing out this scull,
From charnel houses, that were full;
From private grots, and publick pits;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5.

Under a cradle I did creep,
By day; and when the child wat a sleep
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

to their acts of darkness. See Remig. *Dæmonolat.* lib. 1. cap. 4. where he quotes that of Apollonius, *de umbra Achillis*, Philostr. lib. 4. cap. 5. And Euseb. *Cæsariens.* in *confutat. contra Hierocl.* 4. *de gallicinio.*

4. I have touched at this before, in my note upon the first, of the use of gathering flesh, bones and skulls: to which I now bring that piece of Apuleius, lib. 3. *de asino aureo*, of Pamphile. *Priusque apparatu solito instruxit fœralem officinam, omne genus aromatis, & innumerabiliter laminis literatis, et infœlicium navium durantibus clavis defutorum, sepulorum etiam cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic nares & digiti, illic carnosæ clavis pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus cruor, & extorta dentibus ferarum trunca calvaria:* And, for such places, Lucan makes his witch to inhabit them, lib. 6. *Desertaque busta incolit, & tumulus expulsi obtinet umbris.*

5. For this rite, see Barthol. de Spina, *quæst. de Strigibus*, cap. 8. *Mal. Malefic.* tom. 2. where he disputes at large the transformation of witches to cats, and their sucking both their spirits and the blood, calling them Striges, which Godelman. lib. *de Lamiis*, would have à *fridore*, & *avibus fœdissimis ejusdem nominis*, which I the rather incline to, out of Ovid's authority, *Fast.* lib. 6. where the poet ascribes to those birds, the same almost that these do to the witches, *Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentis, Et vitiant cunis corpora raptæ suis: Carpere dicuntur lætentia viscera restis, Et plenum potio sanguinis guttur habent.*

6.

I had a dagger : what did I with that ?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

7.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins ;
I bit off a sinew ; I clipp'd his hair,
I brought off his rags, that danc'd i' the air.

8. The

6. Their killing of infants is common, both for confession of their ointment (whereto one ingredient is the fat boiled, as I have shewed before out of Paracelsus and Porta) as also out of a lust to do murder. Sprenger in *Mal. Malefic.* reports that a witch, a midwife in the diocese of Basil, confessed to have killed above forty infants (ever as they were new born, with pricking them in the brain with a needle) which she had offered to the devil. See the story of the three witches in *Rem. Dæmonol. lib. cap. 3.* about the end of the chapter. And M. Philippo Ludwicus Elich. *Quæst. 8.* And that it is no new rite, read the practice of Canidia, *Epod. Horat. lib. ode 5.* and Lucan. *lib. 6.* whose admirable verses I can never be weary to transcribe. *Nec cessant à cæde manus, si sanguine vivo Est opus, erumpit jugulo qui primus aperto. Nec refugit cædes, vivum si sacra cruorem Extorque funerea possunt trepidantia mensæ. Vulnera si ventris, non quæ natura vocabat Extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris ; Et quoties sævis opus est, & fortibus umbris Ipsa facit mancis. Hominum mors omnis in usu est.*

7. The abuse of dead bodies in their witchcraft, both Porphyrio and Psellus are grave authors of. The one *lib. de sacrif. de vero cultu.* The other *lib. de Dæmo.* which Apuleius toucheth too, *lib. 2. de Asin. aureo.* But Remigius who deals with later persons, and out of their own mouths, *Dæmonol. lib. 2. cap. 3.* affirms, *Hæc & nostra ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si cujus supplicii affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, & in crucem sublatum.* Nam non solum inde sortilegiis suis materiam mutuuntur : sed & ab ipsi carnificina instrumentis, veste, vinculis, palo, ferramentis. Siquidem ita vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quondam & potestatem. And to this place, I dare not, out of religion to the divine

Lucan,

8.

The screech-owls eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
I have been getting : and made of his skin
A purfet, to keep fir Cranion in.

9.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moon-wort, libbards-bane ;
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10.

I, from the jaws of a gard'ner's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch :

Yet

Locan, but bring his verses from the same book. *Laqueum nodosque
mentis Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit, Abrafitque cruces, per-
asque viscera nimbis Vulsit, Et incoctas admissis sole medullas. Insertum
nonibus chalybem nigramque per artus Stillantis tibi saniem, virusque
aellum Sustulit, Et nervo morsus retinente pependit.*

8. These are Canidia's furniture, in *Hor. Epod. lib. ode 5. Et
nulla turpis ova rona sanguine, plumamque nocturnæ strigis.* And
part of Medea's confection in *Ovid Metamorph. lib. 7 Striges infames,
qñ cum cornibus, alas.* That of the skin (to make a purse for
her fly) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of their fami-
liars.

9. *Cicuta, Lyoscyamus, opbioglosson, solanum, martagon, doronicum,
aconitum,* are the common venefical ingredients remembred by Pa-
næusus, Porta, Agrippa, and others ; which I make her to have
gathered, as about a castle, church, or some vast building (kept by
dogs) among ruins and wild heaps.

10. *Ossa ab ore rapta jejuna canis,* Horace gives Canidia, in the
place before quoted. Which *jejuna*, I rather change to gard'ners,
as imagining such persons to keep mastiff for the defence of their
grounds, whither this hag might also go for simples : where, meet-
ing with the bones, and not content with them, she would yet do a
domestic hurt, in getting the cat's brains : which is another special
ingredient ;

Yet went I back to the house again,
Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

11.

I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call ;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing : what would you have more ?

12.

D A M E.

Yes, I have brought (to help our vows)
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin :
And, now, our orgies let's begin.

ingredient ; and of so much more efficacy, by how much blacker the cat is, if you will credit *Agr. Cap. de suffitibus*.

11. These also, both by the confessions of witches, and testimony of writers, are of principal use in their witchcraft. The toad mentioned in *Virg. Geor. lib. 1 Inventusque canis buso*. Which by Pliny is called *Rubeta*, *Nat. Hist. l. 32. c. 5*. and there celebrated for the force in magic. Juvenal toucheth at it twice within my memory, *Satyr. 1. and 6*. and of the owl's eyes, see *Cor. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. l. 1. c. 15*. As of the bat's blood, and wings there : and in the 25th chapter with *Bapt. Porta, l. 2. c. 26*.

12. After all their boasted labours, and plenty of materials (as they imagine) I make the dame not only to add more, but stranger, and out of their means to get (except the first, *Papaver cornutum*, which I have touch'd at in the confession) as *Sepulchris caprificis erutas*, & *cupressos funebres*, as Horace calls them, where he arms *Canidia*, *Epod. lib. ode 5*. Then *Agaricum Laricis*, of which see *Porta, lib. 2. de Nat. Mag.* against Pliny. And *Basilisci, quem & Saturni sanguinem vocant venefici, tantasque vires habere ferunt*, *Cor. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. l. 1. c. 42*. With the viper remembered by *Lucan lib. 6*. and the skins of serpents. *Innotaque rubris æquoribus cunctis pretiosa vipera concha, Aut viventi adhuc Lybica membrana cerosa*. And *Ovid. lib. 7. Nec defuit illis Squamea ciniphei tenuis membrana chelydri*.

Here

Here the Dame put herself in the midst of them, and began her following invocation ; wherein she took occasion to boast all the power attributed to witches by the ancients, of which every poet (or the most) do give some : Homer to Circe, in the *Odyss.* Theocritus to Simatba, in *Pharmacutria* ; Virgil to *Alphesibæus*, in his *Eclogue*, Ovid to *Dipsas*, in *Amor.* to *Medea* and *Circe*, in *Metamorph.* Tibullus to *Saga* ; Horace to *Canidia*, *Sagana*, *Veia*, *Folia* ; Seneca to *Medea*, and the nurse, in *Herc. Cete.* Petr. *Arbiter* to his *Saga*, in *Frag.* and *Claudian* to *Megæra*, lib. 1. in *Rufinum* ; who takes the habit of a witch, as they do, and supplies that historical part in the poem, beside her moral person of a *Fury* ; confirming the same drift in ours.

You (u) friends and furies, (if yet any be
Worse than ourselves) you that have quak'd to see
These (x) knots untied¹, and shrunk, when we have
[charm'd.

You, that (to arm us) have yourselves disarm'd,
And to our powers, resign'd your whips and brands
When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands.
You that have seen me ride, when Hecate
Durst not take chariot ; when the boisterous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the sky ;
And that hath thundred, Jove not knowing why :

(u) These invocations are solemn with them, whereof we may see the forms in *Ovid. Metam. lib. 7.* in *Sen. Trag. Med.* in *Luc. lib. 6.* which of all is the boldest and most horrid, beginning, *Eumenides, stygiumque nefas, pœnarque nocentum, &c.*

(x) The untying of their knots is, when they are going to some fatal business ; *Sagana* is presented by Horace : *Expedita, per totum domum spargens Avernaleis aquas, horret capillis ut marinus asperis scabinus, aut currens aper.*

¹ ——— You that have quak'd to see,

These knots UNITED.] Two letters having got into each others places, have spoiled the poet's idea ; the word designed was *untied*.

When

When we have set the elements at wars,
 Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars;
 When the wing'd lightning, in the course hath staid;
 And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,
 To see the corn remove, the groves to range,
 Whole places alter, and the seasons change;
 When the pale moon, at the first voice down fell
 Poison'd, and durst not stay the second spell.
 You, that have oft been conscious of these sights;
 And thou (y) three formed star, that on these nights
 Art only powerful, to whose triple name
 Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the same;
 If now with rites prophane, and foul enough,
 We do invoke thee; darken all this roof,
 With present fogs. Exhale earth's rot'nest vapours,
 And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers.
 Come, let a murmuring charm resound,
 The whilst we (z) bury all i' th' ground.
 But first, see every (a) foot be bare;
 And every knee. Hag. Yes, Dame, they are.

(y) Hecate, who is called Trivia, and Triformis, of whom *Virgil*, *Æneid. lib. 4. Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Diana*. She was believed to govern in witchcraft; and is remembred in all their invocations: see *Theocr. in Pharmaceut. χῆρ' Ἑκάτα δαμονῆτι*, and *Medea in Senec. Meis vocata sacris noſtrum fidus veni, peſſimos induta vultus: fronte non unā minax*. And *Ericht. in Luc. Perſephonē, noſtraque Hecatis pars ultima, &c.*

(z) This rite of burying their materials is often conſeſt in *Remigius*, and deſcribed amply in *Hor. ſat. 8. lib. 1. Utque lupi barbaram varia cum dente colubræ abdiderint furtim terris, &c.*

(a) The ceremony alſo, of baring their feet, is expreſſed by *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7. as of their hair. Egreſſitur tectis veſtes induta recinſtas, nuda pedem, nudos humeris infuſa capillos*. And *Horat. ibid. Pedibus nudis poſſoque capillo*. And *Senec. in tragœd. Med. Tibi mors gentis, vinculo ſolvens comam, ſecreta nudo nemora luſtravi pede*.

4 C H A R M.

Deep, (b) O deep we lay thee to sleep;
 We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry;
 Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
 We breath in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
 We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm:
 And when thou dost wake,

Dame earth shall quake,
 And the houses shake,
 And her belly shall ake,
 As her back were brake,
 Such a birth to make,
 As is the blue drake:
 Whose form thou shalt take.

D A M E.

Never a star yet shot?
 Where be the ashes? Hag. Here i' the pot.

(b) Here they speak, as if they were creating some new feature, which the devil persuades them to be able to do often, by the pronouncing of words and pouring out of liquors on the earth. Hear what Agrippa says, *De occul Phil. lib. 4.* near the end. *In evocationibus umbrarum fumigamus cum sanguine recenti, cum ossibus mortuorum, & carne, cum ovio, lacte, melle, oleo, & similibus, quæ aptum medium tribuunt animabus, ad sumenda corpora;* and a little before. *Namque animæ cognitis mediis, per quæ quondam corporibus suis conjungebantur, per similes vapores, liquores, nidoresque facile alliciuntur.* Which doctrine he had from Apuleius, without all doubt or question, who in *lib. 3. de Asin. aureo*, publisheth the same. *Tunc decantatis spirantibus fibris hinc vario lactice; nunc rose fontano, nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melle montano, libat & mulat. Sic illos capillos in mutuos nexus obditos, atque nodatos, cum multis odoribus dat ævis carbonibus adolendos. Tunc potius inexpugnabili magica disciplina potestate, & cæca numinum viscerum violentia, illa corpora quorum fumabant stridentes capilli, spiritum mutuuntur humanum & sentiunt, & audiunt, & ambulant. Et quæ minor suarum ducibus exortiarum veniunt.* All which are mere arts of Satan, when either himself will delude them with a false form, or troubling a dead body, makes them imagine these vanities the means; as, in the ridiculous circumstances that follow, he doth daily.

Dam,

Dam. (c) Cast them up ; and the flint-stone
Over the left shoulder-bone,
Into the west. *Hag.* It will be best.

5 C H A R M.

The sticks are a-cross, there can be no loss,
The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the sky, that was i' the ground.
Follow it then, with our rattles, round ;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will set it on fire :
Put it in mind, to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunde,
A storm of rain, another of hail.
We all must home i' the egg-shell sail ;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in——

(c) This throwing of ashes and sand, with the flint-stone, cross-sticks, and burying of sage, &c. are all us'd (and believed by them) to the raising of storm and tempest. See *Remig. lib. 1. Dæmon. cap. 25. Nider. Formicari. cap. 4. Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 8.* And hear *Codelman. lib. 2. cap. 6.* *Nam quando Dæmoni grandines cendi potestatem facit Deus, tum maleficas instruit ; ut quandoque filices post tergum in occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aqua torrentis in aërem conjiciant, plerumque scopas in aquam intingant, carlunquæ versus spargunt, vel fossulâ facta & lotio infuso, vel aquâ digitum nateant : subinde in ollâ porcorum pilos bulliant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa transverse collocant, & alia id genus deliramenta efficiant.* And when they see the success, they are more confirmed, as if the event followed their working. The like illusion is of their phantasie, in sailing in egg-shells, creeping through augur-holes, and such like, so vulgar in their confessions.

D A M E.

D A M E.

(d) Stay, all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies!
Our magick-feature will not rise;
Nor yet the storm! we must repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

6 C H A R M.

Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods rowl,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charms do make.

D A M E.

Not yet? my rage begins to swell;
Darkness, devils, night and hell,
Do not thus delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you again, if you stay my thrice:
Through these cranies where I peep,
I'll (e) let in the light to see your sleep.

(d) This stop, or interruption shewed the better, by causing that general silence, which made all the following noises, inforced in the next charm, more direful, first imitating that of Lucan. *Miratur Erichthos Huc satis licuisse moras; irataque morti Verberat immotum vivi serpente cadaver.* And then their barking, howling, hissing and confusion of noise expressed by the same author, in the same person. *Hinc vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis Excontare deos, confedit muræ prædium. Diffusa & humana multum discordia lingua. Latratu habet illa canum, gemitusque luporum, Quod trepidus bubo, quod strinxit nocturna queruntur, Quod strident ululantque ferae, quod sibilat anguis. Exprimis & planctus illisæ cautibus undæ, Sylvarumque sonum, stræque tonitrua nubes. Tot rerum vox una fuit.* See Remig. too, *Demonolat. lib. 1. cap. 19.*

(e) This is one of their common menaces, when their magick receives the least stop. Here Erichthos again, *ibid. Tibi pessime mundi Achiter immittam ruptis Titana cavernis, Et subito feriere die.* And a little before to Proserpina. *Eloquar immenso terræ sub pondere quæ te Continent Ennææ dupes, &c.*

And

And all the secrets of your sway
 Shall lie as open to the day,
 As unto me. Still are you deaf?
 Reach me a bough, (*f*) that ne'er bare leaf,
 To strike the air; and (*g*) Aconite,
 To hurl upon this glaring light;
 A (*b*) rusty knife, to wound mine arm;
 And as it drops, I'll speak a charm,
 Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
 Old shrunk-up chaos, and let rise,
 Once more, his dark, and reeking head,
 To strike the world, and nature dead,
 Until my magic birth be bred.

7 C H A R M.

Black go in, and blacker come out;
 At thy going down, we give thee a shout.

(*i*) *Hoo!*

(*f*) That withered straight, as it shot out, which is called *ramus feralis*, by some, and *tristis* by *Senec. Trag. Med.*

(*g*) A deadly poisonous herb, feigned by *Ovid. Metam. lib. 7.* to spring out of Cerberus's foam. Pliny gives it another beginning of name. *Nat. Hist. lib. 27. cap. 3.* *Nascitur nudis cantibus, quas aconas vocant, & inde aconitum dicere, nullo juxta ne pulvere quidem nutriente.* Howsoever the juice of it is like that liquor which the devil gives witches to sprinkle abroad, and do hurt, in the opinion of all the magick masters.

(*b*) A rusty knife I rather give her, than any other, as fittest for such a devilish ceremony, which *Seneca* might mean by *sacro cultro* in the tragedy, where he arms *Medea* to the like rite, (for any thing I know) *Tibi nudato pectore Mænas, sacro feriam brachia cultro: mors noster sanguis ad aras.*

(*i*) These shouts and clamours, as also the voice *har, har.* are very particular with them, by the testimony of *Bodin, Remig. Delrio* and *M. Phil. Ludwicus Elich.* who out of them reports it thus *Tota turba colluviesque pessima fescenninas in honorem Dæmonum cantibus obscenissimos: hæc canit Har. Har. Illa, Diabole, Diabole, salta huc salta illuc; altera, lude hic, lude illic; alia, sabaoth, sabaoth, &c. Imo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, popysmis furit, ac debacchantur pulveribus, vel venenis acceptis, quæ hominibus pecudibusque spargant.*

At thy rising again, thou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have thee do,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.

Hoo. Har. Har. Hoo!

8 C H A R M.

A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
And storms for joy, of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.

9 C H A R M.

About, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights fly out,
The images neither be seen, nor felt;
The woollen burn, and the waxen melt:
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the air; around, around.

Around, around,

Around, around,

(m) Till a musick sound,

(m) Nor do they want musick, and in a strange manner given them by the devil, if we credit their confessions in *Remig. Dæm. lib. 1. cap. 19.* Such as the *Syrbenæan Quires* were, which *Atheæus* remembers out of *Clearchus, Deipnos. lib. 15.* where every one sung what he would, without hearkning to his fellow; like the noise of divers oars, falling in the water. But be patient of *Remigius's* relation. *Miris modis illic miscetur, ac turbantur omnia, nec ulla oratione satis exprimi queat, quàm strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis, ac discrepantibus. Canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verius ad contum, aut baculum aliquod, quod fortè humi repertum, buccæ seu tibiam admovent. Ille pro lyra equi calvariam pulsatur, ac digitis concrepat. Alii fuste vel clavâ graviores quercum tundit, unde exauditur sonus, ac boati: cuncti tympanorum vehementius pulsatorum. Interscinnunt rancidè, & composito ad litui morem clangore Dæmones, ipsi quoque calum fragosa aridaque voce feriunt.*

And the pace be found⁴,
To which we may dance,
And our charms advance.

At which, with a strange and sudden musick they fell into a (1) magical dance, full of preposterous change and gesticulation, but most applying to their property: who at their meetings do all things contrary to the custom of men, dancing back to back, and hip to hip, their hands joined, and making their circles backward, to the left-hand, with strange phantastick motions of their heads and bodies. All which were excellently imitated by the maker of the dance, M. Hierome Herne, whose right it is here to be named.

In the heat of their dance, on the sudden was heard a sound of loud musick, as if many instruments had made

⁴ *And the PACE be found*] It was easy to see the mistake here, and that the true word *pace* was corrupted to *pace*, being spelt *pace* in the first editions. Our author is so great a magic-master in this device, and has so well illustrated the design in his own comment, that he has left his editors nothing to add upon the subject. It can only be observed, that all these spectacles were undoubtedly received as true facts, on the authority of the Sovereign then present; who had endeavoured, by his own book of *Dæmonology*, to unriddle the whole system of witchcraft, and persuade his people into the firm belief of the superstitions and charms said to be practised by witches at their nightly meetings.

(1) The manner also of their dancing is confessed in *Bodin. lib. 2. cap. 4.* And *Remig. lib. 1. cap. 17 and 18.* The sum of which *M. Phil. Lud. Ellich.* relates thus, in his *Dæmonom. quest. 10.* *Tripudiis interdum intersunt facie liberâ & apertâ, interdum obductâ larvâ, linteo, cortice, reticulo, poplo, vel alio velamine, aut farrinario excruciculo involutâ.* And a little after, *Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo, & ab omni consuetudine hominum alienissimo, dorsis invicem obversis, & in orbem junctis manibus, saltando circumcunt, perinde sua jactantes capita, ut qui astro agitantur.* *Remigius* adds out of the confession of *Sibylla Morelia*, *Gyrum semper in larvam progredi.* Which *Pliny* observes in the priests of *Cybele*, *Nat. Hist. lib. 28. cap. 2.* and to be done with great religion. *Bodin* adds, that they use brooms in their hands, with which we armed our witches; and here we leave them,

one blast; with which not only the hags themselves, but the hell, into which they ran, quite vanished, and the whole face of the scene altered, scarce suffering the memory of such a thing: but in the place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the house of Fame, in the top of which were discovered the twelve Masquers, sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid, and circled with all store of light. From whom a person by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus, and expressing heroic and masculine Virtue, began to speak.

HEROIC VIRTUE.

So should, at Fame's loud sound, and Virtue's sight,
All dark and envious witchcraft flie the light.

I (m) did not borrow Hermes' wings, nor ask
His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's cask,
Nor on mine arm advanc'd with Pallas' shield,
(By which, my face avers'd, in open field
I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name:
When Virtue cut off Terror, he gat Fame.
And if, when Fame was gotten, Terror dy'd,
What black Erynnis, or more hellish Pride,
Dust arm these hags, now she is grown and great,
To think they could her glories once defeat?
I was her parent, and I am her strength.
Heroick Virtue sinks not under length
Of years, or ages; but is still the same,
While he preserves, as when he got good fame.
My daughter, then, whose glorious house you see
Built all of sounding brass, whose columns be

(m) The ancient expressed a brave and masculine virtue in three figures (of Hercules, Perseus, and Bellerophon.) Of which we chose that of Perseus, armed as we have described him, out of Hesiod. & at Hesiod. See Apollodorus, the grammarian, lib. 2. de Heros.

Men-making poets, and those well-made men,
 Whose strife it was to have the happiest pen
 Renown them to an after-life, and not
 With pride to scorn the muse, and die forgot ;
 She, that enquireth into all the world,
 And hath about her vaulted palace hurl'd
 All rumours and reports, or true, or vain,
 What utmost lands, or deepest seas contain ;
 (But only hangs great actions on her file)
 She, to this lesser world, and greatest isle,
 To-night sounds honour, which she would have seen
 In yond' bright bevie, each of them a queen.
 Eleven of them are of times long gone.
 Penthesilea, the brave Amazon,
 Swift foot Camilla, queen of Volscia,
 Victorious Thomyris of Scythia,
 Chaste Artemisia, the Carian dame,
 And fair-hair'd Berenice, Egypt's fame,
 Hypsicratea, glory of Asia,
 Candace, pride of Ethiopia,
 The Britain honour, Boadicea,
 The virtuous Palmyrene, Zenobia,
 The wise and warlike Goth, Amalasunta,
 And bold Valasca of Bohemia ;
 These, in their lives, as fortunes, crown'd the choice
 Of womankind, and 'gainst all opposite voice
 Made good to time, had, after death, the claim
 To live eterniz'd in the house of Fame.
 Where hourly hearing (as what there is old ?)
 The glories of Bel-anna so well told,
 Queen of the Ocean ; how that she alone
 Possess all virtues, for which one by one
 They were so fam'd ; and wanting then a head
 To form that sweet and gracious pyramid
 Wherein they sit, it being the sov'reign place
 Of all that palace, and reserv'd to grace

The worthiest queen : these, without envy on her,
In life, desir'd that honour to confer,
Which, with their death, no other should enjoy.
She this embracing with a virtuous joy,
Far from self-love, as humbling all her worth
To him that gave it, hath again brought forth
Their names to memory ; and means, this night,
To make them once more visible to light :
And to that light, from whence her truth of spirit
Confesseth all the lustre of her merit.
To you, most royal and most happy king,
Of whom Fame's house in every part doth ring
For every virtue, but can give no increase :
Not, though her loudest trumpet blaze your peace.
Lo you, that cherish every great example
Contracted in yourself ; and being so ample
A field of honour, cannot but embrace
A spectacle, so full of love, and grace
Unto your court : where every princely dame
Contentends to be as bounteous of her fame
To others, as her life was good to her.
For by their lives they only did confer
Good on themselves ; but, by their fame, to yours,
And ev'ry age, the benefit endures.

Here the throne wherein they sat, being machina versatilis, suddenly changed ; and in the place of it appeared Fama bona, as she is described (in Iconologiæ Cesare Ripæ) attired in white, with white wings, having a collar of gold about her neck, and a heart hanging at it : which Orus Apollo, in his hierogl. interprets the note of a good Fame. In her right-hand she bore a trumpet, in her left an olive-branch : and for her state, it was, as (n) Virgil describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the clouds. She,

(n) *Æneid* 4.

Y 3

after

after the musick had done, which waited on the turning of the machine, called from thence to Virtue, and spake this following speech.

F A M E.

Virtue, my father and my honour ; thou
That mad'st me good, as great ; and dar'st avow
No Fame for thine but what is perfect : aid,
To-night, the triumphs of thy white-wing'd maid.
Do those renowned queens all utmost rites
Their states can ask. This is a night of nights.
In mine own chariots let them, crowned, ride ;
And mine own birds and beasts, in geers, apply'd
To draw them forth. Unto the first car tie
Far-sighted eagles, to note Fame's sharp eye.
Unto the second, griffons, that design
Swiftness and strength, two other gifts of mine.
Unto the last, our lions, that imply
The top of graces, state, and majesty.
And let those hags be led as captives, bound
Before their wheels, whilst I my trumpet sound.

At which the loud musick sounded as before, to give the masquers time of descending. And here we cannot but take the opportunity to make some more particular description of their scene, as also of the persons they presented ; which, though they were disposed rather by chance, than election, yet it is my part to justify them all : and then the lady that will own her presentation, may.

To follow therefore the rule of chronology, which I have observed in my verse, the most upward in time was Penthesilea. She was queen of the Amazons, and succeeded Otrera, or (as some will) Orithya ; she lived and was present at the war of Troy, on their part, against the Greeks, and (as Justin gives her testimony) *Inter fortissimos viros, magna ejus virtutis documenta extiterunt.*

titere. She is no where named but with the preface of honour and virtue; and is always advanced in the head of the worthiest women. (o) Diodorus Siculus makes her the daughter of Mars. She was honoured in her death to have it the act of Achilles. Of which (p) Propertius sings this triumph to her beauty,

*Aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem,
Vicit victorem candida forma virum.*

Next follows Camilla, queen of the Volscians, celebrated by (q) Virgil, than whose verses nothing can be imagined more exquisite, or more honouring the person they describe. They are these, where he reckons up those that came on Turnus's part, against Æneas:

*Hos super advenit Volscæ de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, & florentis ære catervas,
Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathifve Minervæ
Famineas assueta manus, sed prælia virgo
Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere ventos.
Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentæ,
Ferret iter, celereis nec tingeret æquore plantas.*

And afterwards tells her attire and arms, with the admiration that the spectators had of her. All which, if the poet created out of himself, without nature, he did but shew how much so divine a soul could exceed her.

The third lived in the age of Cyrus, the great Persian monarch, and made him leave to live. Thomyris, queen of the Scythians, or Massagets. A heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude,

(o) Hist. lib. 2. (p) Lib. 3. eleg. 10. (q) Æneid. lib. 7.

Who, when Cyrus had invaded her, and taking her only son (rather by treachery than war, as she objected) had slain him; not touched with the grief of so great a loss, in the juster comfort she took of a great revenge, pursued not only the occasion, and honour of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom, fell two hundred thousand soldiers: But (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the massacre. She is remembered both by (r) Herodotus, and (s) Justin, to the great renown and glory of her kind, with this elegy: *Quod potentissimo Persarum Monarchæ bello congressa est, ipsumque & vitæ & castris spoliavit, ad justè ulciscendum filii ejus indignissimam mortem.*

The fourth was honoured to life in time of Xerxes, and present at his great expedition into Greece; Artemisia, the queen of Caria: whose virtue (t) Herodotus, not without some wonder, records. That a woman, a queen, without a husband, her son a ward, and she administering the government, occasioned by no necessity, but a mere excellence of spirit, should embark herself for such a war; and there so to behave her, as Xerxes, beholding her fight, should say: (u) *Viri quidem extiterunt mihi femina, femina autem viri.* She is no less renowned for her chastity, and love to her husband Mausolus, (x) whose bones (after he was dead) she preserved in ashes, and drank in wine, making herself his tomb; and yet built to his memory a monument, deserving a place among the seven wonders of the world, which could not be done by less than a wonder of women.

The fifth was the fair-haired daughter of Ptolemæus Philadelphus, by the elder Arsinoë; who, married to her brother Ptolemæus, surnamed Evergetes, was af-

(r) In Cliz. (s) Epit. lib. 1. (t) In Polybium. (u) Herod. in Urania. (x) Val. Max. lib. 4. cap. 6. and A. Gel. lib. 10. cap. 18.

ter queen of Egypt. I find her written both Beronice and Berenice. This lady, upon an expedition of her new-wedded lord into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returned safe, and conqueror, the offering of her hair; which vow of hers (exactd by the success) she afterward performed. But her father missing it, and therewith displeased, Conon, a mathematician, who was then in household with Ptolemy, and knew well to flatter him, persuaded the king that it was ta'en up to heaven, and made a constellation; shewing him those seven stars, *ad caudam Leonis*, which are since called *Coma Berenices*. Which story then presently celebrated by Callimachus, in a most elegant poem, Catullus more elegantly converted: wherein they call her the magnanimous, even from a virgin: Alluding (as (y) Hyginus says) to a rescue she made of her father in his flight, and restoring the courage and honour of his army, even to a victory. Their words are,

(z) *Cognoram à parva virgine magnanimam.*

The sixth, that famous wife of Mithridates, and queen of Pontus, Hypsistratea, no less an example of virtue than the rest; who so loved her husband, as she was assistant to him in all labours and hazard of the war, in a masculine habit. For which cause (as (a) Valerius Maximus observes) she departed with the chief ornament of her beauty. *Tonsis enim capillis, equo se & armis assuesecit, quo facilius laboribus & periculis ejus interesset.* And afterward, in his flight from Pompey, accompanied his misfortune, with a mind and body equally unwearied. She is so solemnly registred by that grave author, as a notable precedent of marriage-loyalty and love: virtues that might raise a mean per-

(y) *Astronom. lib. 2. in Leo.*

(z) *Catull. de Coma Beronice.*

(a) *Lib. 4. cap. 6. de amor. conjug.*

son to equality with a queen; but a queen to the state and honour of a deity.

The seventh, that renown of Ethiopia, Candace: from whose excellency the succeeding queens of that nation were ambitious to be called so. A woman of a most haughty spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her subjects. I find her celebrated by (b) Dion, and (c) Pliny, invading Egypt in the time of Augustus: who, though she were enforced to a peace by his lieutenant Petronius, doth not the less worthily hold her place here; when every where this elogy remains of her fame: that she was *maximi animi mulier, tantique in suos meriti, ut omnes deinceps Æthiopium reginæ ejus nomine fuerint appellatæ*. She governed in Meroe.

The eighth, our own honour, Voadicea, or Boadicea; by some Bunduca, and Bunduca, queen of the Iceni, a people that inhabited that part of our island which was called East-Anglia, and comprehended Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdonshires. Since she was born here at home, we will first honour her with a home-born testimony; from the grave and diligent (d) Spenser:

——— *Bunduca Britoness,*
Bunduca, that victorious conquests,
That lifting up her brave heroick thought
'Bove woman's weakness, with the Romans fought;
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevail'd, &c.

To which see her orations in story, made by (e) Tacitus and (f) Dion: wherein is expressed all magnitude of a spirit, breathing to the liberty and redemption of her country. The latter of whom, doth honest

(b) *Hist. Rom. lib. 54.* (c) *Nat. Hist. lib. 6. cap. 29.*
 (d) *Rains of Time.* (e) *Annal. lib. 14.* (f) *Epit. Joan.*
Xiphilin. in Ner. (g) *Epit. Joan.*

her beside with a particular description: *Bunduica, Britannica fœmina, orta stirpe regia, quæ non solum eis cum magna dignitate præfuit, sed etiam bellum omne administravit; cujus anima virilis potius quàm muliebris erat.* And afterwards, *Fœmina, forma honestissima, vultu severo, &c.* All which doth weigh the more to her true praise, in coming from the mouths of Romans, and enemies. She lived in the time of Nero.

The ninth, in time, but equal in fame, and (the cause of it) virtue, was the chaste Zenobia, queen of the Palmyrenes, who, after the death of her husband Odenatus, had the name to be reckoned among the thirty that usurped the Roman empire from Galienus. She continued a long and brave war against several chiefs; and was at length triumphed on by Aurelian: but, *ea specie, ut nihil pompabilius P. Rom. videretur.* Her chastity was such, *ut ne virum suum quidem siceret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus.* She lived in a most royal manner, and was adored to the custom of the Persians. When she made orations to her soldiers, she had always her cask on. A woman of a most divine spirit, and incredible beauty. In (g) Trebellius Pollio read the most notable description of a queen and her, that can be uttered with the dignity of an historian.

The tenth, succeeding, was that learned and heroic Amalasunta, queen of the Ostrogoths, daughter to Theodoric, that obtained the principality of Ravenna, and almost all Italy. She drove the Burgundians and Almaines out of Liguria, and appeared in her government rather an example than a second. She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages of any nation that had commerce with the Roman empire. (b) It is recorded of her, that *sine veneratione eam videris nemo, pro miraculo fuerit*

(g) In trigin. Tyrann. (b) M. Anton. Cassi. Eubel. (out of Eubel.) Eubel. 7. lib. 2.

(b) M. Anton. Cassi. Eubel. (out of

ipsam audire loquentem. Tantaque illi in decernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil sibi acerbum pati viderentur.

The eleventh, was that brave Bohemian queen, Valasca, who, for her courage had the surname of Bold: that to redeem herself and her sex from the tyranny of men, which they lived in, under Primislaus, on a night, and at an hour appointed, led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous husbands and lords. And possessing themselves of their horses, arms, treasure, and places of strength, not only ruled the rest, but lived many years after with the liberty and fortitude of Amazons. Celebrated by (i) Raphael Volateranus, and in an elegant tract of an Italian (k) in Latin, who names himself Philalethes, *Polytopienfis civis, inter præstantissimas fæminas.*

The twelfth, and worthy sovereign of all, I make Bel-anna, royal queen of the Ocean; of whose dignity and person, the whole scope of the invention doth speak throughout: which, to offer you again here, might but prove offence to that sacred modesty, which hears any testimony of others iterated with more delight than her own praise. She being placed above the need of such ceremony, and safe in her princely virtue, against the good or ill of any witness. The name of Bel-anna I devised, to honour hers proper by; as adding to it the attribute of Fair: and is kept by me in all my poems, wherein I mention her majesty with any shadow or figure. Of which, some may come forth with a longer destiny than this age commonly gives to the best births, if but helped to light by her gracious and ripening favour.

But here I discern a possible objection, arising against me; to which I must turn: as, *How I can bring persons of so different ages, to appear properly together?* or

(i) In Geograph. l. 2.

(k) Fœcia. Quest.

why (which is more unnatural) with Virgil's *Mexentius*, I join the living with the dead? I answer to both these at once. Nothing is more proper; nothing more natural. For these all live, and together, in their fame: and so I present them. Besides, if I would flie to the all-daring power of poetry, where could I not take sanctuary? or in whose poem? For other objections, let the looks and noses of judges hover thick; so they bring the brains: or if they do not, I care not. When I suffered it to go abroad, I departed with my right: and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise shall affect me.

There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the house of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c. as being the substantial supporters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles, Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes, which these poets had celebrated. All which stood as in massy gold. Between the pillars, underneath, were figured land-battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacrifices, and all magnificent subjects of honour, in brass, and heightened with silver. In which he profest to follow that noble description made by Chaucer of the place. Above were sited the masquers, over whose heads he devised two eminent figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch. The frezes, both below and above, were filled with several-coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c. the reflex of which, with our lights, placed in the concave, upon the masquers habits, was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellency of all device and riches; and were worthily varied by his invention, to the nations whereof they were queens. Nor are these alone his due; but divers other accessions

to the strangeness and beauty of the spectacle : as the hell, the going about of the chariots, and binding the witches, the turning machine, with the presentation of Fame. All which I willingly acknowledge for him : since it is a virtue planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves.

By this time, imagine the masquers descended ; and again mounted into three triumphant chariots, ready to come forth. The first four were drawn with eagles, (whereof I gave the reason, as of the rest, in Fame's speech) their four torch-bearers attending on the chariots sides, and four of the hags bound before them. Then followed the second, drawn by griffons, with their torch-bearers, and four other hags. Then the last, which was drawn by lions, and more eminent, (wherein her majesty was) and had six torch-bearers more, (peculiar to her) with the like number of hags. After which, a full triumphant musick, singing this song, while they rode in state about the stage :

S O N G.

H E L P, help, all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:
 The voice of Fame should be as loud as thunder.
 Her house is all of echo made,
 Where never dies the sound ;
 And as her brows the clouds invade,
 Her feet do strike the ground.
 Sing then, good Fame, that's out of Virtue born :
 For, who doth Fame neglect, doth Virtue scorn.

Here they lighted from their chariots, and danced forth their first dance : then a second, immediately following it : both right curious, and full of subtle and excellent changes, and seemed performed with no less spirits, than of those they personated. The first was to the cornets, the second to the violins. After

which,

which, they took out the men, and danced the measures; entertaining the time, almost to the space of an hour, with singular variety: when, to give them rest, from the musick which attended the chariots, by that most excellent tenor voice, and exact singer (her majesty's servant, master Jo. Allin) this ditty was sung:

S O N G.

WHEN all the ages of the earth
Were crown'd, but in this famous birth;
And that, when they would boast their store
Of worthy queens, they knew no more:
How happier is that age, can give
A queen, in whom all they do live.

After it, succeeded their third dance; than which, a more numerous composition could not be seen: graphically disposed into letters, and honouring the name of the most sweet and ingenious prince, CHARLES Duke of York. Wherein, beside that principal grace of perspicuity, the motions were so even and apt, and their expression so just, as if mathematicians had lost proportion, they might there have found it. The author was master Thomas Giles. After this, they danced galliards and coranto's. And then their last dance, no less elegant (in the place) than the rest, with which they took their chariots again, and triumphing about the stage, had their return to the house of Fame celebrated with this last song; whose notes (as the former) were the work and honour of my excellent friend, Alfonso Terrabosco.

S O N G.

WHO, Virtue, can thy power forget,
That sees these live, and triumph yet?
Th'Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,
Greeks glory, and the Romans dy'd:

And

And who yet imitate
 Their noises, tarry the same fate.
 Force greatness all the glorious ways
 You can, it soon decays;
 But so good fame shall never:
 Her triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of epilogue, than the celebration of who were the celebraters.

The QUEEN'S MAJESTY,	The Co. of MONTGOMERY,
The Co. of ARUNDEL,	The Visc. of CRANBORNE,
The Co. of DERBY,	The La. ELIZ. GUILFORD,
The Co. of HUNTINGDON,	The La. ANNE WINTER,
The Co. of BEDFORD,	The La. WINDSORE,
The Co. of ESSEX,	The La. ANNE CLIFFORD.

THE
S P E E C H E S
A T
PRINCE HENRY'S BARRIERS.

The Lady of the Lake ' first discovered.

A Silence, calm as are my waters, meet
Your rais'd attentions, whilst my silver feet
Touch on the richer shore; and to this seat
Vow my new duties, and mine old repeat.

Lest any yet should doubt, or might mistake
What nymph I am, behold the ample Lake
Of which I'm styl'd; and near it Merlin's tomb,
Grave of his cunning, as of mine the womb.

By this it will not ask me to proclaim
More of myself, whose actions, and whose name
Were so full feign'd in British Arthur's court;
No more than it will fit me to report

What hath before been trusted to our 'squire
Of me, my knight, his fate, and my desire
To meet, if not prevent, his destiny,
And style him to the court of Britanny;
Now when the island hath regain'd her fame
Intire, and perfect, in the ancient name,
And that a monarch equal good and great
Wife, temperate, just, and stout, claims Arthur's seat.

' The Lady of the Lake.] Alluding to the old romance of Sir Lancelot and the Lady of the Lake.

Did I say equal? O too prodigal wrong
 Of my o'er-thirsty and unequal tongue!
 How brighter far than when our Arthur liv'd,
 Are all the glories of this place reviv'd!
 What riches do I see; what beauties here!
 What awe! what love! what reverence! joy! and fear!
 What ornaments of counsel as of court!
 All that is high, or great, or can comport
 Unto the style of majesty, that knows
 No rival, but itself, this place here shows.
 Only the house of chivalry (howe'er
 The inner parts and store be full, yet here
 In that which gentry should sustain) decay'd,
 Or rather ruin'd seems; her buildings laid
 Flat with the earth, that were the pride of time,
 And did the barbarous Memphian heaps out-climb.
 Those obelisks and columns broke, and down,
 That struck the stars, and rais'd the British crown
 To be a constellation: * shields and swords,
 Cob-web'd, and rusty; not a helm affords
 A spark of lustre, which were wont to give
 Light to the world, and made the nation live;

* ——— Shields and swords,

Cobweb'd, and rusty; not a helm affords

A spark of lustre, which were wont to give

Light to the world, and made the nation live.] There is a great

similitude between these verses, and those of the poet Bacchylides, in that delicate *Hymn to Peace*: I shall leave the reader to judge whether the resemblance is strong enough to induce him to think the English a copy from the Greek:

Ἐν δὲ σιδερόδισκῳ σπέρματι αἰθῆρ' Ἀράχνης

Ἴσσι πιδόσσι βυχία τε λογχόσσι

Ἐφ' αὖτ' ἀμφακίᾳ μέγας δαίμαλ' ἤματι

Οὐκέτι σάδων' ἔστιν κτυαῖοι.

O'er the bright concave shield, the spider spreads
 Her dully web; and cank'ring rust devours
 The two-edg'd faulchion, and the pointed spear;
 Nor longer heard the brazen trumpet's sound.

When

When in a day of honour fire was smit
To have put out Vulcan's, and have lasted yet.
O, when this edifice stood great and high,
That in the carcase hath such majesty,
Whose very skeleton boasts so much worth,
What grace, what glories did it then send forth?
When to the structure went more noble names
Than the Ephesian temple lost in flames:
When ev'ry stone was laid by virtuous hands;
And standing so, (O that it yet not stands!)
More truth of architecture there was blaz'd,
Than liv'd in all the ignorant Goths have raz'd.
There porticos were built, and seats for knights
That watch'd for all adventures, days and nights,
The niches* fill'd with statues, to invite
Young valours forth, by their old forms to fight.
With arks triumphal for their actions done,
Out-striding the Colossus of the sun.

[*Than liv'd in all the ignorant Goths have RAZ'D.*] The poet meant just the contrary; not what the Goths had built or *rais'd*, but *raz'd* or destroyed; and indeed this is only the mistake of the last edition.

* *The NICHES fill'd with statues.*] The old books give the word *niches* in a different manner thus, *nieces*: but though the spelling varies, the thing intended is the same. Mr. Sympfon observes this likewise, and at the same time begs leave on this occasion to correct a passage in Shakespear's *Timon of Athens*, act 4. sc. 3.

"Raise me this beggar, and *den't* this lord."

Mr. Warburton with great judgment cashier's this word, and as justly refuses to accept of Sir Thomas Hanmer's *degrade*. That both the one and the other were never in Shakespear's original text, I firmly believe: and I must beg leave to dissent from Mr. Warburton's own correction, viz. *denude*, because I see no sort of antithesis preserv'd, as undoubtedly was intended by the poet. I will propose what I think comes the nearest the traces of the letters, as well as preserve the contrast between the beggar and the lord.

"Raise me this beggar, and *denick* this lord." i. e. pull down that lord from his eminence, and raise the beggar into his place. *Denicker*, Fr. is to take from the nest or *niche*, and so the poet is content with himself and good sense.

And trophies, rear'd of spoiled enemies,
Whose tops pierc'd through the clouds, and hit the skies.

A R T H U R.

And thither hath thy voice pierc'd. Stand Discover-
[not maz'd, ed as a
Thy eyes have here on greater glories gaz'd, star a-
And not been frightened. I thy Arthur am bove,
Translated to a star : and of that frame
Or constellation that was call'd of me'
So long before, as showing what I should be,
Arcturus, once thy king, and now thy star.
Such the rewards of all good princes are.
Nor let it trouble thy design, fair dame,
That I am present to it with my flame
And influence ; since the times are now devolv'd
That Merlin's mystic prophecies are absolv'd,
In Britain's name, the union of this isle ;
And claim both of my sceptre and my style.

Fair fall his virtue, that doth fill that throne,
In which I joy, to find my self so 'out-shone :
And for the greater, wish, men should him take,
As it is nobler to restore than make.

Proceed in thy great work ; bring forth thy knight
Preserved for his times, that by the might
And magick of his arm he may restore
These ruin'd seats of virtue, and build more.
Let him be famous, as was Tristram, Tor,
Launc'lot, and all our list of knighthood : or
Who were before, or have been since. His name
Strike upon heaven, and there stick his fame,
Beyond the paths, and searches of the sun,
Let him tempt fate ; and when a world is won,

[Or constellation that was call'd FOR ME.] One would think from
we had been the 'original reading ; but the first copy exhibiting
me, I have given that the preference.

Submit it duly to this state, and throne,
Till time, and utmost stay make that his own.

But first receive this shield : wherein is wrought
The truth that he must follow ; and (being taught
The ways from heaven) ought not be despis'd.

It is a piece, was by the fates devis'd
To arm his maiden valour ; and to show
Defensive arms th' offensive should forego.

Indow him with it, lady of the lake.

And for the other mysteries here, awake
The learned Merlin ; when thou shut'st him there,
Thou buried'st valour too, for letters rear
The deeds of honour high, and make them live.

If then thou seek to restore prowess, give
His spirit freedom ; then present thy knight :
For arms and arts sustain each others right.

L A D Y.

My error I acknowledge, though too late
To expiate it ; there's no resisting fate.

Arise great soul ; fame by surreption got
May stead us for the time, but lasteth not.

O, do not rise with storm, and rage. Forgive
Repented wrongs. I'm cause thou now shalt live
Eternally, for being deprest a-while,
Want makes us know the price of what we avile.

M E R L I N.

I neither storm, nor rage ; 'tis earth ; blame Arising
[her out of the
tomb.

That feels these motions when great spirits stir ;
She is affrighted, and now chid by heaven,
Whilst we walk calmly on, upright and even.

Call forth the fair Meliadus, thy knight,
They are his fates that make the elements fight,
And these but usual throes, when time sends forth
A wonder or a spectacle of worth.

At common births the world feels nothing new;
At these she shakes; mankind lives in a few.

L A D Y.

The heav'ns, the fates, and thy peculiar stars,
Meliadus, shew thee; and conclude all jars.

**Meliadus, and his six assistants here discovered.*

M E R L I N.

I, now the spheres are in their tunes again.
What place is this so bright that doth remain
Yet undemolish'd? or but late built? O,
I read it now. St. George's portico!
The supreme head of all the world, where now
Knight-hood lives honour'd with a crowned brow.
A noble scene, and fit to shew him in
That must of all worlds fame the garland win.

L A D Y.

Does he not sit like Mars, or one that had
The better of him, in his armour clad?
And those his six assistants, as the pride
Of the old Grecian heroes had not dy'd?
Or like Apollo, rais'd to the world's view,
The minute after he the Python slew.

M E R L I N.

'Tis all too little, lady, you can speak.
My thought grows great of him, and fain would break.
Invite him forth, and guide him to his tent,
That I may read this shield his fates present.

** MELIADUS, and his six assistants here discovered.] Meliadus means prince Henry; another poet of our author's age titles him *Meliades*, and gives us the following account of that title. "*Meliades*, Prince of the Isles, the name which prince Henry himself, in the challenges of his martial sports and masquerades, was wont to use; which in anagram maketh a word most worthy of such a knight as he was, *Miles à Deo*." *Drummond of Hawthornden's Poems, Tears on the Death of Meliades.**

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Glory of knights, and hope of all the earth,
Come forth ; your fostress bids ; ⁶ who from your birth
Hath bred you to this hour, and for this throne.
This is the field to make your virtue known.

If he were now (he says) to vow his fires
Of faith, of love, of service, then his 'squires
Had utter'd nothing for him : but he hopes
In the first tender of himself, his scopes
Were so well read, as it were no decor'm
Where truth is studied, there to practice form.

M E R L I N.

No, let his actions speak him ; and this shield
Let down from heav'n, that to his youth will yield
Such copy of incitement : not the deeds
Of antique knights, to catch their fellows steeds,
Or ladies palfreys rescue from the force
Of a fell giant, or some score to unhorse.
These were bold stories of our Arthur's age ;
But here are other acts ; another stage
And scene appears ; it is not since as then :
No giants, dwarfs, or monsters here, but men.
His arts must be to govern, and give laws
To peace no less than arms. His fate here draws
An empire with it, and describes each state
Preceding there, that he should imitate.

First, fair Meliadus, hath she wrought an isle,
The happiest of the earth (which to your style
In time must add) and in it placed high
Britain, the only name, made Cæsar fly.

⁶ *Come forth ; your fostress bids.* *Fostress* is an error, and the true word *fostress* is given us by the folio editions. Mr Symphon likewise saw the mistake, and ingeniously sent me *fautress* as his conjecture, which I should have made use of, had not the old books prevented me.

Within the nearer parts, as apt, and due
 To your first speculation you may view
 The eye of justice shooting through the land,
 Like a bright planet strengthen'd by the hand
 Of first, and warlike Edward; then th' increase
 Of trades and tillage, under laws and peace,
 Begun by him, but settled and promov'd
 By the third hero of his name, who lov'd
 To set his own a-work, and not to see
 The fatness of his land a portion be
 For strangers. This was he, erected first
 The trade of clothing, by which art were nurs'd
 Whole millions to his service, and reliev'd
 So many poor, as since they have believ'd
 The golden fleece, and need no foreign mine,
 If industry at home do not decline.

To prove which true, observe what treasure here
 The wise and seventh Henry heap'd each year,
 To be the strength and sinews of a war,
 When Mars should thunder, or his peace but jar.
 And here how the eighth Henry his brave son
 Built forts, made general musters, train'd youth on
 In exercise of arms, and girt his coast [boast
 With strength; to which (whose fame no tongue can
 Up to her worth, though all best tongues be glad
 To name her still) did great Eliza add
 A wall of shipping, and became thereby
 The aid, or fear of all the nations nigh.
 These, worthiest prince, are set you near to read,
 That civil arts the martial must precede:
 That laws and trade bring honours in and gain,
 And arms defensive a safe peace maintain.
 But when your fate shall call you forth t'assure
 Your virtue more (though not to make secure)
 View here, what great examples she hath plac'd.

First, two brave Britain heroes, that were grac'd

To

To fight their saviour's battles, and did bring
 Destruction on the faithless; one a king,
 Richard, surnamed with the lion's heart,
 The other Edward, and the first, whose part
 (Then being but prince) it was to lead these wars
 in the age after, but with better stars.
 For here though *Cœur de Lion* like a storm
 Pours on the Saracens, and doth perform
 Deeds past an angel, arm'd with wrath and fire,
 Ploughing whole armies up, with zealous ire,
 And walled cities, while he doth defend
 That cause that should all wars begin and end;
 Yet when with pride, and for humane respect
 The Austrian colours he doth here deject
 With too much scorn, behold at length how fate
 Makes him a wretched prisoner to that state;
 And leaves him, as a mark of fortune's spight,
 When princes tempt their stars beyond their light:
 Whilst upright Edward shines no less than he,
 Under the wings of golden victory,
 Nor lets out no less rivers of the blood
 Of infidels, but makes the field a flood,
 And marches through it, with St. George's cross,
 Like Israel's host to the Egyptians loss,
 Through the Red-sea: the earth beneath him cold,
 And quaking such an enemy to behold.
 For which his temper'd zeal, see providence
 Flying in here, and arms him with defence
 Against th' assassinate made upon his life
 By a foul wretch, from whom he wrests the knife,
 And gives him a just hire: which yet remains
 A warning to great chiefs, to keep their trains
 About 'em still, and not, to privacy,
 Admit a hand that may use treachery.
 Nearer than these, not for the same high cause,
 Yet for the next (what was his right by laws

Of

Of nations due) doth fight that Mars of men
 The black prince Edward, 'gainst the French, who then
 At Cressy field had no more years than you :
 Here his glad father has him in the view
 As he is entring in the school of war,
 And pours all blessings on him from afar
 That wishes can ; whilst he (that close of day)
 Like a young lion, newly taught to prey,
 Invades the herds, so fled the French, and tears
 From the Bohemian crown the plume he wears,
 Which after for his crest he did preserve
 To his father's use, with this fit word, I SERVE.
 But here at Poictiers he was Mars indeed.
 Never did valour with more stream succeed
 Than he had there. He flow'd out like a sea
 Upon their troops, and left their arms no way :
 Or like a fire carried with high winds
 Now broad, and spreading, by and by it finds
 A vent upright, to look which way to burn :
 Then shoots along again, or round doth turn,
 Till in the circling spoil it hath embrac'd
 All that stood nigh, or in the reach to waste :
 Such was his rage that day ; but then forgot,
 Soon as his sword was sheath'd, it lasted not,
 After the king, the dauphin and French peers
 By yielding to him, wisely quit their fears,
 Whom he did use with such humanity,
 As they complain'd not of captivity ;
 But here to England without shame came in :
 To be his captives, was the next to win.
 Yet rests the other thunderbolt of war,
 Harry the fifth, to whom in face you are ?

Harry the fifth, to whom in face you are

So like, as fate would have you so in worth.] I do not remember this particular taken notice of by historians, in their description of prince Henry's person : the poet, however, would hardly have stretch'd the compliment so far, had it not been so in fact.

So like, as fate would have you so in worth,
 Illustrious prince. This virtue ne'er came forth,
 But Fame flew greater for him, than she did
 For other mortals; Fate herself did bid
 To save his life: the time it reach'd unto,
 War knew not how to give him enough to do.
 His very name made head against his foes.
 And here at Agincourt, where first it rose,
 It there hangs still a comet over France,
 Striking their malice blind, that dare advance
 A thought against it, lightned by your flame
 That shall succeed him both in deeds and name.
 I could report more actions yet of weight
 Out of this orb, as here of eighty-eight,
 Against the proud Armada, stil'd by Spain
 Th' Invincible; that cover'd all the main,
 As if whole islands had broke loose, and swam,⁹
 Or half of Norway with her fir trees came
 To join the continents, it was so great;
 Yet by the auspice of Eliza beat;
 That dear-belov'd of heav'n⁹, whom to preserve
 The winds were call'd to fight, and storms to serve.

⁹ As if whole islands had broke loose and swam,]

Pelago credas innare revulsas

Cycladas aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* 8.

⁹ That dear below'd of heav'n, whom to preserve

The winds were call'd to fight, and storms to serve.] Historians have not omitted to take notice of the violent storm, which the Spanish Armada met with, as they drew near the English coast, which dispersed the fleet, and destroyed many of their best vessels. This was at that time apprehended as a providential interposal of heaven, nor were the queen or nation wanting in their just acknowledgments. A medal was struck, which had on the reverse of it a navy in a storm with this inscription, *Flavit ventis, et dissipati sunt.* We must not forget to observe, that our poet has expressed this circumstance in those celebrated verses of Claudian:

*O nimium dilectis Deo, cui militat æther,
 Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti.*

One tumour drown'd another, billows strove
 T' out-swell ambition, water air out drove;
 Though she not wanted, on that glorious day,
 An ever-honour'd Howard to display
 St. George's ensign; and of that high race
 A second, both which ply'd the fight and chace:
 And sent first bullets, then a fleet of fire,
 Then shot themselves like ordnance; and a tire
 Of ships for pieces, through the enemies moon,
 That wan'd before it grew: and now they soon
 Are rent, spoil'd, scatter'd, tost with all disease,
 And for their thirst of Britain drink the seas.
 The fish were never better fed than then,
 Although at first they fear'd the blood of men
 Had chang'd their element; and Neptune shook,
 As if the Thunderer had his palace took.¹⁰

So here in Wales, Low-Countries, France and Spain,
 You may behold both on the land and main
 The conquest got, the spoils, the trophies rear'd
 By British kings, and such a noblest herd
 Of all the nation, which may make t'invite
 Your valour upon need, but not t'incite
 Your neighbour princes, give them all their due,
 And be prepar'd if they will trouble you.
 He doth but scourge himself, his sword that draws
 Without a purse, a counsel, and a cause.

But all these spurs to virtue, seeds of praise,
 Must yield to this that comes. Here's one will raise
 Your glory more, and so above the rest,
 As if the acts of all mankind were prest
 In his example. Here are kingdoms mix'd
 And nations join'd, a strength of empire fix'd

¹⁰ ——— And Neptune shook,

As if the THUNDER had his palace took.] This is sense, but the section of the folio inserted in the text is so great an improvement that there is no doubt of its being the original. The thunderer is the common poetical appellation of Jupiter.

Conterminate with heaven ; the golden vein
Of Saturn's age is here broke out again.
Henry but join'd the roses, that ensign'd
Particular families, but this hath join'd
The rose and thistle, and in them combin'd
A union, that shall never be declin'd.
Ireland, that more in title than in fact
Before was conquer'd, is his lawrels act !
The wall of shipping by Eliza made,
Decay'd (as all things subject are to fade)
He hath new-built, or so restor'd, that men
For noble use, prefer it afore then :
Royal and mighty James, whose name shall set
A goal for all posterity to sweat,
In running at by actions hard and high :
This is the height at which your thoughts must fly.
He knows both how to govern, how to save,
What subjects, what their contraries should have,
What can be done by power, and what by love,
What should to mercy, and to justice move :
All arts he can, and from the hand of Fate
Hath he enforc'd the making his own date.
Within his proper virtue hath he plac'd
His guards 'gainst Fortune, and there fixed fast
The wheel of chance, about which kings are hurl'd,
And whose outrageous raptures fill the world.

L A D Y.

I, this is he, Meliadus, whom you
Must only serve, and give your self unto :
And by your diligent practice to obey
So wise a master, learn the art of sway.

Merlin, advance the shield upon his tent ;
And now prepare, fair knight, to prove th'event
Of your bold challenge. Be your virtue steel'd,
And let your drum give note you keep the field.
Is this the land of Britain so renown'd

For

For deeds of arms, or are their hearings drown'd,
That none do answer?

M E R L I N.

Stay, methinks I see
A person in yon cave. Who should that be?
I know her ensigns now: 'tis Chivalry
Possess'd with sleep, dead as a lethargy:
If any charm will wake her, 'tis the name
Of our Meliadus. I'll use his fame.

Lady, Meliadus, lord of the isles,
Princely Meliadus, and whom fate now styles
The fair Meliadus, hath hung his shield
Upon his tent, and here doth keep the field,
According to his bold and princely word;
And wants employment for his pike and sword.

C H I V A L R Y.

Were it from death, that name would wake me. Say
Which is the knight? O, I could gaze a day
Upon his armour that hath so reviv'd
My spirits, and tells me that I am long-liv'd
In his appearance. Break, you rusty doors,
That have so long been shut, and from the shores
Of all the world, come, knighthood, like a flood
Upon these lists, to make the field here good,
And your own honours, that are now call'd forth
Against the wish of men to prove your worth.

The B A R R I E R S.

After which Merlin speaks,

Nay, stay your valour, 'tis a wisdom high
In princes to use fortune reverently.
He that in deeds of arms obeys his blood,
Doth often tempt his destiny beyond good.

Look on this throne, and in his temper view
The light of all that must have grace in you :
His equal justice, upright fortitude
And settled prudence, with that peace indu'd
Of face, as mind, always himself and ev'n.
So Hercules, and good men bear up heav'n.

I dare not speak his virtues for the fear
Of flatt'ring him, they come so nigh and near
To wonders ; yet thus much I prophesy
Of him and his. All ears your selves apply.

You, and your other you, great king and queen,
Have yet the least of your bright fortune seen,
Which shall rise brighter every hour with time,
And in your pleasure quite forget the crime
Of change ; your age's night shall be her noon.
And this young knight, that now puts forth so soon
Into the world, shall in your names atchieve
More garlands for this state, and shall relieve
Your cares in government ; while that young lord
Shall second him in arms, and shake a sword,
And launce against the foes of God and you.
Nor shall less joy your royal hopes pursue
In that most princely maid, whose form might call
The world to war, and make it hazard all
His valour for her beauty, she shall be
Mother of nations, and her princes see
Rivals almost to these. Whilst you sit high,
And led by them, behold your Britain flie
Beyond the line, when what the seas before
Did bound, shall to the sky then stretch his shore.

OBERON.

O B E R O N.
 THE
 FAIRY PRINCE;
 A
 M A S Q U E
 OF
 PRINCE HENRY'S.

The first face of the scene appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark rock, with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented: till, at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to shew, and rising, a Satyr was seen (by her light) to put forth his head and call.

S A T Y R I.

(a) **C**Hromis, (b) Mnasil? none appear?
 See you not, who riseth here?
 (c) You saw Silenus, 'late, I fear!
 I'll prove, if this can reach your ear.

(a b) They are the names of two young Satyrs, I find in Virgil *Eclog. 6.* that took Silenus sleeping; who is feigned to be the pædagogus of Bacchus: as the Satyrs are his Collutores, or play-fellows. So doth Diodor. Siculus, Synesius, Julian, in *Cæsariæ.* report them.

(c) A proverbial speech, when they will tax one the other with drinking or sleepiness; alluding to that former place in Virgil *Chromis & Mnasilus in antro Silenum, pueri, somno videre jacentem inflatum læsternæ venas, ut semper, Iaccho.*

He wound his cornet, and thought himself answered; but was deceived by the echo.

O, you wake then: come away,
Times be short, are made for play:
The hum'rous moon too will not stay:
What doth make you thus delay?
(d) Hath his tankard touch'd your brain?
Sure, they're fall'n asleep again:
Or I doubt it was the vain
Echo, did me entertain.

Prove again. I thought 'twas she.
Idle nymph I pray thee be
Modest, and not follow me.

[He wound the
second time, and
found it.]

(e) I not love myself, nor thee.

Here he wound the third time, and was answered by another Satyr, who likewise shewed himself. To which he spake.

I, this sound I better know:
Lift! I would I could hear mo.

At this they came running forth severally, from divers parts of the rock, leaping and making antick actions and gestures, to the number of ten; some of them speaking,

(d) Silenus is every where made a lover of wine, as in *Cyclops Eurip.* and known by that notable ensign, his tankard: out of the same place of Virgil. *Et gravi attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.* As also out of that famous piece of sculpture, in a little gem or piece of jasper, observed by Mons. Casaubon, in his *Tract de Satyrica Poesi*, from Rascasius Bagartius: wherein is described the whole manner of the scene, and chori of Bacchus, with Silenus, and the Satyrs. An elegant and curious antiquity, both for the subtilty and labour: where, in so small a compass, (to use his words) there is *Rerum, personarum, actionum plane stupenda varietas.*

(e) Respecting that known fable of Echo's following Narcissus; and his self love.

some admiring : and amongst them a Silene, who is ever the prefect of the Satyrs, and so presented in all their chori and meetings.

S A T Y R 2.

Thank us, and you shall do so.

S A T Y R 3.

I, our number soon will grow.

S A T Y R 2.

See (f) Silenus!

S A T Y R 3.

CERCOPS too!

S A T Y R 4.

Yes. What is there now to do?

S A T Y R 5.

Are there any nymphs to woo?

S A T Y R 4.

(g) If there be, let me have two.

(f) In the pomps of Dionysius, or Bacchus, to every company of Satyrs, there was still given a Silene for their overseer or governor. And in that which is describ'd by Athenæus in his fifth book. *Bini Sileni non semel commemorantur, qui totidem plurium Satyrorum gregibus præfunt. Erant enim eorum epistatæ, præfules, & coryphæi, propter grandem ætatem. He was also purpureo pallio vestitus cum albis soleis, & petasatus, aureum caduceum parvum ferens. Vid. Athenæ. Dipnos. lib. 6. de pompâ Ptolemæicâ.*

(g) The nature of the Satyrs the wise Horace expressed well, in the word, when he called them *Risores & Dicaces*, as the Greek poets, Nonnus, &c. style them *φιδουλόγους*. *Nec solum dicaces, sed & proui in venerem, & saltatores assidui & credebantur, & fugebantur.*

Unde Satyrica saltatio, quæ æmulo dicebatur, & à qua Satyri ipsi æmulæras. Vel à Sicino inventore, vel à τῷ σῖκῳ αὐτοῦ, id est, a muto saltationis satyrorum, qui est concitatissimus.

S I L E.

S I L E N U S.

(b) Chaster Language. These are nights,
Solemn to the shining rites
Of the fairy prince, and knights :
While the moon their orgies lights.

S A T Y R 2.

Will they come abroad, anon ?

S A T Y R 3.

Shall we see young OBERON ?

S A T Y R 4.

Is he such a princely one,
As you speak him long ago ?

S I L E N U S.

Satyrs, he doth fill with grace
Every season, every place ;
Beauty dwells but in his face :
(i) He's the height of all our race.

Our

(b) But in the Silenes was nothing of this petulance and lightness, but, on the contrary, all gravity and profound knowledge of most secret mysteries. Infomuch as the most learned of poets, Virgil, when he would write a poem of the beginnings, and hidden nature of things, with other great antiquities, attributed the parts of disputing them, to Silenus, rather than any other. Which whosoever thinks to be easily, or by chance done by the most prudent writer, will easily betray his own ignorance, or folly. To this see the testimonies of Plato, Synesius, Herodotus, Strabo, Philostratus, Tertullian, &c.

(i) Among the ancients, the kind, both of the Centaurs, and Satyrs, is confounded ; and common with either. As sometimes the Satyrs are said to come of the Centaurs, and again the Centaurs of them. Either of them are *ἄφρονες*, but after a diverse manner. And Galen observes out of Hippocrates, *Comment. 3. in 6. Epidemior.* that both the Athenians and Ionians called the Satyrs

Masques at Court.

Our Pan's father, (*k*) God of tongue,
 Bacchus, tho' he still be young,
 Phœbus, (*l*) when he crowned sung,
 Nor Mars, (*f*) when first his armour rung,
 Might with him be nam'd that day.
 He is lovelier, than in May
 Is the spring, and there can stay
 As little, as he can decay.

C H O R U S.

O, that he would come away !

S A T Y R 3.

(*n*) Grandfire, we shall leave to play

Φῆμας, or Φημας ; which name the Centaurs have with Homer : from whence, it were no unlikely conjecture, to think our word Fairies to come. *Viderint Critici.*

(*k*) Mercury, who for the love of Penelope, while she was keeping her father Icarus's herds on the mountain Taygetas, turned himself into a fair buck-goat ; with whose sports and flatteries the nymph being taken, he begat on her Pan : who was born, *Capite cornuto, barbaque ac pedibus hircinis.* As Homer hath it in *Hymnis* : And Lucian. in *dialogo Panis & Mercurii.* He was called the giver of grace, χαριδότης, Φαίδος, & δαυδός. *Hilaris, & albus, nitens Cyllenius alis.* As Bacchus was called ἀνδρῶν, *floridus* ; and Hebe, ἀλανυγίνης & molli ætate, *semper virens.*

(*l*) Apollo is said, after Jupiter had put Saturn to flight, to have sung his father's victory to the harp, *Purpurea toga decorus, & laura coronatus, mirificeque deos omnes qui accubuerant, in convivio delectavisse.* Which Tibullus, in *lib. 2. Elegiar.* points to. *Sed nitidus, pulcherque veni. Nunc indue vestem Purpuream, longas nunc bene ulla comas. Qualem te memorant Saturno rege fugato Victoris laudes tunc accinisse Jovis.*

(*m*) He was then lovely, as being not yet stained with blood, and called χρυσοδάκτυλος Ἄρης, *quasi aureum flagellum (vel rectius auream galeam) habens.*

(*n*) In Julius Pollux, *lib. 4 cap. 19.* in that part, which he entitles *de satyricis personis,* we read, that Silenus is called πῶτος, that is, *avus*, to note his great age : as amongst the comick persons, the revered for their years were called πῶτοι : and with Julian in *Cæs.* Bacchus, when he speaks him fair, calls him πῶτις.

With

Masques at Court.

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With (o) Lyæus now ; and serve
Only OBERON.

S I L E N U S.

He'll deserve

All you can, and more, my boys.

S A T Y R 4.

Will he give us pretty toys,
To beguile the girls withal ?

S A T Y R 3.

And to make 'em quickly fall ?

S I L E N U S.

Peace my wantons : he will do
More than you can aim unto.

S A T Y R 4.

Will he build us larger caves ?

S I L E N U S.

Yes, and give you ivy staves,¹
When you hunt ; and better wine,

S A T Y R 1.

Than the master of the vine ?

(o) A name of Bacchus, Lyæus, of freeing mens minds from
cares : *ωαγα το δάω, solus.*

¹ Yes, and give you IVORY STAVES.] It does not appear that *ivory*
staves were any part of the [satyric apparatus. Our learned poet
undoubtedly alluded to the *thyrsus*, or spear wound about with
ivy, or bay-leaves, which his classic masters always put into the
hands of the satyrs.

—————*Volitabat Iacchus*

Cum thyrsu satyrorum.

CATULLUS.

As the mistake of the press was an easy one, the correction is not
less so ; and I have ventured to give it a place in the text, though
all the printed books concur in the former reading.

A a 3

S A-

S A T Y R 2.

And rich prizes, to be won,
When we leap, or when we run?

S A T Y R 1.

I, and gild our cloven feet?

S A T Y R 3.

Strew our heads with powders sweet?

S A T Y R 1.

Bind our crooked legs in hoops
Made of shells, with silver loops?

S A T Y R 2.

Tie about our tawny wrists
Bracelets of the fairy twists?

S A T Y R 4.

And to spight the coy nymphs scorns,
Hang upon our stubbed horns
Garlands, ribbands, and fine posies;

S A T Y R 3.

Fresh as when the flower discloses?

S A T Y R 1.

Yes, and stick our pricking ears
With the pearl that Tethys wears.

S A T Y R 2.

And to answer all things else,
Trap our shaggy thighs with bells;
That as we do strike a time,
In our dance, shall make a chime

S A T Y R

SATYR 3.

Louder than the ratling pipes
Of the wood gods ;

SATYR 1.

Or the stripes
Of (p) the taber ; when we carry
Bacchus up, his pomp to vary.

CHORUS.

O, that he so long doth tarry !

SILENUS.

See, the rock begins to ope,
Now you shall enjoy your hope ;
'Tis about the hour, I know.

*There the whole scene opened, and within was discovered
the frontispice of a bright and glorious palace, whose
gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates
lay two Sylvans, armed with their clubs, and drest in
leaves, asleep. At this the Satyrs wondering, Silenus
proceeds :*

Look! does not his palace show
Like another sky of lights?
Yonder, with him, live the knights,
Once, the noblest of the earth,
Quickned by a second birth:
Who, for prowess, and for truth,
There are crown'd with lasting youth:
And do hold, by Fate's command,
Seats of bliss in Fairy land.

(p) *Erat solenne Baccho in pompa tenerorum more puerorum gestari à
Sileo, & Satyris, Bacchis præcedentibus, quarum una semper erat Tym-
panistra, altera Tibicina, &c. Vide Athens;*

But their guards (methinks) do sleep!
 Let us wake 'em. Sirs, you keep
 Proper watch, that thus do lie
 Drown'd in sloth.

S A T Y R 1.

They ha' ne'er an eye
 To wake withal.

S A T Y R 2.

Nor sense, I fear;
 For they sleep in either ear^a.

S A T Y R 3.

Holla, Sylvans! sure they're caves
 Of sleep these, or else they're graves!

S A T Y R 4.

Hear you, friends, who keeps the keepers?

S A T Y R 1.

They're the eighth and ninth sleepers!

S A T Y R 2.

Shall we cramp 'em?

S I L E N U S.

Satyrs, no.

S A T Y R 3.

Would we had Boreas here, to blow
 Off their heavy coats, and strip 'em.

^a For they sleep in EITHER EAR.] The Latin phrase is, *In utramque aurem dormire*; and means to sleep soundly, without any thoughts of care. I should imagine, however, that for *in either ear*, we should read *on either ear*, which expresses the original more justly.

S A T Y R

S A T Y R 4.

I, I, I; that we might whip 'em.

S A T Y R 3.

Or that we ha'd a wasp or two
For their nostrils.

S A T Y R 1.

Hairs will do
Even as well : take my tail.

S A T Y R 2.

What do you say to a good nail
Through their temples ?

S A T Y R 3.

Or an eel,
In their guts, to make 'em feel ?

S A T Y R 4.

Shall we steal away their beards ?

S A T Y R 3.

For Pan's goat, that leads the herds ?

S A T Y R 2.

Or try, whether is more dead,
His club, or the other's head.

S I L E N U S.

Wags, no more : you grow too bold,

S A T Y R 1.

I would fain now see him roll'd
Down a hill, or from a bridge
Headlong cast, to break their ridge-

Bones :

Bones : or to some river take 'em ;
Plump : and see if that would wake 'em.

S A T Y R 2.

There no motion yet appears.

S I L E N U S.

Strike a charm into their ears.

At which the Satyrs fell suddenly into this catch.

Buz, quoth the blue flie,
Hum, quoth the bee :
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we.
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus do you see ?
He eat the dormouse ;
Else it was he.

The two Sylvans starting up amazed, and betaking themselves to their arms, were thus questioned by Silenus :

How now, Sylvans ! can you wake ?
I commend the care you take
I' your watch. Is this your guise
To have both your ears and eyes
Seal'd so fast ; as these mine elves
Might have stol'n you from your selves ?

S A T Y R 3.

We had thought we must have got
Stakes, and heated 'em red-hot,
And have bor'd you through the eyes
(With the (q) Cyclops) e'er you'd rise.

(q) *Vid. Cyc. Euripid. ubi Satyri Ulyssi auxilio sunt ad amburendum oculum Cyclopis.*

S A T Y R

S A T Y R 2.

Or have fetch'd some trees, to heave
Up your bulks, that so did cleave
To the ground there.

S A T Y R 4.

Are you free
Yet of sleep, and can you see
Who is yonder up aloof?

S A T Y R 1.

Be your eyes yet moon-proof?

S Y L V A N.

Satyrs, leave your petulance,
And go frisk about, and dance;
Or else rail upon the moon:
Your expectance is too soon.
For before the second cock
Crow, the gates will not unlock.
And, till then, we know we keep
Guard enough, although we sleep.

S A T Y R 1.

Say you so? then let us fall
To a song, or to a brawl?
Shall we, grandfire? let us sport,
And make expectation short.

S I L E N U S.

Do, my wantons, what you please.
I'll lie down and take mine ease.

S A T Y R 1.

Brothers, sing then, and upbraid
(As we use) yond' seeming maid.

S O N G.

S O N G.

NOW, my cunning lady ; moon,
 Can you leave the side, so soon,
 Of the boy, you keep so hid ?
 Midwife Juno sure will say,
 This is not the proper way
 Of your paleness to be rid.
 But, perhaps, it is your grace
 To wear sickness i' your face,
 That there might be wagers laid
 Still, by fools, you are a maid.
 Come, your changes overthrow,
 What your look would carry so ;
 Moon, confess then, what you are,
 And be wise, and free to use
 Pleasures that you now do lose ;
 Let us Satyrs have a share.
 Though our forms be rough and rude,
 Yet our acts may be endu'd
 With more virtue : every one
 Cannot be ENDYMION.

The song ended, they fell suddenly into an antick dance full of gesture and swift motion, and continued it till the crowing of the cock : at which they were interrupted by Silenus.

S I L E N U S.

Stay, the chearful chanticler
 Tells you that the time is near :
 See, the gates already spread !
 Every Satyr bow his head.

There the whole palace opened, and the nation of Faies were discovered, some with instruments, some bearing lights, others singing ; and within as far off in perspective,
 the

the knights masquers sitting on their several sieges: at the further end of all, OBERON, in a chariot, which, to a loud triumphant musick, began to move forward, drawn by two white bears, and on either side guarded by three Sylvans, with one going in front.

S O N G.

ME L T earth to sea, sea flow to air,
And air flie into fire,
Whilst we in tunes, to Arthur's chair
Bear Oberon's desire ;
Than which there's nothing can be high'r,
Save JAMES, to whom it flies :
But he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.
Who hath not heard, who hath not seen ,
Who hath not sung his name ?
The soul that hath not, hath not been ;
But is the very same
With buried sloth, and knows not fame,
Which doth him best comprise :
For he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.

By this time the chariot was come as far forth as the face of the scene. And the Satyrs beginning to leap, and express their joy for the unusual state and solemnity, the foremost Sylvan began to speak.

S I L V A N.

Give place, and silence ; you were rude too late ;
This is a night of greatness, and of state ;
Not to be mixt with light and skipping sport,
A night of homage to the British court,
And ceremony due to Arthur's chair,
From our bright master, OBERON the fair ;
Who, with these knights, attendants, here preserv'd
In Fairy land, for good they have deserv'd

Of

Of yond' high throne, are come of right to pay
 Their annual vows ; and all their glories lay
 At's feet, and tender to this only great,
 True majesty, restored in this seat ;
 To whose sole power and magick they do give
 The honour of their being ; that they live
 Sustain'd in form, fame, and felicity,
 From rage of fortune, or the fear to die.

S I L E N U S.

And may they well. For this indeed is he,
 My boys, whom you must quake at, when you see.
 He is above your reach ; and neither doth,
 Nor can he think, within a Satyr's tooth :
 Before his presence you must fall or flie.
 He is the matter of virtue, and plac'd high.
 His meditations, to his height, are even :
 And all their issue is akin to heaven.
 He is a god o'er kings ; yet stoops he then
 Nearest a man, when he doth govern men ;
 To teach them by the sweetness of his sway,
 And not by force. He's such a king as they,
 Who're tyrants subjects, or ne'er tasted peace,
 Would, in their wishes, form for their release.
 'Tis he that stays the time from turning old,
 And keeps the age up in a head of gold.
 That in his own true circle still doth run ;
 And holds his course as certain as the sun.
 He makes it ever day, and ever spring,
 Where he doth shine, and quickens every thing,
 Like a new nature : so that true to call
 Him by his title, is to say, he's all.

S Y L V A N.

I thank the wise Silenus for his praise.
 Stand forth, bright faies and elves, and tune your lays
 Unto his name : then let your nimble feet
 Tread subtile circles, that may always meet

In point to him; and figures, to express
The grace of him and his great emperess.
That all, that shall to-night behold the rites,
Perform'd by princely Oberon, and these knights,
May, without stop, point out the proper heir
Design'd so long to Arthur's crowns and chair.

The S O N G by two Faies.

1. **S**EEK you majesty, to strike?
Bid the world produce his like.
2. Seek you glory, to amaze?
Here let all eyes stand at gaze.
1. Seek you wisdom, to inspire?
2. Touch then at no other's fire.
1. Seek you knowledge, to direct?
Trust to his without suspect.
2. Seek you piety, to lead?
In his foot-steps only tread.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry virtue of a king,
And of all, in him, we sing.

Then the lesser Faies dance forth their dance; which ended, a full Song follows, by all the voices.

S O N G.

THE solemn rites are well begun;
And though but lighted by the moon,
They shew as rich, as if the sun
Had made this night his noon.
But may none wonder, that they are so bright
The moon now borrows from a greater light.
Then, princely OBERON,
Go on,
This is not ev'ry night.

Then OBERON and the knights dance out the first masque dance: which was followed with this song.

S O N G.

S O N G.

NAY, nay,
 You must not stay,
 Nor be weary yet;
 This is no time to cast away;
 Or for Faies so to forget
 The virtue of their feet.
 Knotty legs, and plants of clay*,
 Seek for ease, or love delay.
 But with you it still should fare
 As with the air of which you are.

*After which, they danced forth their second masque-dance,
 and were again excited by a song.*

S O N G.

1. **N**OR yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,
 Must you have will, or hope to rest?
2. If you use the smallest stay,
 You'll be overta'en by day.
1. And these beauties will suspect
 That their forms you do neglect,
 If you do not call them forth;
2. Or that you have no more worth
 Than the coarse and country Fairy,
 That doth haunt the hearth, or dairy.

*Then followed the measures, coranto's, galliards, &c. till
 Phosphorus the day-star appeared, and called them
 away; but first they were invited home by one of the
 Sylvans, with this song.*

* PLANTS of CLAY.] i. e. feet of clay, from the Latin *planta*.

S O N G.

S O N G.

GEntle knights,
Know some measure of your nights.
Tell the high-grac'd OBERON,
It is time that we were gone.
Here be forms so bright and airy,
And their motions so they vary,
As they will enchant the Fairy,
If you longer here should tarry.

P H O S P H O R U S.

To rest, to rest; the herald of the day,
Bright Phosphorus commands you hence; obey.
The moon is pale, and spent; and winged night
Makes headlong haste to fly the morning's sight:
Who now is rising from her blushing wars,
And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.
Of which myself the last, her harbinger,
But stay to warn you, that you not defer
Your parting longer. Then do I give way
As Night hath done, and so must you, to Day.

*After this, they danced their last dance into the work.
And with a full song & strait vanished, and the whole
machine closed.*

S O N G

O Yet how early, and before her time,
The envious morning up doth climb,
Though she not love her bed!

** And with a full song, STRAIT vanished.] The folio of 1616
reads, and I think more correctly, the star vanished.*

What haste the jealous Sun doth make,
His fiery horses up to take,
And once more shew his head!
Left, taken with the brightness of this night,
The world should wish it last, and never miss his light.

L O V E

L O V E

F R E E D F R O M

IGNORANCE and FOLLY.

A

MASQUE of Her MAJESTY's.

*So soon as the king's majesty was set, and in expectation,
there was heard a strange musick of wild instruments.
To which a Sphynx (a) came forth dancing, leading Love
bound.*

S P H Y N X leading L O V E bound.

COME, Sir Tyrant, lordly love,
You that awe the gods above;
As their creatures here below,
With the sceptre call'd your bow;
And do all their forces bear
In the quiver that you wear,
Whence no sooner you do draw
Forth a shaft, but is a law;
Now they shall not need to tremble,
When you threaten, or dissemble,

(a) By this *Sphynx* was understood Ignorance, who is always the enemy of Love and Beauty, and lies still in wait to entrap them, for which Antiquity has given her the upper parts and face of a woman: the nether parts of a lion, the wings of an eagle, to shew her fierceness, and swiftness to evil, where she hath power.

Any more; and, though you see
 Whom to hurt, you ha'not free
 Will, to act your rage. The bands
 Of your eyes, now tie your hands.
 All the triumphs, all the spoils
 Gotten by your arts, and toils,
 Over foe and over friend,
 O'er your mother, here must end.
 And you now, that thought to lay
 The world waste, must be my prey.

L O V E.

Cruel Sphynx, I rather strive
 How to keep the world alive,
 And uphold it; without me,
 All again would chaos be.
 Tell me, monster, what should move
 Thy despight, thus, against Love?
 Is there nothing fair, and good,
 Nothing bright, but burns thy blood?
 Still thou art thy self, and made
 All of practice, to invade
 Clearest bosoms. Hath this place
 None will pity Cupid's case?
 Some soft eye, (while I can see
 Who it is that melts for me)
 Weep a fit. Are all eyes here
 Made of marble? but a tear,
 Though a false one; it may make
 Others true compassion take.
 I would tell you all the story
 If I thought you would be sorry,
 And in truth, there's none have reason,
 Like yourselves, to hate the treason.
 For it practis'd was on beauty,
 Unto whom Love owes all duty.

Let

Let your favour but affright
Sphynx here, I shall soon recite
Ev'ry passage, how it was.

S P H Y N X.

Do, I'll laugh, or cry alas,
Thinks poor Love, can ladies looks
Save him from the Sphynx's hooks?

L O V E.

No, but these can witness bear
Of my candor, when they hear
What thy malice is ; or, how
I became thy captive now :
And it is no small content,
Falling, to fall innocent.

Know then, all you glories here,
In the utmost east there were
Eleven daughters of the morn.
Ne'er were brighter bevvies born,
Nor more perfect beauties seen.
The eldest of them was the queen
Of the orient, and 'twas said,
That she should with Phœbus wed.
For which high-vouchsafed grace,
He was lov'd of all their race.
And they would, when he did rise,
Do him early sacrifice
Of the rich and purest gum,
That from any plant could come ;
And would look at him as far
As they could discern his carr :
Grieving that they might not ever
See him ; and when night did sever
Their aspects, they sat and wept
Till he came, and never slept :

Insomuch, that at the length
 This their fervor gat such strength,
 As they would a journey prove,
 By the guard, and aid of Love.
 Hither to the farthest west :
 Where they heard, as in the east,
 He a palace, no less bright,
 Had, to feast in ev'ry night
 With the Ocean, where he rested
 Safe, and in all state invested.

I, that never left the side
 Of the fair, became their guide,
 But behold no sooner landing

On (*b*) this isle, but this commanding
 Monster Sphynx, the enemy
 Of all actions great, and high,
 Knowing, that these rites were done
 To the wisdom of the sun,
 From a cliff surpriz'd them all:
 And, though I did humbly fall.
 At her lion's feet, and pray'd,
 As she had the face of maid,
 That she would compassion take
 Of these ladies, for whose sake
 Love would give himself up ; she
 Swift to evil, as you see
 By her wings, and hooked hands,
 First did take my offer'd bands,

(*b*) The meaning of this is, that these ladies being the perfect
 issue of beauty, and all worldly grace, were carried by Love to ce-
 lebrate the majesty and wisdom of the king, figured in the sun, and
 seated in these extreme parts of the world ; where they were rudely
 received by Ignorance, on their first approach, to the hazard of
 their affection, it being her nature to hinder all noble actions ; but
 that the Love which brought them thither, was not willing to for-
 sake them, no more than they were to abandon it ; yet was it enough
 perplex'd, in that the monster Ignorance still covets to enwrap it
 self in dark and obscure terms, and betray that way, whereas true
 Love affects to express itself with all clearness and simplicity.

Then,

Then, to prison of the night
Did condemn those sisters bright,
There for ever to remain,
'Less they could the knot un-strain
Of a riddle, which she put,
Darker, than where they are shut :
Or, from thence their freedoms prove
With the utter loss of Love.

They unwilling to forego
One, who had deserved so
Of all beauty, in their names,
Were content to have their flames
Hid in lasting night, e'er I
Should for them untimely die.

I, on the other side as glad
That I such advantage had,
To assure them mine, engag'd
Willingly myself, and wag'd
With the monster, that if I
Did her riddle not unty,
I would freely give my life
To redeem them and the strife.

S P H Y N X.

Ha' you said, sir ? will you try,
Now, your known dexterity ?
You presume upon your arts,
Of tying, and untying hearts :
And it makes you confident ;
But, anon, you will repent.

L O V E.

No, Sphynx, I do not presume.
But some little heart assume
From my judges here, that sit
As they would not lose Love yet.

S P H Y N X.

You are pleasant, fir, 'tis good.

L O V E.

Love does often change his mood.

S P H Y N X.

I shall make you sad agen.

L O V E.

I shall be the forrier, then.

S P H Y N X.

Come, fir, lend it your best ear.

L O V E.

I begin t' have half a fear.

S P H Y N X.

First, Cupid, you must cast about
 To find a world the world without,
 Wherein what's done, the eye doth do ;
 And is the light and treasure too.
 This eye still moves, and still is fixed,
 And in the pow'rs thereof are mixed
 Two contraries ; which time, till now,
 Nor fate knew where to join, or how.
 Yet, if you hit the right upon,
 You must resolve these, all, by one.

L O V E.

Sphynx, you are too quick of tongue :
 Say't again, and take me along.

S P H Y N X.

S P H Y N X.

I say, you first must cast about
To find a world, the world without.

L O V E.

I say, that is already done,
And is the new world in the moon.

S P H Y N X.

Cupid, you do cast too far;
This world is nearer by a star.
So much light I'll give you to't.

L O V E.

Without a glass? well, I shall do't.
Your world's a lady, then; each creature
Humane, is a world in feature,
Is it not?

S P H Y N X.

Yes, but find out
A world you must, the world without.

L O V E.

Why, if her servant be not here,
She doth a single world appear
Without her world.

S P H Y N X.

Well you shall run.

L O V E.

Nay, Sphynx, thus far is well begun.

S P H Y N X.

S P H Y N X.

Wherein what's done, the eye doth do,
And is the light and treasure too.

L O V E.

That's clear as light ; for wherein lies
A lady's power but in her eyes?
And not alone her grace and power,
But oftentimes, her wealth, and dower.

S P H Y N X.

I spake but of an eye, not eyes.

L O V E.

A one-ey'd mistress that unties.

S P H Y N X.

This eye still moves, and still is fixed.

L O V E.

A rolling eye, that native there,
Yet throws her glances every where ;
And, being but single, fain would do
The offices, and arts of two.

S P H Y N X.

And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two contraries.

L O V E.

That's smiles, and tears,
Or fire, and frost ; for either bears
Resemblance apt.

S P H Y N X.

S P H Y N X.

Which time, till now,
Nor fate knew where to join, or how.
How now Cupid? at a stay?
Not another word, to say?
Do you find by this, how long
You have been at a fault, and wrong?

L O V E.

Sphynx, it is your pride to vex
Whom you deal with, and perplex
Things most easy: Ignorance
Thinks she doth herself advance,
If of problems clear, she make
Riddles, and the sense forsake,
Which came gentle from the muses,
Till her uttering, it abuses.

S P H Y N X.

Nay, your railing will not save you,
Cupid, I of right must have you.
Come my fruitful issue forth,
Dance, and shew a gladness, worth
Such a captive, as is Love,
And your mother's triumph prove.

The follies dance, which were twelve she-fools.

S P H Y N X.

Now, (c) go take him up, and bear him
To the cliff, where I will tear him

(c) This shews, that Love's expositions are not always serious, till it be divinely instructed; and that sometimes it may be in the danger of ignorance and folly, who are the mother and issue: for so folly but is born of ignorance.

Piece.

Piece-meal, and give each a part
Of his raw and bleeding heart.

L O V E.

Ladies, have your looks no pow'r
To help Love at such an hour?
Will you lose him thus? Adieu,
Think, what will become of you.
Who shall praise you, who admire?
Who shall whisper by the fire
As you stand, soft tales? who bring you
Pretty news, in rhymes who sing you?
Who shall bathe him in the streams
Of your blood, and send you dreams
Of delight?

S P H Y N X.

Away, go bear him
Hence, they shall no longer hear him:

*The Muses priests, their number twelve, their Song to
a measure.*

Gentle (*d*) Love, be not dismay'd.
See the Muses pure, and holy,
By their priests have sent thee aid
Against this brood of folly.
It is true, that Sphynx their dame
Had the sense first from the Muses
Which in utt'ring she doth lame,
Perplexeth, and abuses.

(*d*) Here is understood the power of Wisdom in the Muses ministers: by which name all that have the spirit of prophecy, are styl'd, and such they are that need to encounter Ignorance and Folly: and are ever ready to assist Love in any action of honour and virtue, and inspire him with their own soul.

But

But they bid that thou should'st look
In the brightest face here shining,
And the same, as would a book,
Shall help thee in divining.

L O V E.

'Tis done, 'tis done. I've found it out,
Britain is the world without.
The king's the eye, as we do call
The sun the eye of this great all.
And is the light and treasure too;
For 'tis his wisdom all doth do.
Which still is fixed in his breast,
Yet still doth move to guide the rest.
The contraries which time till now
Nor fate knew where to join, or how,
Are Majesty and Love¹; which there,
And no where else, have their true sphere.
Now, Sphynx, I've hit the right upon,
And do resolve these all by one:
That is, that you meant Albion. }

P R I E S T S.

'Tis true in him, and in no other,
Love, thou art clear absolved.
Vanish, Follies, with your mother,
The riddle is resolved.
Sphynx must fly, when Phœbus shines,
And to aid of Love inclines.

L O V E.

Appear then you my brighter charge,
And to light your selves enlarge,

¹ *Nor fate knew where to join, or how,
Are Majesty and Love.*] The thought taken from Ovid:
*Non bene conveniunt, nec in uno sede morantur
Majestas, & amor.*

To behold that glorious star,
 For whose love you came so far,
 While the monster with her elves,
 Do precipitate themselves.

G R A C E S:

Their Song crowning Cupid.

A Crown, a crown for Love's bright head,
 Without whose happy wit
 All form and beauty had been dead,
 And we had dy'd with it.

For what are all the graces
 Without good forms, and faces?

Then, Love, receive the due reward
 Those Graces have prepar'd.

Cho. { And may no hand, no tongue, no eye
 { Thy merit, or their thanks envy.

A Dialogue between the Chorus and the Graces.

WHAT gentle forms are these that move,
 To honour Love?

They are the bright and golden lights
 That grace his Nights.

And shot from beauty's eyes,

They look like fair Aurora's streams,

They are her fairer daughters beams,
 Who now doth rise.

Then night is lost, or fled away;
 For where such beauty shines, is ever day.

The Masque Dance followed.

That done, one of the Priests alone sung.

Prie. { O What a fault, nay, what a sin
In fate, or fortune had it been,
So much beauty to have lost !
Could the world with all her cost

Have redeem'd it ? Cho. { No, no, no.

Prie. { How so ?

Cho. { It would nature quite undo,
For losing these, you lost her too.

The Measures and Revels follow.

Then another of the Priests alone.

HOW near to good is what is fair !
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lives, and outward air^a
Our senses taken be.
We wish to see it still, and prove,
What ways we may deserve ;
We court, we praise, we more than love :
We are not griev'd to serve.

The last Masque-Dance.

And after it, this full Song.

WHAT just excuse had aged time,
His weary limbs now to have eas'd,
And sate him down without his crime,
While ev'ry thought was so much pleas'd !

^a But with the LIVES and outward air] It seems not unlikely that the poet wrote *lines*, which was corrupted by the press to *lives*. The *lines* of beauty is a common expression, and is more easily connected with the following phrase than the present reading.

But he so greedy to devour
 His own, and all that he brings forth,
 Is eating ev'ry piece of hour
 Some object of the rarest worth.
 Yet this is rescued from his rage,
 As not to die by time, or age.
 For beauty hath a living name,
 And will to heav'n, from whence it came.

The going out.

Now, now, gentle Love is free, and Beauty blest
 With the sight it so much long'd to see.
 Let us the muses priests, and graces go to rest,
 For in them our labours happy be.
 'Then, then, angry music sound, and teach our feet,
 How to move in time, and measure meet:
 Thus should the muses priests, and graces go to rest
 Bowing to the sun, throned in the west.

[*Then, then, ANGRY music sound.*] This epithet is not very commonly applied to *music*: the poet seems to have used it instead of *loud*.

LOVE

LOVE RESTORED,

IN A

MASQUE at COURT,

BY

GENTLEMEN, the KING'S SERVANTS:

MASQUERADO.

I Would I could make them a shew myself. In troth, ladies, I pity you all. You are in expectation of a device to-night, and I am afraid you can do little else but expect it. Though I dare not shew my face, I can speak truth under a vizard. Good faith, an't please your majesty, your masquers are all at a stand; I cannot think your majesty will see any show to-night, at least worth your patience. Some two hours since, we were in that forwardness, our dances learned, our masquing attire on and attired. A pretty fine speech was taken up o'the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, it's no matter; his wit costs him nothing. Unless we should come in like a morrice-dance, and whistle our ballad ourselves, I know not what we should do: we ha' neither musician to play our tunes, but the wild musick here; and the rogue play-boy, that acts Cupid, is got so hoarse, your majesty cannot hear him half the breadth o'your chair. See, they ha' thrust him out, at adventure. We humbly beseech your majesty to bear with us. We had both hope and purpose it should have been better, howsoever we are lost in it.

Plutus. What makes this light, feather'd vanity here? away, impertinent folly. Infect not this assembly.

Masq. How, boy!

Plut. Thou common corruption of all manners and places that admit thee.

Masq. Ha'you recovered your voice to rail at me?

Plut. No, vizarded impudence. I am neither player nor masquer; but the god himself, whose deity is here prophaned by thee. Thou, and thy like, think yourselves authorized in this place to all licence of surquedry. But you shall find custom hath not so grafted you here, but you may be rent up, and thrown out as unprofitable evils. I tell thee, I will have no more masquing; I will not buy a false and fleeting delight so dear: the merry madness of one hour, shall not cost me the repentance of an age.

Robin Goodfellow. How! no masque, no masque? I pray you say, are you sure on't? no masque indeed? What do I here then? can you tell?

Masq. No, faith.

Rob. Slight, I'll be gone again, an' there be no masque; there's a jest. Pray you resolve me. Is there any? or no? a masque?

Plut. Who are you?

Rob. Nay, I'll tell you that when I can. Does any body know themselves here, think you? I would fain know if there be a masque, or no.

Plut. There is none, nor shall be, sir; does that satisfy you?

Rob. Slight, a fine trick! a piece of England's joy, this. Are these your court sports? would I had kept me to my gambles o'the country still, selling of fish, short service, shoeing the wild mare, or roasting of robin-redbreast. These were better, than, after all this time, no masque: you look at me. I have recovered myself now for you, I am the honest plain country spirit, and harmless: Robin Goodfellow, he that

that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles : one that has discourf'd with your court spirits e're now ; but was fain to-night to run a thousand hazards to arrive at this place ; never poor goblin was so put to his shifts to get in to see nothing. So many thorny difficulties as I have past, deserved the best masque ; the whole shop of the revels. I would you would admit some of my feats, but I ha' little hope o'that , i'faith, you let me in so hardly.

Plut. Sir, here's no place for them nor you. Your rude good-fellowship must seek some other sphere for your admittance.

Rob. Nay, so your stiff-necked porter told me at the gate, but not in so good words. His staff spoke somewhat to that boisterous sense : I am sure he concluded all in a non-entry, which made me e'en climb over the wall, and in by the wood-yard, so to the terras, where when I came, I found the oaks of the guard more unmoved, and one of them, upon whose arm I hung, shov'd me off o'the ladder, and dropt me down like an acorn. 'Twas well there was not a sow in the verge, I had been eaten up else. Then I heard some talk of the carpenters way, and I attempted that ; but there the wooden rogues let a huge trap-door fall o'my head. If I had not been a spirit, I had been mazarded. Though I confess I am none of those subtil ones, that can creep through at a key-hole, or the cracked pane of a window. I must come in at a door, which made me once think of a trunk ; but that I would not imitate so catholick a coxcomb as Coryat. Therefore I took another course. I watched what kind of persons the door most opened to, and one of their shapes I would belie to get in with. First I came with authority, and said, I was an engineer, and belonged to the motions. They asked me if I were the fighting bear of last year, and laugh'd me out of that,

and said the motions were ceased. Then I took another figure, of an old tire-woman; but tired under that too, for none of the masquers would take note of me, the mark was out of my mouth. Then I pretended to be a musician, marry I could not shew mine instrument, and that bred a discord. Now there was nothing left for me that I could presently think on, but a feather-maker of Black-friars, and in that shape I told them, surely I must come in, let it be opened unto me; but they all made as light of me, as of my feather; and wondered how I could be a puritan, being of so vain a vocation. I answered, we are all masquers sometimes: with which they knock'd Hypocrisy o'the pate, and made room for a bombard man, that brought bouge¹ for a country lady or two, that fainted, he said, with fasting for the fine sight since seven o'clock in the morning. O how it grieved me, that I was prevented o'that shape, and had not touched on it in time, it liked me so well; but I thought I would offer at it yet. Marry, before I could procure my properties, alarm came that some of the whimlens had too much; and one shewed how fruitfully they had watered his head, as he stood under the grices; and another came out, complaining of a cataract shot into his eyes by a planet, as he was star-gazing. There was that device defeated. By this time I saw a fine citizen's wife or two let in; and that figure provoked me exceedingly to take it; which I had no sooner done, but one o'the black-guard had his hand in my vestry, and was groping of me as nimbly as the Christmas cut-purse. He thought he might be bold with me, because I had not a husband in sight to squeak to. I was glad to forego my form, to be rid of his hot steeming affection, it so smelt o'the boiling house.

¹ *A bombard man that brought BOUGE.] i. e. Provisions, meat and drink. Bouge of court, was an allowance to the officers of the court. The phrase occurs again in our author.*

Forty other devices I had of wiremen and the chandrie, and I know not what else: but all succeeded alike. I offered money too, but that could not be done so privately, as it durst be taken, for the danger of an example. At last, a troop of strangers came to the door, with whom I made myself sure to enter: but before I could mix, they were all let in, and I left alone without, for want of an interpreter. Which, when I was fain to be to myself, a Colossus of the company told me, * I had English enough to carry me to bed; with which all the other statues of flesh laughed. Never till then did I know the want of an hook and a piece of beef, to have baited three or four o' those goodly wide mouths with. In this despair, when all invention and translation too failed me, I e'en went back, and stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, with my broom and my candles, and came on confidently, giving out, I was a part o'the device: at which, though they had little to do with wit; yet, because some on't might be used here to-night, contrary to their knowledge, they thought it fit, way should be made for me; and, as it falls out, to small purpose.

Plut. Just as much as you are fit for. Away, idle spirit; and thou the idle cause of his adventuring hither, vanish with him. 'Tis thou, that art not only the sower of vanities in these high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall, and seed on them. I will endure thy prodigality nor riots no more; they are the ruin of states. Nor shall the tyranny of these nights hereafter impose a necessity upon me of entertaining thee. Let 'em embrace more frugal pastimes. Why should not the thrifty and right worshipful game

* Which when I was fain to be myself a Colossus, the company told me.] The pointing must here be altered, and a word inserted to make out the sense: read therefore, Which when I was fain to be to myself, a Colossus of the company told me. And this agrees with what immediately follows, All the other statues of flesh laughed.

of Post and Pair content them ; or the witty invention of Noddie, for counters ; or God make them rich, at the tables ? but masquing and reveling ? Were not these ladies and their gentlewomen more housewifely employed, a dozen of 'em to a light, or twenty (the more the merrier) to save charges, i'their chambers at home, and their old night-gowns, at draw-gloves, riddles, dreams, and other pretty purposes, rather than to wake here, in their flaunting wires and tires, laced gowns, embroidered petticoats, and other taken up braveries. Away, I will no more of these superfluous excesses. They are these make me hear so ill, both in town and country, as I do ; which if they continue, I shall be the first shall leave 'em.

Masq. Either I am very stupid, or this is a reformed Cupid.

Rob. How ? does any take this for Cupid ? the Love in court ?

Masq. Yes, is't not he ?

Rob. Nay, then we spirits (I see) are subtler yet, and somewhat better discoverers. No ; it is not he, nor his brother Anti-cupid, the love of virtue, though he pretend to it with his phrase and face : 'tis that impostor Plutus, the god of money, who has stolen Love's ensigns ; and in his belyed figure rules the world, making friendships, contracts, marriages, and almost religion ; begetting, breeding, and holding the nearest respects of mankind : and usurping all those offices in this age of gold, which Love himself performed in the golden age. 'Tis he that pretends to tie kingdoms, maintain commerce, dispose of honours, make all places and dignities arbitrary from him, even to the very country, where Love's name cannot be razed out, he has yet gained there upon him by a proverb, Not for Love or Money. There Love lives confined, by his tyranny, to a cold region, wrapt up in furs like a Muscovite, and almost frozen to death :
while

while he, in his inforced shape, and with his ravished arms, walks as if he were to set bounds, and give laws to destiny. 'Tis you, mortals, that are fools; and worthy to be such, that worship him: for if you had wisdom, he had no godhead. He should stink in the grave with those wretches, whose slave he was; condemn him, and he is one. Come, follow me. I'll bring you where you shall find Love, and by the virtue of this majesty, who projecteth so powerful beams of light and heat through this hemisphere, thaw his icy fetters, and scatter the darkness that obscures him. Then, in despite of this insolent and barbarous Mammon, your sports may proceed, and the solemnities of the night be complete, without depending on so earthly an idol.

Plut. I, do; attempt it: 'tis like to find most necessary and fortunate event, whatsoever is enterprized without my aids. Alas! how bitterly the spirit of poverty spouts itself against my weal and felicity! but I feel it not. I cherish and make much of myself, flow forth in ease and delicacy, while that murmurs and starves.

Enter Cupid in his chariot, guarded with the masquers.

S O N G.

HOW came Love, that is himself a fire, to be so cold!
Yes, tyrant Money quencheth all desire, or makes
But here are beauties will revive [it old.
Love's youth, and keep his heat alive:
As often as his torch here dies,
He need but light it at fresh eyes.
Joy, joy, the more: for in all courts,
If Love be cold, so are his sports.

C U P I D.

I have my spirits again, and feel my limbs:
 Away with this cold cloud, that dims
 My light. Lie there, my furs and charms,
 Love feels a heat, that inward warms,
 And guards him naked, in these places,
 As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.
 Impostor Mammon, come, resign
 This bow and quiver; they are mine.
 Thou hast too long usurp'd my rites,
 I now am lord of mine own nights.
 Be gone, whilst yet I give thee leave.
 When thus the world thou wilt deceive,
 Thou canst in youth and beauty shine,
 Belie a godhead's form divine,
 Scatter thy gifts, and fly to those,
 Where thine own humour may dispose;
 But when to good men thou art sent,
 By Jove's direct commandment,
 Thou then art aged, lame, and blind,
 And canst nor path nor persons find.
 Go, honest spirit, chase him hence,
 T'his caves; and there let him dispense
 For murders, treasons, rapes, his bribes
 Unto the discontented tribes;
 Where let his heaps grow daily less,
 And he and they still want success.
 The majesty that here doth move,
 Shall triumph, more secur'd by Love,
 Than all his earth; and never crave
 His aids, but force him as a slave.
 To those bright beams I owe my life,
 And I will pay it in the strife
 Of duty back. See, here are ten,
 The spirits of courts, and flow'r of men,

Led on by me, with flam'd intents,
To figure the ten ornaments,
That do each courtly presence grace.
Nor will they rudely strive for place,
One to precede the other ; but
As musick them in form shall put,
So will they keep their measures true,
And make still their proportions new,
Till all become one harmony,
Of honour, and of courtesie,
True valour and urbanity,
Of confidence, alacrity,
Of promptness, and of industry,
Hability, reality.
Nor shall those graces ever quit your court,
Or I be wanting to supply their sport.

D A N C E S.

S O N G.

THIS motion was of Love begot,
It was so airy, light, and good,
His wings into their feet he shot,
Or else himself into their blood.
But ask not how. The end will prove,
That Love's in them, or they're in Love.

S O N G.

HAVE men beheld the Graces dance,
Or seen the upper orbs to move ?
So these did turn, return, advance,
Drawn back by Doubt, put on by Love.
And now, like earth, themselves they fix,
Till greater pow'rs vouchsafe to mix
Their motions with them. Do not fear
You brighter planets of the sphere :

Not

Not one male heart you see,
But rather to his female eyes
Would die a destin'd sacrifice,
Than live at home, and free.

S O N G.

GIVE end unto thy pastimes, Love,
Before they labours prove:
A little rest between,
Will make thy next shows better seen.
Now let them close their eyes, and see
If they can dream of thee,
Since morning hastes to come in view,
And all the morning dreams are true.

A C H A L.

A
CHALLENGE

A T

T I L T,

A T A

M A R R I A G E:

Two CUPIDS striving the Day after the Marriage.

1. **I**T is my right, and I will have it.

2. By what law or necessity? pray you come back.

1. I serve the man, and the nobler creature.

2. But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the worthier. Because you are a handful above me, do you think to get a foot afore me, sir: no, I appeal to you, ladies.

1. You are too rude, boy, in this presence.

2. That cannot put modesty in me, to make me come behind you though; I will stand for mine inches with you, as peremptory as an ambassador: ladies, your sovereignties are concerned in me; I am the wife's page.

1. And I the husband's.

2. How!

1. Ha!

2. One

2. One of us must break the wonder ; and therefore I that have best cause to be assured of mine own truth, demand of thee, by what magick thou wear'st my ensigns ? or hast put on my person ?

1. Beware, young ladies of this impostor ; and mothers, look to your daughters and nieces : a false Cupid is abroad ; it is I that am the true, who to do these glad solemnities their proper rites, have been contented (not to put off, but) to conceal my deity, and in this habit of a servant do attend him who was yesterday the happy bridegroom, in the compliment of his nuptials, to make all his endeavours and actions more gracious and lovely.

2. He tells my tale, he tells my tale ; and pretends to my act. It was I that did this for the bride : I am the true Love, and both this figure and those arms are usurped by most unlawful power : can you not perceive it ? do not I look liker a Cupid than he ? am I not more a child ? ladies have none of you a picture of me in your bosom ? is the resemblance of Love banished your breasts ? sure they are these garments that estrange me to you ! if I were naked, you would know me better : no relique of love left in an old bosom here ? what should I do ?

1. My little shadow is turned furious.

2. What can I turn other than a fury itself, to see thy impudence ? if I be a shadow, what is substance ? was it not I that yesternight waited on the bride into the nuptial chamber, and, against the bridegroom came, made her the throne of love ? had I not lighted my torches in her eyes ? planted my mother's roses in her cheeks ? were not her eye-brows bent to the fashion of my bow ? and her looks ready to be loosed thence, like my shafts ? had I not ripened kisses on her lips, fit for a Mercury to gather ? and made her language sweeter than his upon her tongue ? was not the girdle about

about her, he was to untie, my mother's, wherein all the joys and delights of love were woven?

1. And did not I bring on the blushing bridegroom to taste those joys? and made him think all stay a torment? did I not shoot myself into him like a flame, and made his desires and his graces equal? were not his looks of power to have kept the night alive in contention with day, and made the morning never wished for? was there a curl in his hair, that I did not sport in? or a ring of it crisped, that might not have become Juno's fingers? his very undressing was it not Love's arming? did not all his kisses charge? and every touch attempt? but his words, were they not feathered from my wings? and flew in singing at her ears, like arrows tipt with gold?

2. Hers, hers did so into his: and all his virtue was borrowed from my powers in her, as thy form is from me. But, that this royal and honoured assembly be no longer troubled with our contention, behold, I challenge thee of falsehood; and will bring, upon the first day of the new year, into the lists, before this palace, ten knights armed, who shall undertake against all assertion, that I am a child of Mars and Venus: and, in the honour of that lady (whom it is my ambition to serve) that that love is the most true and perfect that still waiteth on the woman, and is the servant of that sex.

1. But what gage gives my confident counterfeit of this?

2. My bow and quiver, or what else I can make.

1. I take only them; and in exchange give mine, to answer, and punish this thy rashness, at thy time assigned, by a just number of knights, who, by their virtue, shall maintain me to be the right Cupid; and the true issue of valour and beauty: and that no love can come near either truth or perfection, but what is
manly,

manly, and derives his proper dignity from thence.

2. It is agreed.

1. In the mean time, ladies, suspend your censures which is the right : and to entertain your thoughts till the day, may the court hourly present you with delicate and fresh objects, to beget on you pretty and pleasing fancies : may you feed on pure meats, easy of concoction, and drink that will quickly turn into blood, to make your dreams the clearer, and your imaginations the finer.

So they departed.

On New-year's-day, he that before is numbered the second Cupid, came now the first, with his ten knights, attired in the bride's colours, and lighting from his chariot, spake :

NOW, ladies, to glad your aspects once again with the sight of Love, and make a spring smile i' your faces, which must have looked like winter without me ; behold me, not like a servant now, but a champion, and in my true figure, as I used to reign and revel in your faces, tickling your soft ears with my feathers, and laying little straws about your hearts, to kindle bonfires shall flame out at your eyes ; playing in your bloods like fishes in a stream, or diving like the boys i' the bath, and then rising on end like a monarch, and treading humour like water, bending those stiff pickardils of yours under this yoke my bow ; or, if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious var-dingales with my bow-string, and made 'em run up into your waists (they have lain so flat) for fear of my indignation. What ! is Cupid of no name with you ? have I lost all reputation (or what is less, opinion) by once putting off my deity ? because I was a page at this solemnity, and would modestly serve one, for the honour of you all, am I therefore dishonoured by all ?
and

and lost in my value so, that every juggler that can purchase him a pair of wings and a quiver, is committed with me in balance, and contends with me for sovereignty? well, I will chastise you, ladies; believe it, you shall feel my displeasure for this; and I will be mighty in it. Think not to have those accesses to me you were wont; you shall wait four of those galleries off, and six chambers for me; ten doors locked between you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key: when I come abroad, you shall petition me, and I will not hear you; kneel, I will not regard you; I will pass by like a man of business, and not see you, and I will have no master of requests for you. There shall not the greatest pretender to a state-face living put on a more supercilious look, than I will do upon you. Trust me: ha! what's this?

The other Cupid enters, with his company.

O Are you here, sir? you have got the start of me now, by being challenger, and so the precedency, you think? I see you are resolved to try your title by arms then? you will stand to be the right Cupid still? how now? what ails you that you answer not? are you turned a statue upon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appear, and that hope has deceived you?

1. Art thou still so impudent to belie my figure? that in what shape soever I present myself, thou wilt seem to be the same; not so much as my chariot, but resembled by thee? and both the doves and swans I have borrowed of my mother to draw it? the very number of my champions emulated? and almost their habits? what insolence is this?

2. Good little one, quarrel not, you have now put yourself upon others valour, not your own, and you must know you can bring no person hither to strengthen
your

your side, but we can produce an equal. Be it Persuasion you have got there, the peculiar enchantress of your sex; behold we have Mercury here to charm against her, who gives all lovers their true and masculine eloquence; or are they the Graces you presume on, (your known clients) Spring, Beauty, and Chearfulness? here are Youth, Audacity, and Favour, to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerful in working for Love: child, you are all the ways of winning too weak, there is no thinking, either with your honour or discretion kept safe, to continue on a strife, wherein you are already vanquished; yield, be penitent early, and confess it.

1. I will break my bow and quiver into dust first (restore me mine own arms) or be torn in pieces with Harpyes, marry one of the Furies, turn into Chaos again, and dissolve the harmony of nature.

2. O, most stiffly spoken! and fit for the sex you stand for! well, give the sign then: let the trumpets sound, and upon the valour and fortune of your champions put the right of your cause.

1. 'Tis done.

T H E

T H E
T I L T I N G.

After, the Second CUPID.

NOW fir, you have got mightily by this contention, and advanced your cause to a most high degree of estimation with these spectators? ha' you not?

1. Why, what have you done, or won?

2. It is enough for me (who was called out to this trial) that I have not lost, or that my side is not vanquished.

Enter HYMEN to them.

H Y M E N.

Come, you must yield both: this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of tilting would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances; and crack kisses instead of staves: which there is no beauty here, I presume, so young, but can fancy, nor so tender, but would venture: here is the palm for which you must strive: which of you wins this bough, is the right and best Cupid; and whilst you are striving, let Hymen, the president of these solemnities, tell you something of your own story, and what yet you know not of your selves. You are both true Cupids, and both the sons of Venus by Mars, but this the first born, and was called Eros; who upon his birth proved a child of excellent beauty, and right worthy his mother; but after his growth not answering his form, not only Venus, but the Graces, who nursed him, became extremely solicitous for him: and

were impelled out of their grief and care, to consult the oracle about him : Themis (for Apollo was not yet of years) gave answer, there wanted nothing to his perfection, but that they had not enough considered, or looked into the nature of the infant, which indeed was desirous of a companion only ; for though Love, and the true, might be born of Venus single and alone, yet he could not thrive and encrease alone. Therefore if she affected his growth, Venus must bring forth a brother to him, and name him Anteros ; that with reciprocal affection, might pay the exchange of Love. This made, that thou wert born her second birth. Since when, your natures are, that either of you, looking upon other, thrive, and by your mutual respects and interchange of ardor, flourish and prosper ; whereas if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worse with both. This is the Love that Hymen requires, without which no marriage is happy : when the contention is not, who is the true Love, but (being both true) who loves most ; cleaving the bough between you, and dividing the palm ; this is a strife wherein you both win, and begets a concord worthy all married minds emulation, when the lover transforms himself into the person of his beloved, as you two do now ; by whose example, let your knights (all honourable friends and servants of Love) affect the like peace, and depart the lists equal in their friendships for ever, as to-day they have been in their fortunes. And may this royal court never know more difference in humours ; or these well-grac'd nuptials more discord in affections, than what they presently feel, and may ever avoid.

1. 2.

To this Love says Amen.

THE

THE
IRISH MASQUE
AT
COURT,
BY

GENTLEMEN, the KING'S SERVANTS:

The King being set in expectation, out ran a fellow attired like a citizen: after him, three or four footmen.

Dennish, Donnell, Dermock, Patrick.

FOR Chreeshes sayk, phair ish te king? phich ish he, ant be? show me te shweet faish, quickly. By Got, o' my consence, tish ish he! ant tou be king Yamish, me name is Dennish, I sherve ti majesties owne cashtermonger, be me trote; and cry peepsh, and pomwatersh i'th' mayesties shervice, 'tis five year now. Ant tou vilt not trush me now, call up ti clarke o' ti kitchen, be ant be, shall give hish wort, upon hish book, ish true.

Don. Ish it te fashon, to beate te imbasheters, here? and knocke 'hem o'te heads, phit te phoit stick?

Der. Ant make ter meshage run out a ter mouthsh, before tey shpeake vit te king?

Den. Peash Dermock, here ish te king.

Der. Phair ish te king?

Don. Phich ish te king?

Den. Tat ish te king.

Der. Ish tat te king? Got bleish him.

Den. Peash, and take heet, vat tou shayst, man.

Der. Creech blech him I shay. Phat reason, I tayk heet, for tat?

Don. Creech blech ti shweet faish, king Yamish; and my mistresh faish too: pre te, hear me now. I am come a great vay of miles to she te now, by my fayt and trote, and graish o' Got.

Den. Phat ish ti meaning o' tish, Donnell? didst thou not shay a Gotsh name, I should tell ty tale for tee? ant entrayt me come to te court, and leave me vare at shiede, and seven? by Got, ish true now.

Don. Yesh. But I thanke Got I can tell my tayle my shelfe, now I be here, I warrant tee: pre de hear me king Yamish.

Den. Pree dee heare me king Yamish. I can tell tee better ten he.

Pat. Pree dee heare neder noder on 'hem: here'sh Dermock will shpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

Der. No fayt shweet hart, tow lyest. Patrick here ish te vesth man of hish tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

Pat. By Chreesh shave me, tow lyest. I have te vorst tongue in de company at thy shervish. Vill shome body shpeak?

Don. By my fayt, I vill not.

Der. By my goship's hand I vill not.

Pat. Speake Dennish ten.

Den. If I speake, te divell tayke me. I vill give tee leave to cram my mouth phit shamrokes and butter, and vater creeches instead of pearsh and peepsh.

Pat. If no body will shpeake, I vill shpeake. Pleash ty shweet faish we come from Ireland.

Der. We be Irish men an't pleash tee.

Don. Ty good shubshects of Ireland, and pleash ty mayesty.

Den. Of Connough, Leymster, Ulster, Munster. I
mine

mine one shelve vash born in the English payle¹ and pleash ty mayesty.

Pat. Sacrament o' Chreesh, tell ty tale ty shelfe, and be all tree.

Den. And pleash ty graish I vill tell tee, tere vash a great newesh in Ireland of a great brideal of one o' ty lords here ant be.

Pat. Ty man Robyne tey shay.

Don. Mary ty man Toumaish, his daughter, tey shay.

Der. I, ty good man, Toumaish, o' Shuffolke.

Don. He knoke ush o'te payt here ash we come by, by a good token.

Der. I fayt tere ish very mush phoyt stick here stirring to-night. He takes ush for no shquires I tinke.

Pat. No, he tinksh not ve be Imbasheters.

Don. No fayt I tinke sho too. But tish marriage bring over a doshen of our besht maysheters, to be merry perht tee shweet faish, andt be; and daunsh a fading at te vedding.

Den. But tey vere leeke to daunsh naked, and pleash ty mayesty; for tey villanous vild Irish sheas have casht away all ter fine cloysh, as many ash cosht a towsland coves, and garraves I warrant tee.

Der. And te prishe of a cashtell or two upon teyr backs.

Don. And tey tell ty mayesty, tey have ner a great

¹ *I mine one shelve vash borne in the English PAYLE.]* The English *pale* was those parts of Ireland extended about Dublin, which in the reign of Henry the II. were possessed by the English. This district was sometimes larger, and sometimes less in different ages, as the English or Irish power prevailed. But the counties of Louth, Dublin, Meath, Kildare, and Carlow, being for the most part obedient to the English laws, went under the more immediate denomination of the *pale*. But as these laws have been long received through all Ireland, the notion of the *pale* is antiquated. The word is thought to be taken from the materials, *pales*, with which parks and other inclosures are surrounded: as if the English were separated from the Irish by such inclosures.

fish now, nor a sheamoynshter to shave teyr cloyth alive now.

Pat. Nor a devoish vit a clowd to fesh 'hem out o' te bottom o' te vayter.

Der. But tey musht eene come and daunch i' teyr mantles now; and show tee how teye can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip adunboyne I trow.

Don. I pre dee now, let not ty sweet faysh ladies make a mock on 'hem and scorn to daunsht vit 'hem now, becash tey be poor,

Pat. Tey drink no bonny clabbe, i' fayt, now.

Don. It ish better ten usquebagh todaunsh vit Patrick.

Pat. By my fater's hand tey vill daunsh very vell.

Der. I by St. Patrick vill tey; for tey be nimble men.

Den. And vill leap ash light, be Creeesh save me, ash he tat veares te biggest fether in ty court, king Yamish.

Der. For all tey have no good vindsh to blow tem heter, nor elementsh to preserve 'hem.

Don. Nor all te four cornersh o'te world, to creep out on.

Pat. But tine own kingdomes.

Don. Tey be honesht men.

Pat. And goot men: tine own shubshefts.

Der. Tou hasht very good shubshefts in Ireland.

Den. A great goot many, o' great goot shubshefts.

Don. Tat love ty mayesty heartily.

Den. And vill run t'rough fire and vater for tee, over te bog and te bannoke, be te graish o' Got, and graish o' king.

Der. By Got, tey vill fight for tee, king Yamish, and for my mistresh tere.

Den. And my little maishter.

Pat. And te unfrow, ty daughter, tat is in Tuchland.

Don. Tey vill spend ter heart in ter belly for tee, as vell as ter legs in ter heelsh.

Der. By Creeesh, tey vill shpend all teyr cowesh for tee.

Den. Pre tee make mush on t'em,

Pat.

Pat. Pre tee, sweet faysh do.

Don. Be not angry vit te honesh men, for tee few rebellsh, and knavessh.

Pat. Nor beleeve no tayles, king Yamish.

Der. For, by Got, tey love tee in Ireland.

Don. Pre dee, bid 'em welcome, and Got make 'em rish for tee.

Der. Tey vill make tem shelves honesh.

Don. Tou hasht not a hundret tousand fush men by my trote.

Pat. No, nor forty, by my hant.

Don. By justish Delounes hant, not twenty.

Der. By my lord Deputish hant not ten, in all ti great Brittain. Shall I call hem to tee?

Don. Tey shit like poore men i' te porsh yonder.

Pat. Shtay tee peepe i'sh come! harke, harke.

Der. Let ush daunsh ten. Daunsh Dennish.

Don. By Creech sa'me I ha' forgot.

Don. A little till our mayshtersh be ready.

Here the footmen had a dance, being six men, and six boys, to the bag-pipe, and other rude musick, after which they had a song, and then they cried,

Peash. Peash. Now room for our mayshters.
Room for our mayshters.

Then the gentlemen dance forth a dance in their Irish mantles, to a solemn musick of harps: which done, the footmen fell to speak again, till they were interrupted by a civil gentleman of the nation, who brings in a bard.

Der. How like tou tish 'Yamish? and tey had fine cloyshs now, and liveries, like tine own men and be.

Don. But te rugs make t'em shrug a little.

Der. Tey have shit a great phoyle i' te cold, and be.

Don. Isht not pity te cloysh be drown'd now?

Pat. Pre tee shee another daunsh, and be not veary.

Gent. He may be of your rudeness. Hold your tongues,
And let your coarser manners seek some place,
Fit for their wildness. This is none; be gone.
Advance, immortal bard, come up and view
The gladding face of that great king, in whom
So many prophecies of thine are knit.
This is that James of which long since thou sung'st,
Should end our countries most unnatural broils;
And if her ear then deafen'd with the drum,
Would stoop but to the musick of his peace,
She need not with the spheres change harmony.
This is the man thou promis'd should redeem,
If she would love his counsels as his laws,
Her head from servitude, her feet from fall,
Her fame from barbarism, her state from want,
And in her all the fruits of blessings plant.
Sing then some charm, made from his present looks,
That may assure thy former prophecies,
And firm the hopes of these obedient spirits,
Whose love no less than duty hath call'd forth
Their willing powers: who if they had much more,
Would do their all, and think they could not move
Enough to honour that, which he doth love.

Here the Bard sings to two harps.

S O N G I.

BOW both your heads at once, and hearts:
Obedience doth not well in parts.
It is but standing in his eye,
You'll feel yourselves chang'd by and by.
Few live, that know, how quick a spring
Works in the presence of a king:
'Tis done by this; your slough let fall,
And come forth new-born creatures all.

In

Masques at Court.

425

In this song, the masquers let fall their mantles, and discovered their masquing apparel. Then dance forth.

After the dance the Bard sings this.

S O N G 2.

SO breaks the sun earth's rugged chains,
Wherein rude winter bound her veins;
So grows both stream and source of price,
That lately fetter'd were with ice.
So naked trees get crisped heads,
And colour'd coats the roughest meads,
And all get vigour, youth, and spright,
That are but look'd on by his light.

M E R.

M E R C U R Y
Vindicated from the
A L C H E M I S T S
A T
C O U R T,
B Y

GENTLEMEN, the KING'S SERVANTS.

*After the loud musick, the Scene discovered; being a
Laboratory or Alchymists work-house: Vulcan looking
to the registers, while a Cyclops tending the fire, to the
cornets began to sing.*

C Y C L O P S.

SOFT, subtil fire, thou soul of art,
Now do thy part
On weaker nature, that thro' age is lamed.
Take but thy time, now she is old,
And the sun her friend grown cold,
She will no more in strife with thee be named.

Look, but how few confess her now,
In cheek or brow!
From ev'ry head, almost, how she is frightened!
The very age abhors her so,
That it learns to speak and go,
As if by art alone it could be righted.

714

The song ended, Mercury appeared, thrusting out his head, and afterward his body, at the tunnel of the middle furnace ; which Vulcan espying, cried out to the Cyclops.

V U L C A N.

Stay, see! our Mercury is coming forth ; art and all the elements assist. Call forth our philosophers. He will be gone, he will evaporate. Dear Mercury! help. He flies. He is scap'd. Precious golden Mercury, be fixt ; be not so volatile. Will none of the Sons of art appear ?

In which time Mercury having run once or twice about the room, takes breath, and speaks.

M E R C U R Y.

Now the place and goodness of it protect me. One tender-hearted creature or other, save Mercury, and free him. Ne'er an old gentlewoman i' the house, that has a wrinkle about her to hide me in ? I could run into a serving-woman's pocket now ; her glove, any little hole. Some merciful verdingale among so many, be bounteous, and undertake me : I will stand close up, any where, to escape this polt-footed philosopher, old Smug here of Lemnos, and his smoaky family. Has he given me time to breath ? O the variety of torment that I have endured in the reign of the Cyclops, beyond the most exquisite wit of tyrants. The whole household of them are become Alchemists (since their trade of armour-making fail'd them) only to keep themselves in fire, for this winter ; for the mischief of secret, that they know, above the consuming of coals, and drawing of uskquebagh. Howsoever they may pretend under the specious names of Geber, Arnold, Lully, Bombast of Hohenhein, to commit miracles in art, and treason against nature. And, as if the title of philosopher,

sopher, that creature of glory, were to be fetched out of a furnace, abuse the curious and credulous nation of metal-men through the world, and make Mercury their instrument. I am their crude, and their sublimate; their precipitate, and their unctuous; their male and their female; sometimes their hermaphrodite: what they list to style me. It is I, that am corroded, and exalted, and sublim'd, and reduced, and fetch'd over, and filter'd, and wash'd, and wip'd; what between their salts and their sulphurs, their oils and their tartars, their brines and their vinegars, you might take me out now a sous'd Mercury, now a salted Mercury, now a smoaked and dry'd Mercury, now a pouldred and pickled Mercury: never herring, oyster, or cucumber past so many vexations. My whole life with them hath been an exercise of torture; one, two, three, four and five times an hour ha' they made me dance the philosophical circle, like an ape through a hoop, or a dog in a wheel. I am their turn-spit indeed: they eat and smell no roast-meat but in my name. I am their bill of credit still, that passes for their victuals and house-room. It is through me, they ha' got this corner o' the court to cozen in, where they shark for a hungry diet below stairs, and cheat upon your under-officers, promising mountains for their meat, and all upon Mercury's security. A poor page of the larder, they have made obstinately believe, he shall be physician for the household next summer: they will give him a quantity of the quintessence, shall serve him to cure kibes or the mormal o' the shin, take away the pustules i' the nose, and Mercury is engaged for it. A child o' the scullery steals all their coals for them too, and he is bid sleep secure, he shall find a corner o' the philosopher's stone for't, under his bolster, one day, and have the proverb inverted. Against which, one day I am to deliver the buttry in so many firkins of *aurum potable*, as it delivers out bombards of bouge

to them, between this and that. For the pantry, they are at a certainty with me, and keep a tally, an ingot, a loaf, or a wedge of some five pounds weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And so the black-guard are pleased with any lease of life (for some 999) especially those o' the boiling-house, they are to have Medea's kettle hung up, that they may souse into it when they will, and come out renew'd like so many stripp'd snakes at their pleasure. But these are petty engagements, and (as I said) below the stairs; marry above here, perpetuity of beauty, (do you hear, ladies) health, riches, honour; a matter of immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a grave matron (as it might be a mother o' the maids) and spring up a young virgin, out of her ashes, as fresh as a Phoenix: lay you an old courtier o' the coals like a sausage, or a bloat herring, and after they ha' broiled him enough, blow a soul into him with a pair of bellows, till he start up into his galliard, that was made when Monsieur was here. They profess familiarly to melt down all the old sinners o' the suburbs once in a half-year, into fresh gamesters again. Get all the crack'd maiden-heads, and cast 'em into new ingots: half the wenches o' the town are alchemy. See they begin to muster again, and draw their forces out against me! the genius of the place defend me. You that are both the Sol and Jupiter of this sphere, Mercury invokes your majesty against the sooty tribe here; for in your favour only, I grow recovered and warm.

At which time Vulcan entering with a troop of threadbare Alchemists, prepares them to the first antimasque.

V U L C A N.

Begin your charm, sound musick, circle him in, and take him: if he will not obey, bind him.

They

They all danced about Mercury with variety of changes, whilst he defends himself with his Caduceus, and after the dance, spake.

M E R C U R Y.

It is in vain, Vulcan, to pitch your net in the sight of the fowl thus: I am no sleepy Mars, to be catch'd i' your subtil toys. I know what your aims are, sir, to tear the wings from my head, and heels, lute me up in a glass, with my own seals, while you might wrest the Caduceus out of my hand, to the adultery and spoil of nature, and make your accesses by it, to her dishonor, more easy. Sir, would you believe it should become to that height of impudence, in mankind, that such a nest of fire-worms as these are (because their patron Mulciber heretofore has made stools stir, and statues dance, a dog of brass to bark, and (which some will say, was his worst act) a woman to speak) should therefore with their heats call'd *Balnei Cineris*, or horse-dung, profess to outwork the sun in virtue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay almost creation? It is so, tho'. For in yonder vessels which you see in their laboratory, they have inclosed materials to produce men, beyond the deeds of Deucalion, or Prometheus (of which, one, they say, had the philosopher's stone, and threw it over his shoulder, the other the fire and lost it.) And what men are they they are so busy about think you? not common ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, such as the times wanted, and the age had a special deal of need of: such as there was a necessity, they should be artificial; for nature could never have thought or dreamt o' their composition. I can remember some o' their titles to you, and the ingredients; do not look for
Paracelsus's

Paracelsus' man among 'em', that he promised you out of white bread, and Dele-wine, for he never came to light. But of these let me see; the first that occurs; a master of the duel, a carrier of the differences. To him went spirit of ale, a good quantity, with the amalgama of sugar and nutmegs, oil of oaths, sulphur of quarrel, strong waters, valour precipitate, vapor'd o'er the helm with tobacco, and the rosin of Mars with a drachm o' the business, for that's the word of tincture, the business.² Let me alone with the business, I will carry the business. I do understand the business. I do find an affront i' the business. Then another is a fencer i' the mathematicks, or the town's cunning-man, a creature of art too; a supposed secretary to the stars; but, indeed, a kind of lying intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not deceived, were juice of almanacks, extraction of ephemerides, scales of the globe, filings of figures, dust o' the twelve houses, conserve of questions, salt of confederacy, a pound of adventure, a grain of skill, and a drop of truth. I saw vegetals too, as well as minerals, put into one glass there, as adders-tongue, tittle-bane, nitre of clients, tartar of false conveyance, *aurum palpabile*, with a huge deal of talk, to which they added tincture of conscience, with the fæces of honesty; but for what this was, I could not learn; only I have over-heard one o' the artists say, out o' the corruption

¹ Do not look for PARACELUS' man amongst 'em, &c.] The device of Paracelsus was to produce a man without the conjunction of the sexes: this opinion is also said to have been countenanced by Hippocrates. Sir Thomas Brown professes the same sentiments (*Religio Medici*, lib. 1, sect. 9.) in words which he has borrowed from Aulus Gellius; *ea voluptas, et gustu & tactu, sicut sapientes viri censuerunt, unum rerum facillimum est.*

² For that's the word of tincture, THE BUSINESS.] A cant word then in vogue, to signify a quarrel, difference, or any affair in hand. To the same purpose Fletcher,

" ——— Could Caranza himself

" Carry a business better? *Love's Pilgrimage, sub finem:*
of

of a lawyer was the best generation of a broker in suits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

V U L C A N.

Thou art a scorner, Mercury, and out of the pride of thy protection here, makest it thy study to revile art, but it will turn to thine own contumely soon. Call forth the creatures of the first class, and let them move to the harmony of our heat, till the slanderer have sealed up his own lips, to his own torment.

M E R C U R Y.

Let 'em come, let 'em come, I would not wish a greater punishment to thy impudence.

There enters the second antimasque of imperfect creatures, with helms of limbeck on their heads: whose dance ended,

M E R C U R Y *proceeded.*

Art thou not ashamed, Vulcan, to offer, in defence of thy power and art, against the excellence of the sun and nature, creatures more imperfect than the very flies and insects, that are her trespasses and scapes? Vanish with thy insolence, thou and thy impostors, and all mention of you melt before the majesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I profess to be, and never again the philosophers. Vanish, I say, that all who have but their senses, may see and judge the difference between thy ridiculous monsters and his absolute features.

*At which the whole scene changed to a glorious bower,
wherein Nature was placed, with Prometheus at her
feet, and the twelve masquers standing about them.
After they had been a while viewed, Prometheus de-
scended, and Nature after him, singing.*

N A T U R E.

HOW young and fresh am I to-night,
To see't kept day by so much light,
And twelve my sons stand in their maker's sight?
Help, wise Prometheus, something must be done,
To shew they are the creatures of the Sun;
That each to other
Is a brother,
And Nature here no step-dame, but a mother.

C H O R U S.

Come forth, come forth, prove all the numbers then,
That make perfection up, and may absolve you men.
But shew thy winding ways and arts,
Thy risings, and thy timely starts
Of stealing fire from ladies eyes and hearts.
Those softer circles are the young man's heaven,
And there more orbs and planets are than seven,
To know whose motion
Were a notion
As worthy of youth's study, as devotion.

C H O R U S.

Come forth, come forth, prove all the time will gain,
For Nature bids the best, and never bade in vain.

The first dance. After which this song:

P R O M E T H E U S. N A T U R E.

Pro. **H**OW many 'mongst these ladies here,
Wish now they such a mother were!

Nat. Not one, I fear,
And read it in their laughers. [daughters.

There's more, I guess, would wish to be my

Pro. You think they would not be so old, for so much

Nat. I think that thought so told [glory.

Is no false piece of story.

'Tis yet with them but beauty's noon,

They would not grandames be too soon.

Pro. Is that your sex's humour?

'Tis then since Niobe was chang'd, that they have
[left that tumour.

Cho. Move, move again, in forms as heretofore.

Nat. 'Tis form allures.

Then move, the ladies here are store.

Pro. Nature is Motion's mother, as she's yours.

Cho. The spring whence order flows, that all directs,
And knits the causes with th'effects.

*The main dance; then dancing with the ladies; then
their last dance. After which, Prometheus calls to
them in song.*

P R O M E T H E U S.

WHAT have you done
So soon?

And can you from such beauty part?

You'll do a wonder more than I.

I woman with her ills did flie;

But you their good, and them deny.

Cbo. Sure each hath left his heart
In pawn to come again, or else he durst not start.

N A T U R E.

THE Y're loth to go
I know,
Or sure they are no sons of mine.
There is no banquet, boys, like this,
If you hope better, you will miss;
Stay here, and take each one a kiss.

Cbo. Which if you can refine,
The taste knows no such cates, nor yet the palate
No cause of tarrying shun, [wine.
They are not worth his light, go backward from
[the sun.

THE
GOLDEN AGE Restored.

IN A
M A S Q U E

A T
C O U R T, 1615.

BY THE
Lords and Gentlemen, the King's Servants.

*Loud musick: Pallas in her chariot descending to a
softer musick.*

LOOK, look! rejoice and wonder!
That you offending mortals are
(For all your crimes) so much the care
Of him that bears the thunder!

Jove can endure no longer,
Your great ones should your less invade,
Or that your weak, though bad, be made
A prey unto the stronger.

And

And therefore means to settle
Astræa in her seat again ;
And let down in his golden chain
The age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That even envy may behold
Time not enjoy'd his head of gold
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conserveth,
As time, so all time's honours too,
Regarding still what heav'n should do,
And not what earth deserveth.

[*A tumult and clashing of arms, heard within.*
But hark, what tumult from yond' cave is heard !
What noise, what strife, what earthquake and alarms !
As troubled Nature for her maker fear'd ;
And all the Iron Age were up in arms !

Hide me, soft cloud, from their profaner eyes,
Till insolent rebellion take the field ;
And as their spirits with their counsels rise,
I frustrate all with showing but my shield.

Iron Age presents itself, calling forth the evils.

COME forth, come forth, do we not hear
What purpose, and how worth our fear,
The king of gods hath on us ?
He is not of the Iron breed,
That would, though Fate did help the deed,
Let Shame in so upon us.

Rise, rise then up, thou grandame Vice
Of all my issue, Avarice,

Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,
Corruption with the golden hands,
Or any subtler ill, that stands
To be a more commander.

Thy boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,
Force, Rapine, and thy babe last born,
Smooth Treachery, call hither.
Arm Folly forth, and Ignorance,
And teach them all our Pyrrhick dance :
We may triumph together,

Upon this enemy so great,
Whom, if our forces can defeat,
And but this once bring under,
We are the masters of the skies,
Where all the wealth, height, power lies,
The sceptre, and the thunder.

Which of you would not in a war
Attempt the price of any scar,
To keep your own states even ?
But here, which of you is that he,
Would not himself the weapon be,
To ruin Jove and heaven ?

About it then, and let him feel
The Iron Age is turn'd to steel,
Since he begins to threat her :
And though the bodies here are less
Than were the giants ; he'll confess
Our malice is far greater.

*The anti-masque, and their dance; two drums, trumpets,
and a confusion of martial musick: at the end of which,
Pallas shewing her shield.*

SO change, and perish, scarcely knowing how,
That 'gainst the gods do take so vain a vow,
And think to equal with your mortal dates,
Their lives that are obnoxious to no fates.
'Twas time t'appear, and let their folly see,
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destiny.
Die all, that can remain of you, but stone,
And that be seen a while, and then be none.
Now, now descend, you both belov'd of Jove,
And of the good on earth no less the love;
 *[They metamorphosed, and the scene changed,
 she calls Astræa and the Golden Age.]*
Descend, you long, long wish'd and wanted pair,
And as your softer times divide the air,
So shake all clouds off with your golden hair; *;*
For Spite is spent: the Iron Age is fled,
And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

1. *ASTRÆA.* 2. *AGE.* *descending.*

1, 2. And are we then,
 To live again,
 With men?

1. Will Jove such pledges to the earth restore
 As justice? 2. Or the purer ore?

PALLAS.

Once more.

E c 4

ASTRÆA.

ASTRÆA. AGE.

2. But do they know,
 How much they owe,
 Below?
 1: And will of grace receive it, not as due?

PALLAS.

If not, they harm themselves, not you.

ASTRÆA. AGE.

1. True. 2. True.

QUIRE.

Let parrow natures (how they will) mistake,
 The great should still be good for their own sake.

PALLAS.

Welcome to earth, and reign.

[They are descended.]

ASTRÆA. AGE.

But how, without a train,
 Shall we our state sustain?

PAL-

PALLAS.

Leave that to Jove : therein you are
No little part of his Minerva's care.

Expect a while.

You far-fam'd spirits of this happy isle,

[She calls the poets.

That, for your sacred songs have gain'd the style
Of Phœbus' sons, whose notes the air aspire
Of th'old Egyptian, or the Thracian lyre,
That Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate, Spenser hight,
Put on your better flames, and larger light.
To wait upon the age that shall your names new nourish,
Since Virtue press'd shall grow, and buried arts shall
[flourish.

Poets descend.

2. We come. 2. We come.

4. Our best of fire,

Is that which Pallas doth inspire.

PALLAS.

Then see you yonder souls set far within the shade,
And in Elysian bow'rs the blessed seats do keep,
That for their living good, now semi-gods are made,
' And went away from earth, as if but tam'd with
[sleep :

¹ And went away from earth, as if but tam'd with sleep.] This is taken from Hesiod, and literally translated from the Greek :

Θνητὸν δ' ὡς αὖτις ἀδρανῆσιν.

It is remarkable that Ovid, who, in his description of the Golden Age, copied after Hesiod, has neglected to take notice of so beautiful a circumstance.

These

These we must join to wake ; for these are of the strain
That justice dare defend, and will the age sustain.

QUIRE.

Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,
O wake, wake, wake, as you had never slept,
Make haste and put on air, to be their guard,
Whom once but to defend, is still reward.

PALLAS.

Thus Pallas throws a lightning from her shield.
[The scene of light discovered.]

QUIRE.

To which let all that doubtful darkness yield.

1. ASTREA. 2. AGE.

*1. Now Peace. 2. And Love. 1. Faith. 2. Joys.
1, 2. All, all increase.*

POETS.

[A pause.]

*2. And Strife, 2. and Hate, 2. and Fear, 2. and Pain,
4. All cease.*

PALLAS.

No tumour of an iron vein,
The causes shall not come again,

QUIRE.

QUIRE.

But, as of old, all now be gold.
Move, move then to the sounds:
And do not only walk your solemn rounds,
But give those light and airy bounds,
That fit the Genii of these gladder grounds.

The first dance, after which,

PALLAS.

Already? do not all things smile?

ASTRÆA.

But when they have enjoy'd a while
The age's quickning pow'r:

AGE.

That every thought a seed doth bring,
And every look a plant doth spring,
And every breath a flow'r:

PALLAS.

The earth unplow'd shall yield her crop,
Pure honey from the oak shall drop,
The fountain shall run milk;
The thistle shall the lily bear,
And every bramble roses wear,
And every worm make silk.

QUIRE.

Q U I R E

The very shrub shall balsam sweat,
 And Nectar melt the rock with heat,
 Till earth have drank her fill:
 That she no harmful weed may know,
 Nor barren fern, nor mandrake low,
 Nor mineral to kill.

The main dance ; after which,

P A L L A S.

But here's not all : you must do more,
 Or else you do but half restore
 The Age's liberty.

P O E T S.

The male and female us'd to join,
 And into all delight did coin
 That pure simplicity.
 Then Feature did to Form advance,
 And Youth call'd Beauty forth to dance,
 And every Grace was by.
 It was a time of no distrust,
 So much of love had nought of lust,
 None fear'd a jealous eye,
 The language melted in the ear,
 Yet all without a blush might hear,
 They liv'd with open vow.

Q U I R E.

Q U I R E.

Each touch and kiss was so well plac'd,
They were as sweet as they were chaste,
And such must yours be now.

Dance with ladies.

A S T R Œ A.

What change is here? I had not more
Desire to leave the earth before,
Than I have now to stay;
My silver feet, like roots are wreath'd
Into the ground, my wings are sheath'd,
And I cannot away.

Of all there seems a second birth,
It is become a heav'n on earth,
And Jove is present here.
I feel the god-head: nor will doubt
But he can fill the place throughout,
Whose pow'r is ev'ry-where.

This, this, and only such as this,
The bright Astræa's region is,
Where she would pray to live,
And in the midst of so much gold,
Unbought with grace, or fear unfold,
The law to mortals give.

Galliards and Corantos.

Pallas

Pallas ascending, calls them.

'Tis now enough, behold you here,
What Jove hath built to be your sphere,
You hither must retire.

And as his bounty gives you cause,
Be ready still without your pause,
To shew the world your fire.

Like lights about Astræa's throne,
You here must shine, and all be one,
In fervour and in flame ;

That by your union she may grow,
And, you sustaining her, may know
The age still by her name.

Who vows, against or heat or cold,
To spin your garments of her gold,
That want may touch you never ;
And making garlands ev'ry hour,
To write your names in some new flow'r,
That you may live for ever.

Q U I R E.

To Jove, to Jove, be all the honour given,
That thankful hearts can raise from earth to heaven.

² *'Tis now enough, behold you here, &c.]* Here was a strange mistake in the printing of this speech of Pallas, and that of Astræa ; by some negligence or other they had been made to change places. The folio of 1616, which is undoubtedly right, gives us here, after the dance, the song by Astræa, which is succeeded by galliards and corantos ; then naturally follows the address of Pallas, and the masque concludes with the two verses of the chorus,

To Jove, to Jove, &c.

I have therefore so restored them again.

The END of VOL. V.

